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 ORIS and BLANCHFLEUR MEMORIALS OF THE
 HANNES SACROBOSCO GOLDSMITHS CO WYCLIF
 OKE OF ST ALBANS GUILD OF THE MERCHANT
 MIRACLE DE NOTRE DAME TAILORS OF BATH
 OKE FOR TO LERNE A THE GILDS AND COMPANIES
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 ULDING OF HIS HOUSE BARTOLOMAEUS ANGLICUS
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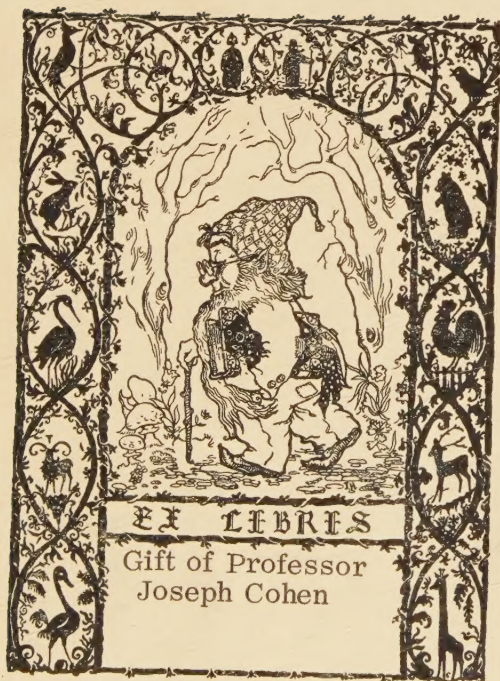
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Minna W. Anderson

October first, 1930

From Hattie.

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WITHDRAWN

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THE OLD BOOK



PROVOCATION

THE OLD BOOK

A MEDIAEVAL ANTHOLOGY
EDITED & ILLUMINATED BY
DOROTHY HARTLEY



WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
GEORGE SAINTSBURY



L O N D O N
ALFRED A. KNOPF
MCMXXX

SET IN MONOTYPE POLIPHILUS
AND PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN
FOR ALFRED A. KNOPF INC. BY
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* *

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AN INTRODUCTION

THERE are several kinds of Introductions, and this agreeable and instructive book of Miss Hartley's would admit of having quite a bunch of them tacked to it. One might warn the reader that, and discuss with him why the collector has sometimes assigned authorship and sometimes left things to enrich the wallet of that wonderful proprietor Mr. Anon ; but this would be rather idle. And so with others. What is not quite so idle is to point out, with instances, the agreeableness and the instruction themselves of it, the benefit and the pleasure which are to be derived from the book.

No one of really critical diathesis or constitution can fail to be aware that up to the present time the fault of young centuries—a somewhat excessively good conceit of themselves—has shown itself very decisively in this our twentieth. The worst part of this—contempt of the time immediately preceding—has indeed shown signs of mending. But the fault perseveres to some extent ; and large further extensions of it into a remoter past prevail. The writer saw only the other day that another writer, no doubt of much virtue and talent, laid it down that ‘ we are better men than our fathers,’ clearly not merely meaning ‘ better ’ in the sense in which Bunyan as biographer of *Mr. Badman*, and Thackeray's *Mr. Osborne* speaking of his unfortunate rival *Sedley*, used the comparative. Now this sort of thing almost necessarily proceeds from ignorance, and anything that removes or lessens ignorance, helps to cure it ; unless, as is sometimes the case, it puts at the same time false knowledge in the place of no knowledge at all. Somebody may say : ‘ But that is what mediaeval literature is always doing.’ It is, in one sense, but not in the sense

which matters most here, and not even in a sense which cannot be paralleled to-day. Is a man who believes in the existence of a *Mantichora* or a *Catoblepas* any worse off than a man who believes that Victorian girls passed their time chiefly in fainting? Is he not, on the contrary, much better off? For the existence of the *Mantichora* and the *Catoblepas* or their non-existence affects his own existence in no way at all—or in merely unimportant ways such as the possibility or impossibility of going out to shoot them from air-planes. The other point affects a very important matter indeed, the progress, bodily and spiritual (if any), the successive characteristics anyhow, of humanity.

Only very dull or very frivolous readers will object to the miscellaneousness of Miss Hartley's provision for their reading. Chaucer and Piers Plowman, La Tour-Landry and Villon, bestiaries, and cookery books, and medical guides are liberally drawn upon. We begin with that comforting doctrine of Robert of Gloucester that

‘England is a right good land and I trow of all
lands the best,’

which is not least refreshing because, as is not too common now, England is allowed its own name. And yet, to show how little mere restriction there is in spirit and subject, we end with that almost more than magnificent descant of Raleigh's on *Death*, which may challenge anything English or foreign, ancient or modern, prose or verse, sacred or profane, universal or particular, for greatness alike of meaning and of style.

Different people will find, of course, different characteristics to like or dislike in this quaint medley. One pervading quality is a certain genuineness which is, to some at least, most refreshing as compared with the almost invariable sophistication of modernity. One sometimes thinks that in a few decades or so, nobody will do anything entirely according to his own will and idea; with his own powers and utilising few and modest materials. It was

said the other day, with a good deal of truth, as well as some joking, that nobody ever walks now ; and it may soon be said that nobody uses anything but mechanical aid and agency to get himself and his goods or wares from one place to another. 'Mechanise' is the word of command, from the noblest occupations such as fighting, to the meanest such as carrying sewage. They mechanised very little in the times which this book depicts and what mechanism they did use was extremely simple. But they could build better than we can in stone, and when they chose, as well as the very best of us in words.

How good again is it to find that 'an Englishman is apt to mar all and make nothing.' That is what the true Englishman always says of himself whether he thinks it or not ; and how much healthier is the state of mind that prompts it than that which imagines itself to be 'better than its fathers' on such evidence as the fact that it can make machines that 'nose-dive' and kill good if foolish fellows ?

Sometimes you will come across agreeable explanations of things which have been allowed to remain unexplained before. For instance, why used it to be usual (and may be still for aught the present writer knows) to give babies corals to chew ? One inherited the supposition that it had something to do with teeth. How much better to know that witches attributed to it a faculty of withstanding lightning—which is certainly bad for babies ! How good for artists to know all sorts of things about the colours they use, things possibly not quite in accordance with the chemistry and other matters of the present time, but quite interesting in themselves !

The variety of amusement that Miss Hartley has extracted from the sources above mentioned, and from others as old as Froissart and as recent as Thorold Rogers is surprising and delectable. Here are the old stories of Calais and Crécy and the Cloth of Gold, told as you do not always find them in histories and as you never find them in such company as they enjoy here. Here are remarkable antici-

pations. Some, but not all readers may be surprised at finding that five or six hundred years ago the proletariat was convinced that it ought to have larger wages; and that men of higher rank had to mortgage and sell their estates as a consequence of 'warding' their country. How old certain not wholly complimentary descriptions of Irishmen and Scotsmen are, may also be learnt here.

Pure literature combined with sound religion is not absent, as may be evidenced from the presence of that carol of Carols: 'He came so still,' and the rest of its exquisiteness. There is the curious passage halfway between Lucretius and Molière which describes the extreme variety of sweethearts and the way in which apparent blemishes need not suffice to prevent their being beautiful. Not a few probably will find the most attractive part in the very full medical division. Our national repute for suicidal tendency should be strengthened by the assertion that if you want to die you have only to eat cabbage in August. Now does this refer to the 'summer cabbage,' the *locus classicus* of which is *Bleak House* and the famished Mr. Jobling's longing therefor? (Which however had no fatal result on him as the consumption of something else had on the old rag-and-bone dealer with whom he went to live.) Miss Hartley, by the way, is great at cookery. She gives us some recipes of her own—notably one for Yorkshire 'clapper' oatcake—and selects many from her originals. That for Haggis (may it not have been 'Agas' where she found it?) is rather coarsely phrased and might to some extent justify the unfortunates who do not think so well of 'this nice mince' as the present writer and a West-Country squire of his acquaintance—both Englishmen of the English—do and did. But others are happier. People (they have been known) who do not know what to do with pears not of the choicest for dessert-eating, may be glad of a prescription for 'Brown pears and Cream.' Miss Hartley herself, who very rarely annotates, bestows praise in a note on the principle of wrapping

venison first in bacon and then in paste before baking it. Indeed there is not much doubt that the so much spoken of 'venison pasty' was often, if not always, raised pie with the paste itself plain flour and water, intended to be stripped off with the bacon and only the venison saved from its besetting sins of dryness and leanness. The vegetarians who are now so common might try a curious recipe of 'BUTTERED WORTS' which is new to the present writer, though he is not ill read in 'cook-books' of various times and countries. You take all manner of good herbs that you may get, wash them clean, put them on the fire to boil in fair water and butter 'in great quantity,' and when boiled, salt them. 'Let none other thing come therein,' a sentence which looks like the modern fancy itself. Then you are to 'dice bread in small dishes and serve,' but apparently *not* to toast the bread, which would be an improvement. It is good to put this side by side with Kingsley's long list of 'salads' at the dinner which founded the luckless and indeed not fairly administered Brotherhood of the Rose.

For phrase, and there is nothing in which mediaeval writing is more agreeable than in pure constitution and arrangement of phrase, you will not easily beat this SAUCE FOR ROAST MUTTON.

'Parsley and onion and mince them into vinegar and pepper and salt *and eat him so.*'

If anybody does not feel the charm of that 'and eat him so' he has no sense of the beauty of the arrangement of words. And I say this, not being at all fond of mint sauce or anything vinegary.

To be honest, however, one ought to confess that there is hardly a page in the book which will not give more than one text for 'introductory' comment, and when we come to the section on 'Fears and Ghosts,' it is really like the roly-poly pudding in the *Book of Snobs* 'too good.' Nor is the least part of the enjoyment to be derived from the pleasing contradictions that occur. We have done our best to warn people about the danger of cabbage in August—

let them turn a few pages and they will be told in that month to 'use vegetables'!

Let us leave them to Miss Hartley's own direction and her own Proem, with gratitude and respect to her and a little envy to them.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY

THE PARTS

AN INTRODUCTION BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY	PAGE vii
THE PICTURES	xix
PROEM	xxiii
THE SPEECH	xxix

PART ONE

OF THE LAND

Deo Gratias	1	The Building of Our Bridge	23
England	3	A Comment by Foreign	
The Three Rivers of Eng-		Visitors	24
land	3	Odd Accounts	25
More Free Than the Tongue	4	To a Captive King	26
England in Famine or Plenty	6	'Chancellors Combustions'	26
Ireland	7	A State Letter Concerning	
Irishmen	7	Prisoners	27
The Wisdom of the Celt	8	The Ambassadors	28
Scotland	8	Burgesses of Calais	29
Scots Hardy	9	At Cressy Field	31
Cry of the Scottish Women	11	A Vow of Chivalry	32
Letter of the Scottish Nation	11	The Taking of Edinburgh	32
Matris Belyn and Benni	12	Tournament	33
De Donis Authury	14	To Arme a Man	33
Rude Words About William		Tournez	34
the Conqueror	14	The Commyne into the	
Rank—In Hall	15	Felde	34
Good Manners	16	Field of the Cloth of Gold	36
Feudal	17	Bell the Cat	37
Of Earth	17	Against Lords Robbing	
Piers Plowman	18	Their Tenants	38
Mediaeval Odd Jobs	19	1388	40

PART TWO

OF THE PEOPLE

Overlord of All	43	A Song	65
The First Two	45	The Countess of Salisbury	66
Husband	46	The End of the Song	68
A Man and His Wife	46	Lovers' Rest	69
Joyful Song of the Mynstrall	48	La Belle Dame Sans Merci	70
Son	49	Henpecked	74
Gentleness	50	Madness	75
A Miner's Good Wife	50	Folly	75
The Goodnesse of People	51	Against Horns on the Head	76
Maidens	51	Tailors	77
The Good Uncle	52	Wisdom's Clothing	77
The Spirit of Enterprise	53	Breeches	78
'Sorry Ivy'	53	Why God put Tails on Kentish	
The Perfect Spinster	54	Men	78
The Nurse	55	Worldly Wisdom	79
Babe in Wombe	57	The Tenth Commandment	84
Chastizing	58	The Adulterous Wife	84
A Child	58	Ne Derer ys None	87
'Ware Dragon	59	The Adulterous Falmouth Squire	87
Cherry Tree Carol	60	Above Rubies	88
A Carol	61	Gluttony's Churchgoing	89
Little Boy—Blow up your Horn	61	Eggs and Bacon	90
My Lady Fair	62	Wrath in the Convent	91
Lovers	62	Falsehood Seeks His Fortune	91
Of True Love's Bond	64	Avarice and His Wife	93
Eve Repentant	64	A Povre Widwe	94
The Cottage Woman	65	'Baglan Bren'	95

PART THREE

OF THE HOUSEHOLD

Latin Grace	97	Haggis	107
Feasts	99	Nomblys of the Venyson	107
Cook Shops	100	Venison Y-Bake	107
The Boy and the Mantle	100	A Sauge	108
Boars Head	103	A Cockatrice	108
The Harp	105	Harys in Cyueye	109
Beans	106	A Sauce for Roast Mutton	109
Fiat	106	Tripe de Motoun	109

THE PARTS

xv

Invalids' Diet	109	Apple Muse	111
Buttered Worts	110	Trayne Roste	112
Meal Pudding with Boiled Meat	110	Putting the Gilt on the Gingerbread	112
Doucettes	110	15th Century Ale	112
Boylede Creme	111	Liver	113
Brown Pears and Thick Cream	111	Rats Bane	114

PART FOUR

OF TRAVELLERS' TALES

The Mariner	117	Jonah and The Whale	128
The Roadway	119	To The Storm Wind	128
Marching Song of the Vaga- bond Brothers	120	The Seasick Pilgrims	129
Space	122	King Richard's Navie	131
The Wind of Life	122	Ship Shape	132
A Traveller	123	A Shipwreck	133
Journey's End	123	Sin and Safety	133
Stonehenge	124	To the Crusades	134
Iceland	124	William Longspaths' Honour- able End	134
Germany	125	The Way to Jerusalem	134
Finland	126	Where Judas Goes for the Week-End	145
Pepper	126	Truth	146
A Curious Custom	126		
Of Whaling	127		

PART FIVE

OF DOCTORS AND SCIENCE

Out of Olde Feldes	149	Concussion	161
The Doctor	151	A Voice in the Market-Place	161
John Arderenne, English Sur- geon	152	In Case a Man be Lunatic	162
Pneumonia	155	A Healing Bath	162
An Operation	155	A Balme	162
An Electuarie	156	Toothache	163
Panel Doctors	156	A Cure for Toothache	163
Leprosy	158	Mandrake	164
A Bath in Leprosy	158	Rosemary	164
A Healing Calendar	158	Woodroof	164
From Catwg The Wise	159	Lily of the Valley	164
Tryst	159	Southernwood	165
Helpful Hints	160	Sorrel	165
		Blood	165

The Four Elements in Man	166	Flax	175
The Spirit	167	Crystal	175
The Brain	168	Magnet	176
A Later Comment	168	Coral	176
Thunder	169	Iron	176
'Grotheley'	169	The Planets	177
Thunder and Lightning	170	Wells	178
Sight	170	For the Absent-Minded	178
Sound	171	Talking Ice	179
Blind	172	To Doctors	179
Colours for the Artist	173		

PART SIX

OF BEASTS

Beasts	181	Colts	210
Beasts' Cries	183	Horses	212
Noah's Ark	183	Horse Pacing	212
Birds	190	Oxen	213
Magpie	191	Unicorns	214
Phoenix	191	Donkys	215
Ele Pie	192	Hyaena	216
Chauntecleer	193	How the Fishes were Con-	
Of Curlews	194	verted	216
Peacocks	194	Guile of Crabs	218
The Goose	194	Enchirius	219
Crows	195	A Huna	219
The Pigeon	196	Of Fish	220
Hawks	196	Of Serpents	220
Saint Werburg and the		The Mole	220
Gautes	197	The Hedgehog	221
Mermaid	200	The Dragon	221
Elves	200	A Fight Between Two	
Bear	201	Dragons	223
The Marvellous Bear Shep-		Dragons' Eggs	224
herd	202	The Crocodile	224
The Wolf	206	The Brock	225
Cynopodes	207	Seal	225
Of Sheep	207	The Flea	225
St. Francis Lamb	207	St. Nannan	225
The Virtuous Sheep	208	Weather Forecast	225
Wode Hound	208	The Cockatrice	226
Elephants	209	Hounds	226
More About Elephants	210	Leopards	226

THE PARTS

xvii

The Cat	226	Of Hunting	231
Silkywits	227	Sunday	233
More about the Cat	227	Lap Dogs	233
A Good Mouser	228	Making a Fishing Rod	233
The Monks' Cat	228	Bees	234
In an Essex Forest	230	Hennes	236
The Gathering of the Hunt	230	Autumn in the Garden	238

PART SEVEN

OF FEARS AND GHOSTS

Darkness	241	Bottom's Recipe	255
Dreams	243	To Raise the Dead	256
The Sleepwalking of Peter of Bearn	243	The Wax Image	257
Witches' Garments	245	A Notorious Evil	257
De Hominibus Qui Fuerunt Lupi	247	The Spirit Orthon and the Lord of Corasse	258
Against Witchcraft	247	Ash	262
The Witch and Her Cow		Birth of Merlin	262
Sucking Bag	248	The Wife of Bath Comments Upon It	263
For Witchcraft	250	Another Comment Upon the Same	264
Trial by Ordeal	251	Comment a Century Later	264
Real	252	Sleep	265
Simple Effects	253	Sound Advice	266
A Gardening Hint	253		
An Inventory of Witches	254		

PART EIGHT

OF CURSES AND PRAYERS

Life	269	A Form of Confession	278
The Lonely Monk	271	Devil's Shrift	278
Making a Nun	272	A Slight Error	280
Another View	274	Good Friday .	280
Benediction over the Nun's Bed	274	A Miracle on Good Friday	281
Tale of a Nun	275	A Ghost Tale	284
Of the Clothing of Monks and Nuns	275	Christmas Day	286
A Penance for a Nun	276	The Gateway	286
Charity	277	St. John and Our Lady	286
Curteysye	277	Song to Our Lady	288
		The Crucifixion	288

Excommunication	289	Saint Marie of Egypt	297
Candles Quenched and Bells		The Clerk who was Held	
Clink	291	in the Devil's Ginn	303
Outcast	292	After Eden	305
The Priest and the Leper	292	The Comfort of the Stars	305
The Goods of a Leper	293	The Ultimate Divinity	306
The Laws for the Leper	294	Death	307
Lord God of Israel	295	* * *	
The Prayer	295	A Dedication	308

THE PICTURES

Coloured

PROVOCATION	<i>Frontispiece</i>
APRILLE	60
A ROUTIER OF PILGRIMS	142
NOR EVER LETTER KNEW	296

Plain

ENGLAND	5
WHERE THE CAT IS A KITTEN	39
THE NURSE	56
SHOWED HIM HER LEATHER BREECHES	82
MY GENTLE BERE OF GOODE WILL	203
ERE THEY USE THE HERBS	211
HIS EYES BE UNSTEADFAST	217
A PURE VIRGIN LEADETH A DRAGON	222
THE MONKS' CAT	229
DE HOMINIBUS QUI FUERUNT LUPI	246
FIRE AND WATER, WIND AND LAND	249

THE OLD BOOK

PROEM

NO ghost knows his position. This makes them very easy to get on with but very difficult to keep in order. These ghosts are not in order. I did suggest to them, that they should be chronological. After all, we are born chronologically—even if we don't die so—which thought ought to help us on our way. But (they complained) some ghosts are not born till long after they have finished, "so which way" (they reasonably asked) "would you want us to begin counting?" "For that one's book is dated before mine, but 'twas my earlier work made this other one's later edition." "Or if it is the written word you will have us by, then," argued the playwright, "my company would drop to pieces, because half the people would be too previous and the others not be there yet." "So to get beforehand you would have to be going backwards like the B.C's. which none of us will be," added a chronicler. "Sure it was the way my butter would be coming!" And St. Bridget turned the laugh against me. She was placidly rubbing the nose of a contented white pony, who had followed St. Columba. He was talking ink with a dark wizened little man. They had a spray of white thorn between them (I seldom saw a lovelier bit of colour, yellow grey wool against the straw bales and the crisp white and black bough catching the sun).

A big, slow-moving herdsman was standing behind me cutting a child's pipe whistle, his great blunt fingers achieving a marvel of neatness, and the soft Northumberland burr brushing over his

speech as the sea mist crosses the fells. The child in a dragged little shirt watched him absorbed : bare toes curling tight as the big knife went carefully round corners. The wheeling pigeons were down on the grey flagstones between their feet, pecking and dropping the same fallen yellow chips over and over again.

Ghosts had often given me friendly oddments ; just something they thought might interest a few of my other friends, or something I had paused over in my work. I took it kindly of them, and always they'd ask me afterwards how their things "were liked." And I saw they were pleased among themselves when I could report that something they had sent had been approved. Some old recipe re-tried, some old theory proved or some well-used tools found still useful. Then a pleased craftsman would smile well satisfied, or some old theatrical ghost would lean up against my chair and turn over pages and pages of forgotten work, to find something more he thought would interest me. I never realised they were being more than passing kind to a quiet body like myself, who did not bother around disturbing them. But apparently they had been growing interested and talking among themselves, as ghosts will. So one day (when the ghosts had asked me to "try out" on my friends a more than usually miscellaneous assortment) I suggested : "why don't you all get up a pilgrimage among yourselves and take along your own things ?" And the ghosts were for-it to a wraith ! It was then I made my protest that they ought to be sorted, but my Protest joined the ghosts. "After all," said my ex-Protest, "they will all go together without your interference." So I sat back meekly watching the happy muddled drift of ghosts from afar, and if any of them politely asked my opinion about his travelling costume or baggage, I knew it was because he was worried about modern conditions and not about my opinion.

And here let me correct a fallacy—no author ghost has any authority over the other ghosts in any way. Once they are all

ghosts together—that's that ! and no disputing. Why, some of the author ghosts only get a living because their creations demand ancestors. (Sometimes this is real affection, but often, especially during a renaissance, there's a lot of class feeling. Mostly these ghost authors are called " of so-and-so.")

If you had ever seen quiet Chaucer taking cover when he saw the Wife of Bath's great hat come flapping down the wind, or watched a charitable physician dodging his grateful patients down the centuries you would understand (and let it be a warning).

This lack of distinction among themselves worried me a lot at first. " It's all very well for you ghosts," I said, " but you'll get me into all sorts of trouble going off like this." But a genial host caught St. Thomas' eye and shared a laugh with their author, they had settled the score of that unfinished story between themselves long ago. Of course everyone had rushed round to Aldgate as soon as there was a pilgrimage afoot. It was Chaucer who put Batholomeus in charge for me. He was the man the ghosts consulted upon almost everything. He was consulted when the Empress Frederick's elephants went wrong, he ran a state in Austria, belonged to an English community and wrote an encyclopaedia in his spare time. Robert of Brune came joyfully along, a fat pack of good stories under one arm. He handed me a formidable tome called Handlyn Synne, that he assured me was all written in his monastery. Well—I wouldn't dispute it, but it showed a marvellous imagination even for an historian. . . .

The pilgrims are gathering up fast, the square is full of them. Someone is crying Hot Pies ! Hot Pies ! A quack doctor is holding forth to a breathless audience, I catch impressive words. Vaguely I hope none of the pilgrims will be ill and enquire if there is a doctor going along ? Instantly the crowd divides and they introduce me to J. Arderne ; they give me no special reason why he should have joined the pilgrimage more than any other more worthy or notable figure, they simply assured me he was " good

company," which was the important thing on any expedition. I had not thought they would need a cook (the boiler of marrow bones was resting his leg), but a whole party of enthusiasts joined up, each with some recipe they wanted to try out in a modern gas oven. Good enterprising cook-ghosts they are, and a credit to the profession.

But do not think I interfered with my ghosts ; sometimes they would refer a decision to my modern childish judgment, but I could do very little for them. Once, when there was an outcry " here comes someone from Villon," I remonstrated " who has that rascal Frenchman sent us ? Surely she is unwanted ? " But he had sent a gentle little old woman, peering at frescoes on the church walls. She came trustfully to join the others, " her son sent her." Quickly some unknown ghost hurries forward to build her a comfortable place on a pile of scented floor rushes. An old woman weaver from Norfolk is singing her a little French carol and her old eyes light up well pleased. She nods her head proudly, she has brought two stories with her—new ones so old they are—she will tell them presently. And somehow I feel small and futile and cease to interfere with my gentle ghosts and their kindly ways among themselves.

Noah had taken charge of the animals ; to see him marshalling them " each to each, to please the other one " made one trust him completely. Jonah came by whale and was comparing notes with some seasick pilgrims. The whale was gone, he had been told St. Brendan wanted him about that little matter of a fire on his back. Most of the animals collected under the eaves of the old ark at one side of the courtyard, but some were always straying about among the people. Who could take a woolly owlet away from a sleepy child—not the nurse the pilgrims had chosen ; a beautiful old woman she was.

Froissart's English party were there and the Chronicle keepers and many many unknown others, and among them stalked that old

bird Ibid, hands behind his long back, and little Viz frisked among everybody's ankles snapping at blown straws. The courtyard was full of happy figures going and coming. There was a creak of wooden cartwheels and a drift of bird song, and the ploughman came, fresh-voiced as the apple blossom above St. Ann's well. A queer rout of fellows he brought, kings and princesses and nuns, and that old reprobate Gluttony, who was off with a vagabond friar and a tankard. They were a strange medley, but all came gladly, not a one but looked forward to his holiday, and hoped to meet friends, and all their need to go was that they brought some gift for you. And so, in the grey and the dust and the twilight, outwards through the fluttering pigeons they went off happily with their bundles alongside. A roping of lore, a handfull of learning, a song or a toy, just something that they loved or believed in or feared or hated, something they had brought for your liking. If it pleases you, say you a prayer for their souls, for that well pleases them.

THE SPEECH

ALL they haf wryten and sayd
Haf I al in my Englis layd
In symple speche as I couthe
That is lightest in mannes mouthe.
I made it nough for no discours
Ne, for no seggers nor harpours
But for the luf of symple men
That strange Englis cannot ken.
For many there are that strange Englis
In ryme wot never what it is
And, but they wist what is ment
Else methought it were alle shent.
I made it not forto be prayسد
But that lewed men were aysed
And my witte is ower thin
So strange speche to travail in.
And therefor for the comonality
That blithely will listen unto me

*not made for
professional
storytellers
or singers or
harpers*

*else it would
be all useless
for the ease of
the unlettered*

.
To tell them the chances bold
That before were done and told.
And for the makying I will no meed
But good prayre when they it read

no reward

I did it write for fellows sake
When they will solas take.

PART ONE
OF THE LAND

DEO GRATIAS

Now gracious God he save owre Kyng
His peple, and all his well wyllynge,
Gef him gode lyfe, and gode endynge
That we with merth nowe savely synge

Deo gratias

Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.

ENGLAND

ENGLAND is the most island of Ocean, and is beclipped all about by the sea, and departed from the roundness of the world, and hight sometimes Albion : and hath that name of white rocks, which were seen on the sea cliffs. There be, namely, many sheep with good wool, there be many harts and other wild beasts : there be a few wolves or none, therefore there be many sheep, and may be securely left without ward, in pasture and in fields, as Beda saith.

*The most
island of
Ocean*

England is a strong land and a sturdy, and the plenteousest corner of the world, so rich a land that unneth it needeth help of any land, and every other land needeth help of England. England is full of mirth and of game, and men oft times able to mirth and game, free men of heart and tongue, but the hand is more better and more free than the tongue.

*So rich it
needeth no
help*

THE THREE RIVERS OF ENGLAND

ENGLAND is a wel good land, it were of each land best
It is set in the end of the World : afar in the West
And England is full enough of fruit and of treen—
Of woodes and of parks, that joy it is to seen
Of foules and of bestes ; both wild and tame also
Of salt fishe and freshe fishe ; and fayre rivers thereto.
Of welles swete, and colde snow ; of leafen and of meade
Of felner ore and of gold ; of tyn and of lead
Of stele, and of iron, and of bras, and good corn great
wonder
And of the white wool good, betere n'er may be none
other

*A wel good
land*

of many ores

Waters she has eke good enough—before all others three
 Out of the land, into the sea, armes as they be
 Whereby the ships move, that come from far and wende
And three And bring our land goods enough, aboute in each ende
good rivers Severne and Themes ; Homber it is the pride
 Of where it is, as it were set, the land amid.
 Homber bringeth by the North, much good and wide
 Severn by the West and South, the Themes by the East side
 So that of goods enough, that other lands has
 They cometh to England, by no default ways.

MORE FREE THAN THE TONGUE

Rogers gives the following comments wrung from the Accountants during the following years :

1283—Ditchingham	Morbus generalis
1283—Walsham	Very dry year
1293—Weston	Rainy harvest
1294—Saham	Iron dear
1294—Neylaund	Salt dear
1298—Ersham	Hay time tempus pluviosum
1299—Forneset	No fruit
1310—Basingstoke	Wet harvest
1318—Southampton	Murrain—hay scarce
1324—Cookham	Scanty feed
1328—Hampstead	Rainy hay
1330—Bretham	Barley & Peas spoiled by Autumn rain
1330—Cheddington	Great drought
1347—Woodall	Corn debilis et male respondebat hence threshers paid higher
1348—Bretham	High Price of Harvest labour hoc anno circa pestilentiam
1348—Leatherhead	High priced horse shoes
1348—Wellow	Dear tar and fat due to pestilence



1354—Housom Manor	No fruit at all
1374—Sharpness	Drought in pasture after August Tempest on St. David's Day
1389—Alton Barnes	Scab
1394—Drayton	No hoeing paid for, quia non indiget
1400—Alton Barnes	Harvest wet

ENGLAND IN FAMINE OR PLENTY

SAYS Piers : I have no penny pullets for to buy
 No neither goose nor pig but only two green cheeses
An oat-cake A few curds a little cream and a havercake
 And two loaves of beans and bran baked for my little ones
 And by my soul I say I have no salt bacon
Pieces of meat No nor a cook boy collops to make
 But I have parsley cabbage leeks and a cow and a calf
 And a mare to draw the dung afield while the draught
 lasteth,
*A church
feast date* And on this living we must live till Lammas time
 By then I hope to have harvest in my croft
 Then may I do thee thy dinner as fain I would.

Then it came near harvest time new corn was in the market
 The folk were fain feed Hunger with the best
 With good ale as Glutton bade and made Hunger go sleep.
 Then would not the wastrels work but wandered about,
 Nor would beggars eat bread with beans in it
 But stamped bread, fine bread, clean wheaten bread
 They would no halfpenny ale but the best and brownest
 Labourers with no land but only their hands work
 Deigned not to dine on day old vegetables
 Nor penny a gallon did for them nor a piece of bacon
 But pork fish or fresh flesh fried or baked
 And that *chaud, plus chaud* for the chill of their maw—
 But he has high wages else will he chide !

IRELAND

YRLONDE hight Hibernia, is an island of the Ocean in Europe, and is nigh to the land of Britain, and is more narrow and straight than Britain, but it is more plenteous place. . . . In this land is much plenty of corn fields, of wells and of rivers, of fair meads and woods, of metal and of precious stones. For there is gendered a six cornered stone, that is to wit, Iris, that maketh a rainbow in the air, if it be set in the sun. And there is jet found, and white pearls. And concerning the wholesome air, Ireland is a good temperate country. There is little or none passing heat or cold ; there be wonderful lakes, ponds, and wells.

A plenteous place

Men of Ireland be singularly clothed and unseemly arrayed and scarcely fed, they be cruel of heart, fierce of cheer, angry of speech, and sharp. Nathless they be free hearted, and fair of speech and goodly to their own nation, and namely those men that dwell in woods, marshes, and mountains. These men be pleased with flesh, apples, and fruit for meat, and with milk for drink : and give them more to plays and to hunting, than to work and travail.

The men singularly clothed

IRISHMEN

THE Irish mix plaintive music with their funeral wailings. Whatever natural gifts they possess are excellent. In whatever requires industry they are worthless.

Their character

From an ancient and wicked custom, they always carry an axe in their hand. . . . Now an axe does not have to be unsheathed like a slow sword nor bent like a careful bow, nor thrust out like a straightforward spear, but an axe must be carried in the hand and the eye watches for the hand's opportunity.

Their weapon

THE WISDOM OF THE CELT

From the Viaticum of Wynebclur (the broad-faced) who seems to have drifted over from the West about the 10th century.

Viaticum is the bard's stock of provisions for his life's journeys.

*The wisdom
of the Celt*

THE Wealth of the World—let it go—it will come.

* * *

The Unsociable man is uncomely in the place of gathering.

* * *

A Refusal is better than a false promise.

* * *

Let the woman that is never asked appear demure.

* * *

Disgrace is apt to follow long celibacy.

* * *

The Talkative love easy work.

* * *

Let fundamental knowledge be accurate.

* * *

But a sweet (sure a pleasant answer) is seldom unwelcome.

* * *

SCOTLAND

The men

THE land Scotia hath the name of Scots that dwell therein, and the same nation that was sometime first in Ireland, and all according thereto in tongue, in manners, and in kind. The men are light of heart, fierce, and courageous on their enemies. They love nigh as well death as thralldom, and they account it for sloth to die in bed, and a great worship and virtue to die in a field fighting against enemies. The men be of scarce

living, and many suffer hunger long time, and eat selde tofore the sun going down, and use flesh, milk, meats, fish, and fruits more than Britons : and use to eat the less bread, and though the men be seemly enough of figure and of shape, and fair of face generally by kind, yet their own Scottish clothing disfigures them full much. And by cause of medlying with Englishmen, many of them have changed the old manners of Scots into better manners for the more part, but the wild Scots and Irish account great worship to follow their fore-fathers in clothing, in tongue, and in living, and in other manner doing. And despise somedeal the usages of other men in comparison to their own usage. And so each laboureth to be above, they detract and blame all other and envy all other : they deride all other, and blame all other men's manners ; they be not ashamed to lie, and they repute no man, of what nation, blood, or puissance so-ever he be, to be hardy and valiant, but themselves. They delight in their own ; they love not peace.

*A reference
to an early
tartan*

*They love
not peace*

SCOTS HARDY

THESE Scottish men are right hardy and sore travailing in harness and in wars. For when they will enter into England, within a day and a night they will drive their whole host twenty-four mile, for they are all a-horseback, without it be the trandals and ladders of the host, who follow after afoot. The knights and squires are well horsed, and the common people and other on little hackneys and geldings ; and they carry with them no carts nor chariots, for the diversities of the mountains that they must pass through in the country of Northumberland. They take with them no purveyance of bread nor wine, for their usage and soberness is such in time of war, that they will pass in the journey a great long time with flesh half sodden, without bread, and drink of the river water without wine, and they neither care for

*Rag, tag and
bob-tail*

*Their usage
in time of war*

pots nor pans, for they seethe beasts in their own skins.* They are ever sure to find plenty of beasts in the country that they will pass through: therefore they carry with them none other purveyance, but on their horse between the saddle and the panel they truss a broad plate of metal, and behind the saddle they will have a little sack full of oatmeal, to the intent that when they have eaten of the sodden flesh, then they lay this plate on the fire† and temper a little of the oatmeal; and when the plate is hot, they cast of the thin paste thereon, and so make a little cake in manner of a cracknell or biscuit, and that they eat to comfort withal their stomachs. Wherefore it is no great marvel though they make greater journeys than other people do.



* Seethe in their own skins, was filling up the loose torn-off hides full of water over fires till these improvised cooking 'bags' boiled (with a greasy scum) and cooking the meat of the animal therein.

† A small controversy as to whether the 'pan' was stone or metal is solved in favour of the latter. The lowland river banks where these descriptions were made are white with round flat stones—very like round girdle pans—which may often have served as such. But they are heavy and liable to crack over the fire. The same oat cake in the adjoining Yorkshire dales is called Clapper and is cooked on the heated flat clapper or hearth stones. To make clapper, boil the 'dust' and fine flour of the oatmeal in water till it makes a thin paste. Stir in swift handfulls of coarse oatmeal till the paste is 'full' and then skilfully 'cast' or throw it onto the almost red-hot hearth stone.

Give the paste one minute to 'set', lightly brush off any loose top oatmeal (with a little brush of beather twigs), and skin the thin pliant oatcake up off the stone and hang it up to dry and harden. Only experience can give quantities and only practice the skill required to make good clapper. It should be as thin and stiff as light cardboard—smooth brown on the stone side and oatmeal rough on the other.



CRY OF THE SCOTTISH WOMEN AFTER BATTLE

GIVE us our Lords!—their lives but give,
 Give us those that are left alive
 Let them not all to death be brought,
 It is unto thy honour, nought
 Us to slay, that cry thee mercy—
 And die for hunger—so sorrowfully,
 Thou hast won—leave us Life!
 Lord to lady, husband to wife,
 Leave us our land—on for to live,
 True hostage we will give,
 Through right reason thou shouldst us spare
 For we are Christians, as ye are!

LETTER OF THE SCOTTISH NATION TO THE POPE

From Sir Herbert Maxwell's translation in 'The Bruce'

WE enjoyed peace and liberty, with the protection A.D. 1320
 of the Papal See, until Edward, the late King
 of England, in the guise of a friend and ally,
 invaded and oppressed our nation, at that time without
 a head, unpractised in war, and suspecting no evil. . . .
 Through favour of Him who woundeth and maketh
 whole, we have been freed from so great and so unbear-
 able calamities by the valour of our lord and king, Robert. *The valour of
King Robert*
 He gladly endured toils, distresses, the extremity of want,
 and every peril, to rescue his people and inheritance out
 of the hands of the enemy. Divine Providence, that legal
 succession which we will constantly maintain, and our
 due and unanimous consent, have made him our Chief
 and King. To him, in defence of our liberty, we are

bound to adhere, as well of right as by reason of his deserts; and to him we will in all things adhere, for through him salvation has been wrought to all our people. But should he abandon our cause or aim at reducing us or our kingdom under the dominion of the English, we will instantly try to expel him as a common enemy, the subverter of our rights and his own, and we will choose another king to rule and protect us; for while a hundred of us exist we will never submit to England. We fight not for glory, or wealth, or honour, but for that liberty which no virtuous man can survive. . . .

*For that
liberty which
no virtuous
man can
survive*

Wherefore we most earnestly beseech your Holiness that you behold with a fatherly eye the tribulations and distresses brought upon us by the English, and that you admonish Edward to content himself with his own dominions, esteemed in former times enough for seven kings, and allow us Scotsmen, who dwell in a poor and remote corner, and who seek for nought but our own, to remain in peace. . . . Should you, however, give too credulous an ear to the reports of our enemies, distrust the sincerity of our professions, and persist in favouring the English to our destruction, then we hold you guilty, in the sight of the Most High, of the loss of lives, the perdition of souls, and all the other miserable consequences which may ensue from war between the two contending nations.

MATRIS BELYN AND BENNI

The brothers were at war with each other; their disputed kingdom meanwhile defenceless against the alien.

Scene in the field

So cam their moder Dame Tonnenne
That bare both Breyn and Brenne
Betwixt their hosts, trembling for drede

Full old she was, halting she wende
 Over al she asked : " Where is Brenne ? "
 Atte the laste men gan her kenne
 When Brenne heard say that it was she
 He cried " Moder welcome be ye ! "
 Her armes aboute his neke she cast
 Bothe hosts wonded therat fast
 Unto Brenne, greeting, she spake
 Her fingers she wrings till the blood outbreak
 She trembled and sighed inerly
 Hands, face, brest all bloody
 " Dere child," she said, " Where hast thou been ?
 Now thanky God I have you seen
 Lo ! Here be the papes that gave thee sok
 These armes they are that thee tuk
 Here is the wombe that both in ye were
 When thy bodies I bare with care,
 Let not no sorrow me more befor
 For He that let you of me be born
 Lay down thy armes me for to sauve
 Will not, that I for thee death have,
 Is it the mightest that thou now finds ?
 To bring aliens of uncouth lands
 Us for to rob, and for to slo ?
 Rest be ! let this mood over go
 Thou hast no more brother in the world
 Thy Father is dead, thy Mother is old
 Suffer, for no thing in life
 Thy poor friends away to drive
 Brenne ! son ! What thinkest thou !
 Come to accord now for thy prow !
 Lay down thy sword, lay by thy shield
 Withdraw thy folk out of this field
 And seek ye peace, for charite,
 The same shall Belyn do to thee."

*The men
 realised she
 was their
 leaders' mother*

*To bring aliens
 to rob and slay
 us*

After this appeal the brothers fought together in Gaul.

DE DONIS AUTHURY

*on earth**arms**furs**wine bowls**easy saddle-
horses**Hack horses**wash basins
and water jugs**story-tellers*

HE gave them steeds, and cups of gold,
 And other jewels the best on mould !
 Some gave he hauberks, and some greyhounds,
 Some rich robes, worth many pounds !
 Some mantles with minnever, and gris,
 And some masers, of rich pris ;
 And some had helms, and some hauberks,
 And good palfreys he gave to clerks ;
 Bows and arrows he gave to archers,
 Rounsyes good he gave to squires,
 Some plates and swords of plight,
 Some girdles and knives full richly dight,
 Some lavours of silver with basin,
 And some pelture of fine ermine.
 Unto discourers that tell their jests,
 Gave he cloths, and wilde beasts.
 There was none, that was ought worthy,
 But that he gave to him, full blithely.

RUDE WORDS ABOUT WILLIAM THE
CONQUEROR

‘ SO WELL HE LOVED THE HIGH DEER AS IF
 HE THEIR FATHER WERE.’

*He set a wide
deer preserve*

GOLD took he by might,
 And of great unright,
 From his folk with evil deed
 For sore little need,
 He was on greediness befallen
 And getsomeness he loved withall.
 He set a mikle deer frith,
 And he laid laws therewith,

That whoso so slew hart or hind
 Him should man then blinden.*
 He forbade to slay the harts,
 And so eke the wild boars,
 So well he loved the high deer
 As if he their father were.
 Eke he set by the hares
 That they might freely fare.
 His rich men mourned it
 And the poor men wailed it
 But he was so firmly wrought
 That he recked of all nought,
 And they must all withall
 The king's will follow,
 If they wished to live
 Or their land have,
 Or their goods eke
 Or his peace seek.
 Woe is me,
 That any man should so proud be
 Thus himself up to raise,
 And over all men to boast.
 May God Almighty show his soul mildheartedness
 And do him for his sins forgiveness.

All complain

*'Woe is me
 that any man
 so proud
 should be'*

* Who so bi K. Williams daye slou hert or hind
 He ssolde putte out both his eye and makyne him blind
 Monye heyemen of the lond, in prison he hold strong
 So that muchedel Engeland thought his life too long.

RANK—IN HALL

THE Pope hath no peer
 The Emperore is next him everywhere
 King Correspondent—this nurture shalt thou learn
 High Cardynell—the dignity doth earn
 King Son—Prince ye him calle
 Archbishoppe is to him peregalle

equal

Duke of the blood Royal
 Bishop, Marquis, and Earl equal
Bishop Suffragan Viscount, Legate, Barron, Suffrigan, Abbot with Mitre
 Barron—3 Chief Justices and of London the Mayor
 Prior Cathedral—Abbot without Mitre, a knight and
 batchelor
 Prior, Dean Archdeacon, Knight the Body Esquire.
 Master of the Rolls—Under Justice may sit him by
 Clerke of the Crown—conviently
 Mayor of Calais—ye may prefere pleasantly
 The Pope's Legate—a collector—together ye assigne
 Doctor of Laws, being in Science dignified
An ex-Lord Mayor of London Him that hath been Mayor and a Londoner—
 Sarjent of Law may with him compere
 The Masters of Chancery with comfort and cheer
 The worshipfull preacher of Pardons in this place appear
The learned The Clerks of Connyng that hath taken degree
 And all other orders of Chastitie, chosen, and poverty
 All parsons, Vicars that are of dignity
 Parish priest keeping cure with him look ye see
 A Bailiff of a City, pervay ye must a space
 A Yeoman of the Crown, Sergent at Arms with Mace
 A Herald of Arms, as great dignity has
 Specialty King's Herald, must have principle place
 Worshipfull merchants and rich artificers
 Gentlemen well nurtured of good manners
nursling With gentlewomen and namely lords nurrieris
 All there may sit at a table of good Squires—

GOOD MANNERS

KEEP thy handys fair and well
 From fylyng of the towelle
 Thereon do not thy nose wipe
 Neither at meat thy toothe pyke
 Caste not thy bones upon the floore
 But lay them fair on thy trenchore.
defiling the cloth
Platter of wood or trencher bread

FEUDAL

‘BY Christ’ says a gentleman ‘he teacheth us best
 But on this theme truly never was I taught.’
 ‘Surely, Sir Knight’ saith Piers ‘I shall toil for us both
 And all my life will labour for love of thee
 If thou wilt keep my Church and me
 From the wasters and the wicked that would us destroy.
 Go thou and hunt the hares and foxes
 The boars and badgers that break my hedges down
 And tame thy falcons wild birds to kill
 That come to my own croft and crop my wheat.’
 Courteously the Knight replied
 ‘By my power, Piers, I plight thee my troth
 To fulfil the covenant while I may stand.’

*from Piers
 Plowman*

OF EARTH

IN Norfolk, in a town
 Homed a Knight a persone,
 And it fell this Knight’s manor
 Was not from the churchyard far.
 And also as often falls,
 Broken were the churchyard walls.
 And the Knight’s herdsman often let
 His beasts into the churchyard get.
 A Bond man said that it was wo
 That the beasts should there go.

*A Bondsman’s
 complaint*

He came to that Knight and said him this :
 “ Lord ” he said “ your beasts go amiss,
 Your herd does wrong and your knaves
 To let your beasts defile our graves.”

*‘ Your
 herdsman does
 wrong ’*

The Knight’s answer was somewhat vile
 (And that is evil in a man gentle)

*The Knight’s
 answer is
 somewhat vile*

“ Well are they doing right for once !
 Why worship we such cherles bones ?
 What worship SHOULD any man make
 Abouten cherle’s bodies black ? ”

*The Bonds-
 man’s words
 full well
 together laid*

The Bondsman answered him and said
 Words full well together laid,
 “ The Lord, that made of earthe cherles
 Of that same earthe made he earles,
 Earles mighty, and Lords stout
 As cherles shall in earth be put,
 Earles or Cherles—all at ones
 Shall none know yours from our bones.”

PIERS PLOWMAN

*Compare
 Defoe’s
 ‘ Between the
 Counter and
 the Coronet ’*

CLERKS it becometh for to serve Christ
 And for folk unordained to cart and work
 These are the sons of labour these are to serve lords
 To serve God and the good as their station asketh
 But since bondmens sons are made into bishops
 And bastard bairns are made archdeacons
 And soap-makers and their sons are knights for silver’s sake,
 And lords’ sons be their labourers and have mortgaged
 their rents
 And to support this realm have ridden against our foes
 To comfort the Commons and honour the king.
 And monks and nuns that should support the poor
 Have made their own kin knights and paid the fees for it
 Popes and patrons refuse poor gentle blood
 And take the sons of mammon to keep the sanctuary :
 Holiness of life and love have long to us been strangers
 And will be till these things wear out or they be somehow
 changed.

MEDIAEVAL ODD JOBS

(Compiled from Rogers)

It is of course impossible to fix definite values by isolated instances such as these—but the 'jobs' themselves are an interesting sidelight on their times.

1271	Boy at plough 11 days	/2	
1271	Splaying 11 rows	/3½	
1262	Woman watching corpse of bearer of Countess' jewels 3 days and 3 nights	1/6	
1267	Spreading 1900 cartloads of marl	1/6	
1272	Taking conies and partridges with a falcon, dog and ferret 7 weeks and 3 days		rabbits
	per day	/2½	
1274	Ditching 7 rods	/3½	
1278	Carrying letters	1/6	
1279	Reaping 36 men (fed) 5 days	/1	
1279	Gelding 20 pigs	/¼	
	Laying 1,000 shingles	3/4	wooden tiles
1286	Carpentry		
	Farrier curing 2 feet of cart horse		
1289	Rending 2,000 laths	/3½	
1289	Mending clock	4/4	
	Digging 56,550 slates at Cone	1/6	
1290	Making 2,000 fagots	1/8	
1291	Making 12 silver spoons	2/4	
	Making 66 perch sea-wall	/4	
1290	Ship and 6 men to carry		
	10 dol. wine		a measure
	1 „ cider		
	12¼ qrs. wheat	99/-	to Berwick
	76 „ oats		
	34 „ malt		
1293	Killing 71 muttons	/¼	
	Thatching a wall	/6	
	Iron binding 13 tankards	3/-	
	Planting apples in garden 6 days	/2	

	1295	Man mending ditches at Oxford	/2 $\frac{1}{2}$
	1297	Making charcoal (25 qrs)	/1 $\frac{1}{2}$
	1297	Taking 5 crows and making 5 pies	/6
	1299	Collecting 350 bundles of stubble	/2
		Making malt	
<i>How many of either unknown</i>	1300	Women planting beans	/1
		Making 5 shirts	/3
	1302	Wash and shear 20 sheep	/1
	1305	(Farley) Vicar's stipend	26/8
	1308	Attorney's fee	6/8
	1308	Washing for 8 boys	3/6
	1309	(Oxford) Narrator's salary	13/4
	1310	Smith making 1,500 nails	/1
	1310	(Merton College)—Binding a Catholicon	4/
	1312	Cleansing east side of fish pond	8/1
<i>Probably good cart horses</i>	1313	3 cart horses and 4 affri healed of a sickness called maudlaung	
	1313	2 Women gathering chaff	
	1313	Castrating 12 pigs	/4
		Mending 2 broken silver spoons	/8
	1314	2 Men digging stone	
	1315	(Usk) 2 tailors 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ days (<i>per day</i> ?)	/2
	1315	Fisherman 1 year	16/
	1316	Woman gathering straw	
	1317	Digging 1 day	/1 $\frac{1}{2}$
		Following cart 14 days	/2
		Cutting thorns	
	1319	Cheddington—Received from Agnes, widow of John atte Alderwyk 10/ in part payment of 20/ for having her son in custody up to his full age	
<i>Unknown— probably same breed as the rabbit in a conjurer's hat</i>	1319	Shoeing a horse and taking a 'lampas' out of his mouth	/4
	1320	Making lime	
		Thresh	
		Plough	
		Hedging	
		Hoeing	

1]	OF THE LAND	21	
1321	Payment to the painter of an image by wardens order (at Maldon)	50/	
1322	Making 8 millstones at Cumbarkan	1/	
1323	Making 48 lbs. iron into 2 shares (plou)	2/	
1325	Catching 265 old moles at Caynham	2/	<i>Wits versus agility—and the skins were useful</i>
	„ 45 young moles at Caynham	1/3	
	„ 140 young moles at Parva Humbra	2/8	
1326	Bleeding 13 oxen	/1	
1326	Plant 2 bushels beans	/2	
1335	150 sheep folded to compost an acre	2/	
1335	Washing and mending surplices	/2	
1340	Bicester Vicarage— Burying : 2 children	2/	
	Symon the farmer of Bygenhall's son	1/6	
	A poor man of Stratton	/1 $\frac{1}{4}$	
1361	Bicester—Weddings	5/3, 5/4, 3/4, 3/4	
	Churchings*	1/10, /8, 1/0 $\frac{1}{2}$	
1340	Making 60 horseshoes	1/3	
1340	Making 1,000 cart nails	/8	
1343	Handmill fired for 5 qrs. oats	/7 $\frac{1}{2}$	
	Laying tiles	/7	
1344	Excoriating hemp	/5	
1346	Making 18 ells linen into surplices	1/	
1353	Tendale Iron Works :		
	Digging ore for 26 blooms	/3 $\frac{1}{2}$	<i>A mass of puddled iron</i>
	Blowing 26 blooms	/9 $\frac{1}{2}$	

* *This Churching service used to be held at appropriate intervals in country churches. All mothers who had recently recovered attended it, kneeling where they chose and responding to the prayers in a devout chorus of thanksgiving. Into one such Churching service happened an old lady who, thinking it an ordinary service, sat down among the other ladies in blank aplomb. To her at the end of the service comes the verger (with collection plate).*

VERGER : ' Shilling collection, Mum.'

OLD LADY : ' What for ? '

VERGER : ' Churching. You've been churched.'

OLD LADY : (Scandalised) ' Hush ! Man, I'm not married.'

VERGER : (Unmoved) ' Then it's half-a-crown.'

<i>Boy</i>	1354	Scattering dung $7\frac{1}{2}$ days	/2
		'Garcio' at 2nd cart 12 days	/ $\frac{1}{2}$
<i>moor (?)</i>	1356	Laying tiles	/9
		Doing corners	/10
	1357	Hurdle making	/3
	1335	Catching 32 rats	/8
	1336	Making new mill wheel	9/8
	1361	Sheppey Castle—Clerk of Works, Day	1/✓
	1362	4 men ramming stagnum at Hoton	/3
	1366	2 fox hunters of the king employed to kill foxes for 4 days	2/✓
	1366	Oxford—Writing a book called Comylton Caminus	8/9 1/2
		Illumination	3/4
		Binding	2/1
		Binding 9 books	6/8
	1370	Writing the third part of a Bible of the edition of Nidi de Lyra and the parch- ment	29/✓
	1372	Damage paid for a bull who broke a cow's leg	3/4
	1372	Sinking shaft for coal pit	46/7
	1384	Man pig-driving for 2 days	/3
	1385	2 horses fired and cured of spavin	3/4
	1387	34 Bowstrings at Oxford	/8
	1388	Woman weeding onions	/1 $\frac{1}{2}$
	1394	Repairing harness	
	1400	Hornchurch—Tanning 3 horse hides	2/6
		London—Canopy for high altar	20/✓



THE BUILDING OF OUR BRIDGE

A description of how the entire countryside built a bridge—the landowner gave land, the rich gave money, everybody dyde as they shoulde and their wives brought the dinners in clean white table cloths.

“ Of all werkys in the World, that ever were wrought
Holy chirche is chefe ; for there children been christened
And by babtism these Bairns to blisse been brought
Through the grace of God and pryare refreshed.

Another blessed besiness, is Brigges to make
Where that pepul may not passe after gret showers
Dole it is to drawe a dede body oute of a lake
To found drowned in a fount a fellow of oures.

There lived here a ladde was a waterman longe
He helpe stop the streme till the work was afore
It was a solace to see, in the Somer season !
300 werkmen, werking at onys !
4 and 4 relay's by reson
To wit who wrought best, were set for the nonce.

at once

The Peple proved their power with the Pecoyfe
The Mattok* was man-handled right wele while
With spades and Schovelis they made such a noise
That men myght here them thence a myle.

tools

Wyves went out to wite how they wrought
Five score in a flok—it was a fayre sight
In bord clothes bright, white brede they brought
Cheese and chickens, clerelych dight
Thus weren the wyches i diged in ful harde grounde
And cast up to arere with the way
Sethen they were i set with a quik mownde
To hold in the bunkes for ever and ay ”——

ditches

*quick-set
bedge*

* Mattok is a pykeys
Or a pyke as sum men says.

*Before the people had to cross by a toll bridge at Culham,
but now . . .*

ford

“ Now is Culham hithe, come to an ende
And al the contre the better and no man the worse
Few folk there were coude that way wende
But they waged their med, or payed of their purse.

*worked their
crossing*

And if it were a begger had bread in his bagge
He should be ryght soon i bid for to go aboute
And of the pore penyless the hiereward wold have
A hood or a girdle and let them go withoute.
Culham hithe hath caused many a curse
So blessed be our helpers—we have a better waye
Withoute any peny, for cart and for horse.”

*The bridge-
keeper prevents
the poor from
passing without
paying toll*

A COMMENT BY FOREIGN VISITORS

*John of
Hainault's
Army*

MARKET PRICES IN THE DALES.—1377. For all the time of six weeks that the king and the lords of England and more than sixty thousand men of war lay there, the victuals were never the dearer; for ever they had a pennyworth for a penny, as well as other had before they came there, and there was good wine of Gascoyne and of Alsace, and of the Rhine, and plenty thereof, with right good cheap as well of pullen as of other victuals; and there was daily brought before their lodgings hay, oats and litter, whereof they were well served for their horses and at a meetly price.*

* *The foreigner who made this comment takes it as a sign of the prosperity and richness of the dales land, but every Dalesman knows that the ‘Market Price’ is a sacred bond, and they would actually sell at a loss rather than ‘give a stranger aught against them.’ This bard honesty is not so unfriendly as the stranger supposes; he will often be asked a high price, but no Dalesman will ever ‘go back’ on his word.*

ODD ACCOUNTS

It is always interesting to trace the paths of illustrious visitors in the account books of their hosts. An army or a war will produce interesting local variations in food prices, and a royal tour may always be trailed by a litter of tailors' bills.

1377 Milford Haven Accounts: 48 men at arms 1/. 50 archers 6d. Captains 2/ a day.

1378 Purchase of munitions for the defence of Cherbourg Castle in proportion: saltpetre 1604 lbs.; sulphur 312½ lbs.

1377 Warden of Oxford, Fine cloth 8 yards 5/. Green taffeta 16 yards 10½d. Tantayn for hood, 1 yard 3/8d. *Materials* Miniver caput 8/.

1379 Riding Robe 3½ yards 3/2d. Summer tunic of green cloth 6½ yards 3/4d. Linen 12 yards 1/. 3 pairs boots and 1 pair spurs 10/10. Cappa pro noctibus 4d. *Night cap*

1384 Expenses of Robert the Tyler's funeral by Tresilian Chivaler Lintheanen, 10d. Beir 3d. Wax 4d. Pulsatio campanae 2d. *Tolling the bell*

Nine tailors make a man
Nine tellers make a man

Mediaeval people loved bells in their hearts: the little gay hawk-bells, the horse-bells, the folded sheep-bells on the downs, the deeper toned cow-bells in the wood; the bell that called the hours across the harvest fields; the great bells solemn warning of a foe—the curfew bell that folded all to sleep—

So, when they died, the soul loosened and passed within the trembling circles of the passing bell. And afterwards, that bell would ask all Christian souls to pray. Thus—

Nine telles; three; by three; by three;
pray for a man.
Six telles; two; by two; by two;
pray for a woman.
Three telles; one; by one; by one;
pray for a child.

Then rest in peace.

TO A CAPTIVE KING

Said to be the song that Blondel sang outside the prison tower where his old master King Richard was imprisoned.

DOMNA vostra beutas	Your beauty lady fair
Elas bellas faissos	None views without delight
Els bels amoros	But still so cold an air
Els gens cors ben taillats	No passion can excite
Don sieu empresenats	But this I patient see
De vostra amor que mi lia	While all are shunned like me.

Richard finishes the song

Si bel trop affansia	No nymph my heart can wound
Ja de vos mon portrai	If favour she divide
Que major honorai	And smile on all around
Sol en votre deman	Unwilling to decide
Que sautre des bessan	I'd rather hatred bear than
Tot can de vos volria	Than love with others share

'CHANCELLORS COMBUSTIONS'

Matthew Paris tells of happenings in England during Richard I. expedition to the Holy Land.

*The
Chancellors
excesses*

COMBUSTIONS hapned meanwhile in England by the Chancellors excesses. He and his, having so exhausted the Kingdoms Wealth that they left not a girdle striped with silver, nor a ring nor Jewell or anything worth to any nor Treasure to a Jew. . . .

*A Mariner and
'a Woman's
habit'*

The Chancellor came to Canterburie & then took the Crosse of Pilgrimage & laid down that of his Legatee Office & getting closely to Dover thought to have stolne oversea in a Womans habit. Wayting on the shore for

passage a Mariner was somewhat homely with him & found him as arrant a man as himself by the testimonie of his breeches.

Hee calles the company & the women would needs buy of him his piece of cloth, which hee had taken to cloke his sex and businesse, but he understanding no English could say nothing whereupon they removed his muffler and found a shaveling ! whom they dragged contumeliously alongst the strand with cryes buffets & spittings—and haling him through the streets imprisoned him in a cellar—Who yet escaped by leaving his oath to the Lord & his Pledges (& his two brethren) to the Lords & got him over back to Normandy.

*Imprisoned in
a cellar*

A STATE LETTER CONCERNING PRISONERS

TO the Mighty Prince King Haquinus—by the *A.D. 1313*
grace of God ; famous King of Norway.

His most dear friend Edward, by the grace of God ; King of England, Lord of Ireland, Duke of Aquitaine, greeting and sincere love.

We sent unto your Royal Majestie our special letters on behalf of our late Merchants of Lenne whome your officers of the city of Bergen apprehended and committed into close prison, (many of whome, we understand, are for want of due nourishment, and by reason of the extremitie and loathsomeness* of that prison—perished) that you should cause them and their goods to be released. Howbeit ; you retain there, our merchants in durance as before : and reply to us that certain of your merchants do complain of injuries violences and arrests, whereby (as they avow) they have been aggrieved in our dominions.

*loathsomeness
of the prison*

* Compare Prison accounts of the period :

1272. Corffe Castle paid 1d. for two women carrying dung out of a Prison called Malemit.

Moreover you add that certain sons of iniquity of Lenne—coming (they said) to fish for herrings—cruelly murdered your Knight Bayliff of Kikia, together with ten other of your subjects.

In consideration whereof our mind is exceedingly agrieved and troubled (especially since it was never part of our intent that any injuries should unjustly be inflicted upon any merchants or any subjects within our realm) and we will cause speedie justice to be administered and sufficient recompence and due satisfaction to be made in regard thereof. . . .

As Our desire is that concord and amitie should be maintained and cherished between your and our subjects on both sides ; So that our and your merchants may in both our realms and dominions freely and without let exercise their traffic as in the past times of our progenitors it hath long been accustomed between us.

*ply their
trade without
hindrance*

THE AMBASSADORS

To Rome men led them there to sell
(As St. Bede so heard tell)

Manie burgess of that citee
Came the children forto see
Among all those that hither came
Came one St. Gregory by name
Then he said he saw nevair
So fair children of hide and hair
'Of what land,' asked he, 'they be ?'
Men said 'of Britain, a far countree.'
'Their kind,' he asked, 'how men call ?'
'Angles they said, so be they all.'
'Angle !' he said, 'a name of grace !'
For Angels are they like of face
And well ought such to be heirs of Heaven
Their name is Angle. Angels name them !'

BURGESSES OF CALAIS

THEY within Calais saw well how their succour failed them, for the which they were in great sorrow ; for the king of England said he would none otherwise but that they should yield them up simply to his pleasure. *A tale of city men*

Then all the people began to weep and to make such sorrow, that there was not so hard a heart, if they had seen them, but that would have had great pity of them : the captain himself wept piteously. At last the most rich burgess of all the town, called Eustace of Saint-Pierre, rose up and said openly : "Sirs, great and small, great mischief it should be to suffer to die such people as be in this town, other by famine or otherwise, when there is a mean to save them. I think he or they should have great merit of our Lord God that might keep them from such mischief. As for my part, I have so good trust in our Lord God, that if I die in the quarrel to save the residue, that God would pardon me : wherefore to save them I will be the first to put my life in jeopardy." When he had thus said, every man worshipped him and divers kneeled down at his feet with sore weeping and sore sighs. Then another honest burgess rose and said : "I will keep company with my gossip Eustace." He was called John d'Aire. Then rose up Jaques of Wissant, who was rich in goods and heritage ; he said also that he would hold company with his two cousins. In like wise so did Peter of Wissant his brother : and then rose two other ; they said they would do the same. Then they went and apparelled them as the king desired.

*with my
fellow Eustace*

Then the captain went with them to the gate : there was great lamentation made of men, women and children at their departing : then the gate was opened and he issued out with the six burgesses and closed the gate again, so that they were between the gate and the barriers. Then he said to sir Gaultier of Manny : "Sir, I deliver here to you

*in shirts with
ropes round
their necks*

as captain of Calais by the whole consent of all the people of the town these six burgesses, and I swear to you truly that they be and were to-day most honourable, rich and most notable burgesses of all the town of Calais. Wherefore, gentle knight, I require you pray the king to have mercy on them, that they die not." Quoth sir Gaultier : " I cannot say what the king will do, but I shall do for them the best I can." Then the barriers were opened, the six burgesses went towards the king, and the captain entered again into the town.

*They go to
the king*

When sir Gaultier presented these burgesses to the king, they kneeled down and held up their hands and said : " Gentle king, behold here we six, who were burgesses of Calais and great merchants ; we have brought to you the keys of the town and of the castle and we submit ourselves clearly into your will and pleasure, to save the residue of the people of Calais, who have suffered great pain. Sir, we beseech your grace to have mercy and pity on us through your high nobless." Then all the earls and barons and other that were there wept for pity. The king looked felly on them, for greatly he hated the people of Calais for the great damages and displeasures they had done him on the sea before. Then he commanded their heads to be stricken off : then every man required the king for mercy, but he would hear no man in that behalf : then sir Gaultier of Manny said : " Ah, noble king, for God's sake refrain your courage : ye have the name of sovereign nobless ; therefore now do not a thing that should blemish your renown, nor to give cause to some to speak of you villainy. Every man will say it is a great cruelty to put to death such honest persons, who by their own wills put themselves into your grace to save their company." Then the king wryed away from him and commanded to send for the hangman, and said : " They of Calais have caused many of my men to be slain, wherefore these shall die in like wise." Then the queen, being great with child, kneeled down and sore weeping said : " Ah, gentle sir, sith I passed the sea in great peril, I have

*The king
looks foully
on them*

*The king
wrythed away
from him*

desired nothing of you ; therefore now I humbly require you in the honour of the Son of the Virgin Mary and for the love of me that ye will take mercy of these six burghesses." The king beheld the queen and stood still in a study a space, and then said : " Ah, dame, I would ye had been as now in some other place ; ye make such request to me that I cannot deny you. Wherefore I give them to you, to do your pleasure with them." Then the queen caused them to be brought into her chamber, and made the halters to be taken from their necks, and caused them to be new clothed, and gave them their dinner at their leisure : and then she gave each of them six nobles and made them to be brought out of the host in safe-guard and set at their liberty.

*The queen's
request
granted*

AT CRESSY FIELD

THE valiant king of Bohemia called Charles of Luxembourg, son to the noble emperor Henry of Luxembourg, for all tha the was nigh blind, when he understood the order of the battle, he said to them about him : " Where is the lord Charles my son ? " His men said : " Sir, we cannot tell ; we think he be fighting." Then he said : " Sirs, ye are my men, my companions and friends in this journey : I require you bring me so far forward, that I may strike one stroke with my sword." They said they would do his commandment, and to the intent that they should not lose him in the press, they tied all their reins of their bridles each to other and set the king before to accomplish his desire, and so they went on their enemies. The lord Charles of Bohemia his son, who wrote himself king of Almaine and bare the arms, he came in good order to the battle ; but when he saw that the matter went awry on their party, he departed, I cannot tell you which way. The king his father was so far forward that he strake a stroke with his sword, yea and

*At Cressy
Field*

more than four, and fought valiantly and so did his company; and they adventured themselves so forward, that they were there all slain, and the next day were found in the place about the king, and all their horses tied each to other.

A VOW OF CHIVALRY

*To see with
one eye only*

THEY had with them young bachelors, who had each of them one of their eyes closed with a piece of silk: it was said how they had made a vow among the ladies of their country, that they would not see but with one eye, till they had done some deeds of arms in France: howbeit they would not be known thereof.

THE TAKING OF EDINBURGH

*The feat of
sir William
Douglas*

SO it was that sir William Douglas devised a feat, and discovered his intention to his companions, to the earl Patrick, to sir Simon Fraser and to Alexander Ramsay, and all they agreed together. Then they took a two hundred of the wild Scots and entered into the sea, and made provisions of oats, meal, coals and wood; and so peaceably they arrived at a port near to the castle of Edinburgh. And in the night they armed them and took a ten or twelve of their company, such as they did trust best, and did disguise them in poor torn hats and coats, like poor men of the country, and charged a twelve small horses with sacks, some with oats, some with wheat-meal and some with coals; and they did set all their company in a bushment in an old destroyed abbey thereby, near to the foot of the hill. And when the day began to appear, covertly armed as they were, they went up the hill with

*They set an
ambush*

their merchandise. And when they were in the mid way, sir William Douglas and sir Simon Fraser, disguised as they were, went a little before and came to the porter and said : " Sir, in great fear we have brought hither oats and wheat-meal, and if ye have any need thereof, we will sell it to you good cheap." " Marry," said the porter, " and we have need thereof ; but it is so early, that I dare not awake the captain nor his steward. But let them come in and I shall open the outer gate." And so they all entered into the gate of the bails : sir William Douglas saw well how the porter had the keys in his hands of the great gate of the castle. Then when the first gate was opened, as ye have heard, their horses with carriages entered in ; and the two that came last, laden with coals, they made them to fall down on the ground-sill of the gate, to the intent that the gate should not be closed again. And then they took the porter and slew him so peaceably, that he never spake word.

*They enter
by the gate
of the bailey*

TOURNAMENT

" By that the great host began to asemblyll
Trumpets to blare and steeds to trembyll."

Le Bone Florence

TO ARME A MAN

FIRST ye must set on sabatynes and tye them upon the shoe with poynts that will breke, and then griffus, and then quys-shews, and than the breche of maile, and than towletts, than the breste ; than the vambrace, than the rerebrace, than the clooves, and then hong his dagger upon the right side ; than his short swerde on his left side, in a round ring, all nakid, to pull it out lightly ; than put his cote upon his back, and then his bascinet pynned upon two grete staples before the breste, with a double bocle behind upon the bak for to make the bascinet set juste ; and than his long swerde in his hande ; than



his pensell in his hande,
paynted of Seynt George or
our Ladye, to blisse him as
he goth towards the felde and
in the felde.

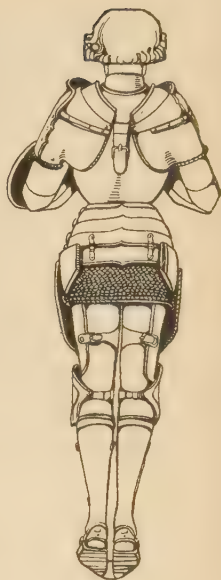
Sabatynes. *Sabots (French); foot cover-
ings.*

Poynts. *The Mediaeval equivalent for
leather bootlaces. They were also used to
tie-up the long hose on to the shirt. They
were the braces, and buttons, and all unre-
liableness of the Mediaeval clothing. At one
time a specially providential law required
them to be made of 'wild ware,' i.e. wild
beasts' leather.*

Griffus. *Greaves; shin-pieces.*

Guys-shews. *Thigh pieces.*

Towletts. *? Padding of linen to prevent
chafing.*



TOURNEZ

MANY tymes for wymmens sake,
Knyghteys, Tournamentys make.
And when he wendyth to the tournament,
She sendyth hym sum pryvy present.

THE COMMYNE INTO THE FELDE

unbarnessed

*an heraldic
term*

THE VI gentlemen must come into the felde un-
harnsyd, and their helmys borne before them
and their servants on horsebak; bering aither of
them a spere garneste; that is, the said VI speris, with the
said VI servants, shall ride before them into the felde;
and as the seide VI gentlemen be coomyn before the
ladies and gentilwoomen, seying in this wise: High and
mighty, redoutyd and right worshipful ladyes and gentil-

woomen, theis VI gentilmen ben come into your presence and recomande them unto your gode grace, in as lowly wise as they can, beseching you for to give unto the III best justers without, a diamonde and a rubie, and a saufir unto them that ye thank best deserve it. Then this message is doon. Then the VI gentilmen goth into the tellws,* and doth on them helmys; and when the herawldis cry, a lostell, a lostell, then shall all the VI gentilmen within unhelm them before the seide ladyes, and make them obeisance, and goo home unto their loggin.

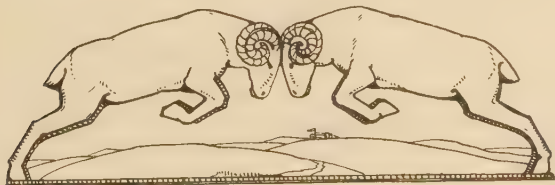
*A l'hostel :
to home*

Then comys forth a lady by the avise of all the ladyes and gentilwoomen, and gevis the diamonde unto the best juster without, saying in this voice, Sir, theis ladyes and gentilwoomen thank you for your disport and grete labour that ye have this day in their presence, and the said ladyes give you this diamonde and send you much worship and joy of your lady: thus shall be done with the rubie and with the saufre, unto the other two next best justers. This done, then shall the herald of armys stonde up all on high, and shall sey withall an high voice, John hath well justed, Ric. hath justed better, and Thomas hath justed best of all; than shall he that the diamound is given unto, take a ladye by the hand and begynne to dance; and when the ladyes have danced as long as them liketh, than spice wine and drynk, and than avoide.

*The giving of
the prizes*

*They all go
away*

* *Tilt-house; the equivalent of the modern games pavilion: a marquee, or temporary wooden structure.*



FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD

*some deal**tailored**robe**padded**crown**frogs*

THE kyng of Englande shewed himself somedelic forwarde in beautie and personage the moste goodliest prince that ever reygned over the realme of England; his grace apparrelled in a garment of cloth of silver of damaske, ribbed with clothe of golde, so thicke as might bee; the garment was large and pleted verie thicke, and canteled of good entaile of such shape and makynge that it was marueilous to behold. The courser which his grace roade on was trapped in a marueilous vesture of a newe devised fashion; the trapper was of fine golde in bullion curiously wrought, pounced and sette with anticke woorkes of Romaine figures. . . .

In open sight then came the two kyngs, that is to wete, the Frenche kyng and the kyng of England, out of their tent, by whyche I then well perceived the habiliment royall of the French kyng: his garment was a chemewe of cloth of silver culpond with clothe of golde of damaske cantell-wise, and garded on the bordours with the burgon bendes, and over that a cloke of broched satten, with golde of purple coloure wrapped about his body traaverse, beaded from the shulder to the waste, fastened in the tope of the first folde; this said cloke was richly sett in pearles and precious stones. This Frenche kyng had on his hed a koyse of damaske golde set with diamondes; and his courser that he rode upon was covered with a trapper of tissue, boudered with devise, cut in fashion marell-wise; the skirts were embowed and fret with frized worke, and knit with cordelles and buttons, tasselled of Turkey makynge; raines and heddstalls, answering of the like worke; and verely of his person the same Fraunces the Frenche kynge, a goodlie prince, statelie of countenance, mery of chere, broune coloured, greates eyes, high nosed, bigge lipped, faire breasted and shoulders, small legs, and long fete.

BELL THE CAT

IF THE KING KEEP NOT THE LAW
HE IS THE NAME—BUT NOT THE THING.

*Foreshadowing
the Peasants'
Revolt*

THEN ran a rout of rats and small mice with them,
And came to a council for profit of them all.
For a Court Cat came when he would
Leapt among them lightly, caught them as he would,
Perilously played with them and possed them about.

*The King's
Regent
interferes with
choice of
statesmen*

A rat of renown ready of tongue
Told them a sovran cure.

"I have seen great dogs in cities and in towns
Wearing collars, bright gold, all about their necks,
Necklaces of crafty work. They go where they will,
Uncoupled they wend, through warren and waste ;
Were a bell on the collar men might know them—and
run.

Therefore," the rat says, "reason showeth me
We should buy a brass bell or of bright silver,
And set it on a collar for profit of us all,
And hang it on the cat's neck. Then can we hear
When he rides, when he rests, or when he runs to play.
And if he list to play then we may look
And appear in his presence while he WILL play.
And if he be wroth, beware and shun his paths."

All this rout of rats to this reason assented,
But when the bell was bought and on a collar hung,
Was no rat in the rout for all the realm of France
That durst have bound the bell about the cat's neck.
And they held themselves cowards and their counsel
feeble
And their labour lost.

A mouse that knew much stood forth and said :
"Though we kill the Cat yet another should come
To snatch us and our kind, though we crept under
benches.

*Another
ruler would
replace him*

*Where the
king is still a
child*

Therefore my counsel is, LET THE CAT BE,
And be never so bold to show him the bell,
For I heard my sire say, seven years ago,
Where the cat is a kitten the Court is full ailing.
“For me,” quoth the mouse, “I see so much to come
Never shall cat or kitten by my counsel be hurt
Nor should men prate of collars. I would never buy
collar
For though it cost me dear, I would hold my counsel
And suffer the Cat to do as he will.
Mischief that chastens many will teach the Cat better.
“Were the Cat and his kittens not ready to spring on us,
We mice would eat up many a man’s malt,
Ye rats would waken men that rest ;
If ye had your will yourselves ye could not rule.”
What this rat-dream meaneth, ye merry men,
Divine it—I dare not—by dear God in heaven.

AGAINST LORDS ROBBING THEIR TENANTS

legal right

AND if a Lord of a towne
Rob his men out of resoun
Though it beith in his bondage
Against right he doeth outrage.
He shall so take that they may live
And as law of land will forgive
For if he take over messure
Little tyme shall he endure
Though God hath given him seynorye
That gives him no leave to do robborye

perceive it not

If thou withdrawest a man’s right
Stealing though it be not in sight
Though a man parseyue hyt noght
Thou stealest it—and theft hast wrought.



WHERE THE CAT IS A KITTEN
THE COURT IS FULL AILING

1388

SINGEN I would—but alas !
Englond sometime was
Of Manhood the flower
Now gone is that honnour

The rich make merry
The pepul is weary
The church is grieved
And so men be mischieved

Englond awake now
And good hede take thou !

PART TWO

OF THE PEOPLE

OVERLORD OF ALL

WHO dare do thing which Love not dare ?
For Love is of every law unaware
But to the laws of his own behest
The fish, the fowl, the man, the beast
All the Worlde's kinde Love louteth
For Love is he which nothing douteth.

THE FIRST TWO

‘ BEAUTIFUL WERE THEY ’

THEN it seemed not good
To the Guardian of heaven,
That Adam longer
Alone were,
Therefore for him,
The Highest King,
Created a help mate
Raised he a womman,
He the substance from
Adams body dismembered
He was fast asleep,
And softly slept.
From him the Lord of Angels,
Drew a jointed bone,
Wrought a goodly womman,
Inspired Life in her.
An Immortal soul,
They were like to Angels !
They in youth both—
Beautifull were they—
And they knew not
To do or suffer evil—
But the Lord was there
Within their breasts.
Burning love.
Then blessed them
The Glad Hearted King
The Lord of all things.
Mankind the first two
Male and Female

*The creation
of Eve*

*God speaks
to them*

Speaking these words.
Teem now and increase
With sons and daughters
To you the salt water
Abide in dominion
All the ocean carries
The birds of the air
To you sacred ; the cattle
And the wild beasts
In dominion given
All living creatures, those that tread land
A race given life
Those which the water brought forth
Through the whales road
All shall you obey.

the ocean

Caedmon

HUSBAND

LOVE so thy chyldyr, love so thy wyff,
That thou save thee bothe soule and lyff.

A MAN AND HIS WIFE

A MAN is called Vir in Latin, and hath that name of might and strength. For in might and strength a man passeth a woman. And a man is called Maritus, as it were warding and defending Matrem, the mother, for he taketh ward and keeping of his wife, that is mother of the children. And is called Sponsus also, and hath that name of Spondere, for that he behoveth and obligeth himself. For in the contract of wedding he plighteth his troth to lead his life with his wife without departing, and to pay her his debt, and to keep her and love her afore all other. Before wedding, the spouse thinketh to win love of her that he wooeth with gifts, and certifieth of his will with letters and messengers, and with divers presents, and giveth many gifts, and much good and cattle, and promiseth much more. And to please

*The spouse
thinketh to
win love*

her he putteth him to divers plays and games among gatherings of men, and useth oft deeds of arms, of might, and of mastery. And maketh him gay and seemly in divers clothing and array. And all that he is prayed to give and to do for her love, he giveth and doth anon with all his might. And denieth no petition that is made in her name and for her love. He speaketh to her pleasantly, and beholdeth her cheer in the face with pleasing and glad cheer, and with a sharp eye, and at last assenteth to her, and telleth openly his will in presence of her friends, and spouseth her with a ring, and giveth her gifts in token of contract of wedding, and maketh her charters, and deeds of grants and of gifts. He maketh revels and feasts and spousals, and giveth many good gifts to friends and guests, and comforteth and gladdeth his guests with songs and pipes and other minstrelsy of music. And afterward, when all this is done he bringeth her to the privities of his chamber, and maketh her fellow at bed and at board. And then he maketh her lady of his money, and of his house, and meinie. No man hath more wealth, than he that hath a good woman to his wife, and no man hath more woe, than he that hath an evil wife, crying and jangling, chiding and scolding, drunken, lecherous, and unsteadfast, and contrary to him, costly, stout and gay, envious, noyful, leaping over lands, much suspicious, and wrathful. In a good spouse and wife behoveth these conditions, that she be busy and devout in God's service, meek and serviceable to her husband, and fair-speaking and goodly to her meinie, merciful and good to wretches that be needy, easy and peaceable to her neighbours, ready, wary, and wise in things that should be avoided, mightiful and patient in suffering, busy and diligent in her

*He maketh
him gay*



*He giveth her
wedding gifts*

*Maketh her
lady of his
menage*

noisome

*The conditions
of a good wife*

doing, mannerly in clothing, sober in moving, wary in speaking, chaste in looking, honest in bearing, sad in going, shamefast among the people, merry and glad with her husband, and chaste in privy. Such a wife is worthy to be praised, that entendeth more to please her husband with such womanly dues, than with her braided hairs, and desireth more to please him with virtues than with fair and gay clothes, and useth the gooduess of matrimony more because of children than of fleshly liking and hath more liking to have children of grace than of kind.

JOYFUL SONG OF THE MYNSTRALL

*The man
from the
West sings in
the Hall*

PLEASANT the carousal that hinders not mental exertion
Also Pleasant a generous one at Candlemas time.

Pleasant : a steed with thick mane thrown in a tangle

Also pleasant : the crackling of the greeting fire

Pleasant : desire—and silver fringes

Also pleasant the holding of thine own warm woman.

Pleasant the wild eagle on the shore where the sea floweth

Also pleasant the sea gulls calling

Pleasant a horse with gold enamelled trappings

Also pleasant a draught of the generous mead.

Pleasant the open fields where cuckoo and nightingale

Live in the warm still, summer weather

Pleasant the right and happy betrothal

Also pleasant—the gift—a gift that is loved.

Pleasant to listen to the Mynstrel in the hall

Pleasant to us our time of Paradise

Pleasant the moon awake in the heavens

Pleasant the quiet of a slow long day.

Pleasant the heath upon the mountains

Also pleasant the salt marsh for cattle,

Pleasant the time the calves draw milk

Pleasant the blossom on the top of the pear trees.

Pleasant the blossom on the top of the pear tree
 Also pleasant the solitary doe and the fawn,
 Pleasant the foamy horseblock *
 Pleasant thy friendship with the Creator.

* *The mounting block, foam flecked by a horse that galloped home.*

SON

THERE was a wise man taught his child
 While it was young and tender of age.
 Son what manner of man thou be
 Give thee not to idleness
 And take good heed of thy degree
 And therein do thy business
 Beware of rest and idleness,
 Which things nourisheth sloth
 To ever be busy more or less
 It is a full good sign of truth.

*A wise
 man's advice
 to his son*

And son of one thing be thou warned
 And on my blessing take good heed
 Beware of vice and of tavern
 And also of dice I thee forbid,
 And flee all lecherie in will and deed
 Lest thou come to evil grief
 For all thy wits it will ore lead
 And brings thee into great mischief.

*all thy wits
 it will
 mislead*

And son sit not up at evening too long
 Neither use thou suppers late
 Though thou be both whole and strong
 With such outrage it will abate,
 And of late walking comes debate
 And out of time to sit and drink
 Therefore beware to keep thy state
 And go to bed betimes—and wake.

GENTLENESS

Gentlenesse

AND thou shalt not thy wife displease,
 Nor call her by no villianous name,
 And if thou do ; thou art not wise,
 To call her foul ; it is thy shame.
 If thou, thyne owne wife, wilt defame,
 No wonder if another do so !
 But soft and fair, a man may tame,
 Both hart and hind, and buck and doe.

A MINER'S GOOD WIFE

WHO KEPT HER HUSBAND ALIVE IN A MINE

*Coals from
the West-
Countre*

THERE was man, beyond the sea
 A Miner, homed in a city
 (Miners they make in hilles holes
 As in the West-Countre men seek coles)
 He worked one day and holed in a hill
 A perilous chance to him befell
 For a great part of that mine
 Fell down in the hole, and closed him in.

*reckoned he
was dead*

His fellows, they took his fate to rede,
 And told his wife that he was dede.

*made offerings
for his soul's
rest*

This woman wailed her husband sore
 (Would God that many such wommen were !)
 She helped his soul in everything,
 In alms, and deeds, and in offering.
 She offered for him—to the Altar
 Full of wine, a great big pitcher
 And a fair white loaf withall
 Everyday ! as for a principalle
 (Few such wommen, now we find,
 That to their husbands, are so kind !)

Long after, at full twelve months end,
His fellows to that mine did wend
And right where they at first began
They pierced through unto her man.

The man in godly state they found !
Living ! withouten wem or wound !

*The man is
found without
spot or wound*

And he told them everyone
How he had lived there alone
“ I have lived a gracious life
Through the courtesy of my wife
For every day she hath me sent
Of bread and wine a fair present.”

They led this man unto the town !
And told the miracle ! up and down !

THE GOODNESSE OF PEOPLE

THE goodness of people compelleth
Their love to be lovely :
The malice of evil rebelleth
And maketh fall lowly :
True men and faithful, Love their like gladly.
Liars and thieves haten each other sadly.

MAIDENS

MEN behove to take heed of maidens : for they be tender of complexion ; small, pliant and fair of disposition of body : shamefast, fearful, and merry. Touching outward disposition they be well nurtured, demure and soft of speech, and well ware of what they say : and delicate in their apparel. And for a woman is more meeker than a man, she weepeth sooner. And is more envious and more laughing, and loving, and the malice of the soul is more in a woman than in a man. And she is of feeble kind, and she maketh more lesings, and is more shamefast, and more slow in working and in moving than a man.

*Take heed of
maidens*

*She maketh
more lies*

THE GOOD UNCLE

AND HOW A GOOD NIECE WILL NOT KEEP
HIM WAITING

*Two fair
nieces
dowered
marvellously*

*The first
tarries too
long*

*The second
comes to him
with her
hands pasted
with dough*

*And is given
the two gowns*

THER was a knight, a noble man, that had ben oute in straunge lands byyende the gret see; and he hadde .ij. fayre neces, the whiche he had norrishid, and afterwarde he maried them and loued them mervaylously. And, in the comyng homwarde from his viages, he bought for eche of them a gowne of the best and goodlyest shappe and devise as atte that tyme, and welle & richely furred. And it happed he come late vnto the manoyre and place of one of his neces, and cried and called for her, and sent vnto her that she shulde come and see hym . . . and she ansuered and praied he wolde not thenke it longe, for she wolde come vnto hym anone. So the knight abode so longe vnto the tyme he disdeyned therof that his nece taried so longe and come not vnto hym, by as moche as he hadde by longe tyme be in straunge contre, and that she had not see hym a gret while before, and toke his horse, and rode his waye, and went forto see his other nece. And as faste as she herde the voys of hym, she knewe it was her vnclé that hadde be so longe oute of the contre; notwithstandinge this woman a litelle before, for her playser and disporte, toke upon her to make leuein for brede of whete, and with her hondes as thei were, pasted with the leuein that she handeled, al floury, in the estate as she was, she comithe forth with gret ioye and enbraced hym plesauntly betwene her armes, and saide vnto hym, "My dere lord and vnclé, ye be right wolcome, in the same astate as y herde youre voys y am come to you for the gladnesse that y have of youre presence and of youre comynge as this tyme, but that y am come in so symple awyse before you, plesse you to foryeue it me." And he gaue her the .ij. gownes



THE PERFECT SPINSTER

*Advice to a
rich and noble
virgin*

FIRST keep thy heart in careful custody against all evil suggestions and diligently guard thy cogitations. Choose men and maidservants not by their fair faces but by their fair and comely manners. Let scurrill and wanton speech and behaviour never be permitted where thou art present. Laughter leave to secular persons—gravity best beseemeth thee.

The affections and perturbations which as long as we live in this fraile bodie we cannot wholly cut off—let us moderate them and rule them with reason. It is a human infirmity to be angry but to soon end it is the part of a Christian. Give not to the rich or thy kinsfolk but to the poor.

*for the delight
and instruction
of her soul*

This have I said to thee as to a rich and noble virgin. Now to thee as a virgin only will I speak not considering what is without thee but within. Besides saying the order of psalms and prayers . . . appoint certain hours to thyself wherein thou mayest learn and read the holy scriptures not to the cloying but to the delight and instruction of thy soul. Have also at hand always wool or flax to spin yarn or thread or wind up what others have spun or oversee what others do. . . . And if thou be so diversely occupied no day will seem long unto thee not though it be the longest of all summer, and doing thus, thou shalt save thyself and others.

The soul of the idle person is ever desiring one thing or another therefore must you not cease working because, thanks be to God, thou needest nothing, but labour with others that you may think of nothing but what pleaseth

God and I will tell you in simplicity that albeit you have given all you have to the poor but nothing is more precious to God than what you make with your own hands either for your own use or for an example to others.



THE NURSE

A NURSE hath that name of nourishing, for she is *A wet nurse* ordained to nourish and to feed the child, and therefore like as the mother, the nurse is glad if the child be glad, and heavy, if the child be sorry, and taketh the child up if it fall, and giveth it suck : and if it weep she kisseth and lulleteth it still, and gathereth the limbs, and bindeth them together, and doth cleanse and wash it when it is defiled. And for it cannot speak, the nurse lispeth and soundeth the same words to teach more easily the child that cannot speak. And she useth medicines to bring the child to convenable estate if it be sick, and lifteth it up, now on her shoulders, now on her hands, now on her knees and lap, and lifteth it up if it cry or weep. And she cheweth meat in her mouth, and maketh it ready to the toothless child, that it may the easilier swallow that meat, and so she feedeth the child when it is an hungered, and pleaseth the child with whispering and songs when it shall sleep, and swatheth it in sweet clothes, *cares for it when ill* and righteth and stretcheth out its limbs, and bindeth them together with cradlebands, to keep and save the child that it have no miscrooked limbs. She batheth and anointeth it with good anointments. *swathes it in swaddling clothes*





THE NURSE

‘SUCH A ONE, KEEP HER IN YOUR HOUSEHOLD’

BABE IN WOMBE

A SMAL weob it beclippeth all aboute
 To holden it together fast
 From that it foremost was i-kenned
 Forto it be born at last.
 All round it lieth in the wombe,
 And bowéd as a hare
 When that she in her forme lieth.
 For its in is some deal near.
 All bent the legges both,
 For it might not else fare ;
 The heels to the bottokes,
 The knees in either eye
 The head it is turned downwards
 The armes all within
 The elbows right in the side
 The fistes to the chin
 And all bowed is the rug
 So that neigh round it is.
 Man, whereof cometh thy pride ?
 For there is no man I wis
 Who can say he bent not the knee.
 Look ! how crooked thou were bare
 And to no man tell that lie !
 Thou mightest not hold up thy head
 Nor even undo thy eye
 From whence beseemeth thee then
 To bearen thy head so high ?

*Wrapped all
 about in a
 tight web*

*Its inn, or
 lodging is
 rather close*

*All bowed is
 the ridge,
 backbone*

*Man, whereof
 cometh thy
 pride ?*

CHASTIZING

CHASTIZING should measured be
 To old and young in their degree ;
 For the trespass of childering
 Should men to use soft chastizing,
 All fasting and beating with a wand
 And never strokes of staff or hand,
 And if they will of words have heed
 To beat them then there is no need.

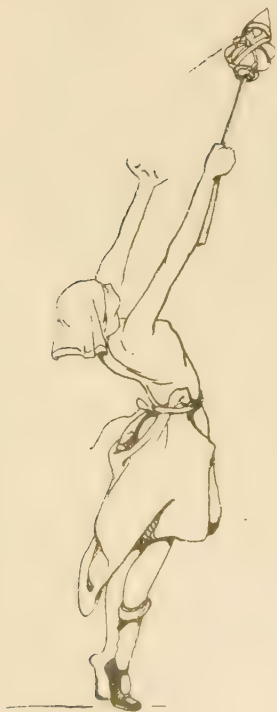
*use birch—
 not rod*



A CHILD

soft of flesh

CHILDREN be nesh of flesh, lithe and pliant of body,
 able and light to moving, witty to learn. And
 lead their lives without thought and care. And set
 their courages only of mirth and liking, and dread no
 perils more than beating with a rod : and they love an
 apple more than gold. When they be praised,
 or shamed, or blamed, they set little thereby.
 Through stirring and moving of the heat of
 the flesh and of humours, they be lightly
 and soon wroth, and soon pleased, and
 lightly they forgive. And for tenderness of
 body they be soon hurt and grieved, and
 may not well endure hard travail. Since
gifted with all children be tatched with evil
evil manner manners, and think only on things
 that be, and reck not of things that shall be,
 they love plays, game, and vanity, and
 forsake winning and profit. And things
 most worthy they repute least worthy, and
 least worthy most worthy. They desire
 things that be to them contrary and grievous,
 and set more of the image of a child,
 than of the image of a man, and make



more sorrow and woe, and weep more for the loss of an apple, than for the loss of their heritage. And the goodness that is done for them, they let it pass out of mind. They desire all things that they see, and pray and ask with voice and with hand. They love talking and counsel of such children as they be, and void company of old men. They keep no counsel, but they tell all that they hear or see. Suddenly they laugh, and suddenly they weep. Always they cry, jangle, and jape; that unneth they be still till they sleep. When they be washed of filth, anon they defile themselves again. When their mother washeth and combeth them, they kick and sprawl, and 'put' with feet and with hands, and withstand with all their might. They desire to drink always, unneth they are out of bed, when they cry for meat anon.

*never still
unless they
are asleep*

'WARE DRAGON

I WILL you all swallow! withouten any gravy
But some will get some chews, and some won't get any!



CHERRY TREE CAROL

JOSEPH was an old man
And an old man was he
He married sweet Mary
The Pride of Galilee.

Joseph and Mary walked
Through an orchard wood
Where was cherries and berries
As red as any blood.

O then up spake Mary
With her sweet lips so mild
“Pluck me some cherries Joseph
For I am with child.”

O then bespoke Joseph.
With answers so unkind
Let him pluck thy cherries
That brought thee with child.

O then her little baby
Outspake from her womb
“Bow down thou cherry tree
And give my mother some.”

And the topmost bough of cherrytree
Bowed down to her knee,
“Thus you may see Joseph
These cherries are for me.”

Then Mary plucked a cherry
As red as any blood
And Mary, she went homewards
All with her heavy load.



APRILLE

A CAROL

HE came all so still
Where his mother was
As dew in Aprille
That falleth on the grass.

He came all so still
To his mother's bower
As dew in Aprille
That falleth on the flower.

He came all so still
Where his Mother lay
As dew in Aprille
That falleth on the spray.

Mother and Maiden
Was never none but she
Well may such a Lady
Goddess Mother be.

LITTLE BOY—BLOW UP YOUR HORN

I HAVE twelve oxen and they be fair and white
And they go a-grassing down by the dyke
With a hay ! with a how ! with a hoy !
Sawest not thou my oxen
Thou little pretty boy ?

I have twelve oxen and they be fair and blacke
And they go a-grassing down by the lake
With a hay ! with a how ! with a hoy !
Sawest not thou my oxen
Thou little pretty boy ?

I have twelve oxen and they be fair and red
And they go a-grassing down in the mead
With a hay ! with a how ! with a hoy !
Sawest not thou my oxen
Thou little pretty boy ?

MY LADY FAIR

*Somewhat
that pleases
him*

*Some one
that she is
flat-nosed*

*See Juliet's
old nurse's
comment*

IN each of them he finds somewhat
That pleases him of this or that,
Some one, for that she is white of skin,
Some one for that she is noble of kin
Some one for that she hath a rosy cheek
Some one for that she seemeth meek
Some one for that she hath eyes of grey
Some one for that she laugh and play
Some one for that she is light and small
Some one for that she is long and tall
Some one for that she is pale and blanche
Some one for that she is soft of spèeche
Some one for that she is cannused
Some one for that she hath not-been-used
Some one for that she can dance and sing—
So that something to his likeing
He finds ; and though no more he feel
But that she hath a little heel !
It is enough—for he therefore
Loves her ; more than a hundred score.

LOVERS

*Go to a good
tailor*

*boots and
shoes to fit so
neatly*

MAINTAIN thyself after thy rent
Of robe and eek of garment
And loke alwey that they be shape,
What garnement that thou shalt make,
Of him that can them beste do,
With al that perteyneth therto.
Poyntis and sleves be wel sittand,
Right and streight upon the hand.
Of shoon and botes, newe and faire,
Loke at the leest thou have a paire ;
And that they sitte so fetisly,
That these rude may uttirly

Merveyle, sith that they sitte so pleyn,
 How they come on or off ageyn.
 Were streite gloves, with aumenere
 Of silk ; and alwey with good chere
 Thou yeve, if thou have richesse ;
 And if thou have nought, spend the lesse.
 Alwey be merry, if thou may,
 But waste not thy good alway.
 Have hat of floures fresh as May,
 Chapelet of roses of Whitsonday ;
 For sich array ne cost but lyte.
 Thyn hondis wash, thy teeth make whyte,
 And let no filthe upon thee be
 Thy nailes blak if thou mayst see,
 Voide it away deliverly,
 And kembe thyn hed right jolily.

Fard not thy visage in no wyse,
 For that of love is not th'empyse ;
 For love doth haten, as I finde,
 A beaute that cometh not of kinde.
 Alwey in herte I rede thee
 Glad and mery for to be,
 And be as joyful as thou can ;
 Love hath no joye of sorrowful man.

scented silk

*comb thine
 head
 paint not thy
 face*

*love hateth an
 unnatural
 beauty*



*This is from
a religious
poem*

OF TRUE LOVE'S BOND

OF a true love clean and dear
I write a Ron

How thou mayest if thou wilt learn
Truly love thy dear lemmen
That truest is of all born
And most of love canst con.

Thou art wrought of such a kind
Withouten love thou mayest not be
And never more shalt thou find
One so dear and fair as he.

If thou wilt him to thee bind
In true love with bondes three
With all thy heart and will and mind
From thee will he never flee.

For there is none he loveth more
So, learn thou never that evil lore,
Where thou might lose : maiden believe
The thing that man may find no more.

So thou hold his heart well tyne
And keep that he not from thee gone
Hold thou him with love alone
For other bond holdeth him none.

EVE REPENTANT

THEN spake Eve
Of wives most beautiful
For she was God's work,
" Though thou mayst reproach me
Adam, my beloved,
With thy words ;
Yet thee it cannot worse rue in thy mind
Than it does me in my heart."

THE COTTAGE WOMAN

THE POOR WE HAVE ALWAYS

THE neediest are our neighbours : if we give heed to them ;
 Prisoners in the dungeon : the poor in the cottage,
 Charged with a crew of children : and with a landlord's
 rent.

What they win with their spinning : to make their porridge with,
 Milk and meal : to satisfy the babes,
 This they must spend : on the rent of their houses,
 Ay, and themselves : suffer with hunger,
 With woe in winter : rising a-nights,
 In the narrow room : to rock the cradle,
 Carding, combing, clouting, washing : rubbing, winding,
 peeling rushes,*

*' What they
 with spinninge
 may spare
 spenden it in
 house hire '*

Pitiful it is to read : the cottage-women's woe.
 Ay, and many another : that puts a good face on it,
 Ashamed to beg : ashamed to let neighbours know
 All that they need : noontide and evening.
 Many the children : and nought but a man's hands
 To clothe and feed them : and few pennies come in,
 And many mouths : to eat the pennies up.

*Many mouths
 to eat the
 pennies up*

* For rush lights, provided they could afford the mutton fat to dip them in. The job of cutting and strewing rushes on the floor seems to have been the mediæval women's prerogative.

A SONG

As ye of all I love most tenderly
 Lette my grief in your kind heart to be,
 And for thy true love, take ye again my love
 As willeth Nature and dere God above.
 Dear, it is your true love that loveth you so true.
 Loving you alone nor changing for no new.

THE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY

*A tale from
Froissart*

THE same day that the Scots departed from the said castle, king Edward came thither with all his host about noon, and came to the same place whereas the Scots had lodged, and was sore displeased that he found not the Scots there, for he came thither in such haste, that his horse and men were sore travailed. Then he commanded to lodge there that night, and said how he would go see the castle and the noble lady therein, for he had not seen her sith she was married before : then every man took his lodging as he list. And as soon as the king was unarmed, he took a ten or twelve knights with him and went to the castle, to salute the countess of Salisbury and to see the manner of the assaults of the Scots and the defence that was made against them.

*The lady so
beautiful to
behold*

As soon as the lady knew of the king's coming, she set open the gates and came out so richly beseen, that every man marvelled of her beauty and could not cease to regard her nobleness, with her great beauty and the gracious words and countenance that she made. When she came to the king, she kneeled down to the earth, thanking him of his succours, and so led him into the castle to make him cheer and honour, as she that could right well do it. Every man regarded her marvellously : the king himself could not withhold his regarding of her ; for he thought that he never saw before so noble nor so fair a lady. He was stricken therewith to the heart with a sparkle of fine love that endured long after : he thought no lady in the world so worthy to be loved as she. Thus they entered into the castle hand in hand : the lady led him first into the hall and after into the chamber, nobly apparelled. The king regarded so the lady, that she was abashed : at last he went to a window to rest him, and so fell in a great study. The lady went about to make cheer to the lords and knights that were there, and commanded to dress the hall for dinner. When she had all devised and

*The king
goes to a
deep castle
window seat*

commanded, then she came to the king with a merry cheer, who was in a great study, and she said : " Dear sir, why do ye study so for ? Your grace be not displeased, it appertaineth not to you so to do. Rather ye should make good cheer and be joyful, seeing ye have chased away your enemies, who durst not abide you. Let other men study for the remnant." Then the king said : " Ah ! dear lady, know for truth that sith I entered into the castle, there is a study come to my mind, so that I cannot choose but to muse ; nor I cannot tell what shall fall thereof : put it out of my heart I cannot." " Ah, sir," quoth the lady, " ye ought always to make good cheer to comfort therewith your people. God hath aided you so in your business, and hath given you so great graces, that ye be the most doubted and honoured prince in all Christendom ; and if the king of Scots have done you any despite or damage, ye may well amend it when it shall please you, as ye have done divers times or this. Sir, leave your musing and come into the hall, if it please you : your dinner is all ready." " Ah ! fair lady," quoth the king, " other things lieth at my heart, that ye know not of : but surely the sweet behaving, the perfect wisdom, the good grace, nobleness and excellent beauty, that I see in you, hath so sore surprised my heart, that I cannot but love you, and without your love I am but dead." Then the lady said : " Ah, right noble prince, for God's sake mock nor tempt me not. I cannot believe that it is true that ye say, nor that so noble a prince as ye be would think to dishonour me and my lord my husband, who is so valiant a knight and hath done your grace so good service, and as yet lieth in prison for your quarrel. Certainly, sir, ye should in this case have but a small praise, and nothing the better thereby. I had never as yet such a thought in my heart, nor I trust in God never shall have, for no man living. If I had any such intention, your grace ought not all only to blame me, but also to punish my body, yea and by true justice to be dismembered." Therewith the lady departed from the king and went into

*The lady
would cheer
him*

*He will not
come to eat*

*The lady goes
to hurry up
the dinner*

the hall to haste the dinner. Then she returned again to the king and brought some of his knights with her, and said: "Sir, if it please you to come into the hall, your knights abideth for you to wash: ye have been too long fasting." Then the king went into the hall and washed, and sat down among his lords, and the lady also. The king ate but little; he sat still musing, and as he durst he cast his eyen upon the lady. Of his sadness his knights had marvel, for he was not accustomed so to be. Some thought it was because the Scots were scaped from him.

*The king
debateth long
with himself*

All that day the king tarried there and wist not what to do. Sometime he imagined that honour and truth defended him to set his heart in such a case, to dishonour such a lady and so true a knight as her husband was, who had always well and truly served him. On the other part love so constrained him, that the power thereof surmounted honour and truth. Thus the king debated in himself all that day and all that night. In the morning he arose and dislodged all his host and drew after the Scots, to chase them out of his realm. Then he took leave of the lady, saying, "My dear lady, to God I commend you till I return again, requiring you to advise you otherwise than you have said to me." "Noble prince," quoth the lady, "God the Father glorious be your conduct, and put you out of all villain thoughts. Sir, I am and ever shall be ready to do your grace service to your honour and to mine."

*The
drawbridge*

THE END OF THE SONG

*A lover's
song*

WHEN rest and sleep should hold me all night long,
As so would Nature have for manes kind,
Then troubled are my wittes all
So suddenly be come into my minde
Your dere beauty. Methinketh that I find
You lying in my armes tway
But—when I wake—you are away.

LOVERS REST

FOR LOVE LEVETH COLOUR NE CLEERNESSE ;
WHO LOVETH TREWE HATH NO FATNESSE

THOU shalt no whyl be in one state,
But whylom cold and whylom hot ;
Now reed as rose, now yelow and fade,
Such sorowe, I trowe, thou never hade ;
For ofte tymes it shal falle
In love, among thy peynes alle,
That thou thyself, al hoolly,
Foryeten shalt so utterly,
That many tymes thou shalt be
Stille as an image of tree,
Dom as a stoon, without stering
Of foot or hond, without speking ;
Than, sone after al thy peyne,
To memorie shal thou come ageyn,
As man abasshed wondre sore,
And after sighen more and more.
After, a thought shal take thee so,
That thy love is to fer thee fro :
Thou shalt say, " God, what may this be,
That I ne may my lady see ? "
The night shalt thou contente so,
Withoute rest, in payne and wo ;
If ever thou knewe of loves distresse,
Thou shalt mowe lerne in that siknesse.
And thus enduring shalt thou ly,
And ryse on morwe up erly
Out of thy bedde, and harneys thee
Er ever dawning thou mayst see
Al privily than shalt thou goon,
What weder it be, thyself aloon,
For reyn, or hayl, for snow, for slete,
Thider she dwellith that is so swete,

*The lover's
sad state*

*Still as a
wooden image
and dumb as
a stone*

*thy love is
far from thee*

*rise early and
dress*

*See if the gate
be unfastened*

(The which may fallen aslepe be,
And thenkith but litel upon thee.)
Than shalt thou goon, ful foule aferd ;
Loke if the gate be unsperd,
And waite without in wo and peyn,
Ful yvel a-colde in winde and reyn.
Than shal thou go the dore bifore,
If thou maist fynde any score,
Or hole, or reft, what ever it were ;
Than shalt thou stoupe, and lay to ere,
If they within a-slepe be ;
I mene, alle save thy lady free.
Suche coming, and such going,
Such hevinesse, and such walking,
Makith lovers, withouten wene,
Under hir clothes pale and lene,

*Such ways
make lovers
pale and lean*

Chaucer

Into myn herte a gret desire
The which is hotere than the fyr
And Thanne cometh the blanch fevere
With chill, & maketh me to chievere
In cold I burn & freeze in heat
And then I drink a biter sweet.

Gower

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

*From Master
Alyen's book*

HALF in a dream, not fully well awaked,
The Golden sleep me wrapped under his wing
Yet not asleep. Methought I rose, and wellnigh naked
I wandered forth alone remembering,
A charge I had to transalate, by and by
A poem as part of a sweete penaunce
A book called La Belle Dame sans Merci,
Which Master Alyen made of Remembrance.

* * *

*The faithful
knight*

The Knight was pale and somewhat lean withall
His speach also trembled in fearfull wise

And ever alone, but when he did survice.
 All black he wore, and no device all plain,
 Me thought of him, as my wit did suffice,
 His heart was nothing in his own demain !
 To serve them all, he did his diligence,
 (And that right well, as so it seemed to me)
 But evermore, when he was in her presence,
 His cheer was none, It could none other be,
 His love ore him, had such authority,
 That all the while he bode still in the place,
 He could speek not. But upon her grace
 He looked steadfast and with a piteous face.
 To make good cheer, right sore himself he pained,
 And outwardly, he feigned great gladness,
 To sing also, by force he was constrained,
 For no pleasure, but for very shamefastness,
 For the complaint of his most wearyness,
 Came through his voice, without his own behest,
 (Like as the sound of birdies doth express ;
 When they sing love, in firth or in forest).
 This knight, he turned his head at last,
 For to behold the ladies every one,
 But ever more, he set his eyen fast
 On her, the which his thought was most upon,
 And of his eye, the sight I knew anon
 Which fevered was, with his most humble love,
 So, to myself I said " By God above !
 O so was I once lost ; so felt love move ! "
 Out of the press he went full swiftly,
 To make staple his weary countenance,
 And I wit well, he sighed full tenderly,
 For his sorrow and woefull remembrance.
 To his lady he returned full courteously,
 When he thought time, to dance with her a trace,
 Then, in an arbour, made full pleasantly,
 They rested them alone, a little space.
 I heard the lover sighing wonder sore,
 His inward pain he could not keep in store,

*' The sedge
 is withered
 from the lake
 and no birds
 sing '*

*few steps—
 a figure in a
 dance*

penance

Not for to speak, so hardly was he brought,
His love was strong, but stronger was his thought.
He wrought full sore to conquer his desire,
(And no man may to more pinnance be brought
Than in his heart to hold within that fire).

*He speaks
alone to her*

HE " Though it be so, I cannot you deserve,
Nor have your grace, only to live for thee,
Yet, let me love you, and you serve,
Without ill of your most purity ;
Both faith and truth ; I give your womman-hood ;
And your service ; is now my owne doing,
Love hath me bound ; Withouten wage I would,
Be your man ; and leave all other thing."

When his Lady heard all this language,
She answered him full soft and demurely,
Withouten changing colour, or courage,
Nothing in haste, but very measurely :

*' Ye do great
folly '*

SHE " Me think me, Sir ! ye do full great folly !
Purpose ye not your labour for to cease ?
For think ye not, that while ye live, that I
In this matter would set your heart in peace ? "

*prevents my
turning away*

HE " There may none make the peace but only ye,
Who are the cause to me of all this strife,
Within your eyes I see the world to be,
To which I am now bounded for my life,
Your pleasant look, is mine owne lodes-star
Which utterly be-highest me to forbear ! "

SHE " To live to woo ! he hath great fantasie !
Or of his heart, he hath a slippery hold !
That only for beholding of an eye,
Can not abide in peace, as reason should !
Our eyes are made to look ! why should we spare ?
Who feelest smart ! I counsell him beware ! "

unaware

HE " But fervent love, so sore me hath y-chased,
That I unwhere am fastened in your chains,

And since so is, that fortune hath so placed,
My well fare in your hands and so ordains,
In leaving ere more sorrow fall
Who soonest diest ; his care is least of all."

SHE " This sickness is right easy to endure !
And lovers few it causeth for to die !
But that love hurts, I know of very sure,
And would of comfort draw the remedie,
For those that do complain most piteously
They feel, God wots not all the greatest pain !
And if so be—love hurts so grievously—
Less harm it were—ONE sorrowfull ; than twain ! "

*' This sickness
is right easy
to endure '*

HE " Who hath a bird, a falcon, or a hound,
What follows him, for love, in every place,
He cherisheth it, and keepeth it full sound,
Out of his sight he would not it enchase !
So how, when nature set in you plentye,
Of goodness, virtue, and of grace,
He nere left out, or so it seemeth to me,
To put pity out, of her dwelling place ? "

*He begs love
for pity's sake*

SHE " Pity be right, and ought to be reasonable,
And to do no one great disádvantage ;
Where pity is, it should be profitable,
And to the pityeous, show no damage.
If any Lady do so great outrage,
As to let pity lead her love astray,
Of such pity cometh dispitefull rage,
And turns that love to deadly hate allway.
Whoso he be, that saith he loveth me,
(As per adventure I believe you do)
Ought he be wroth ? or should I blamed be ?
Though I do nought—that he would have me do ?
If I gave in to such ! or to another one !
It might be called pity ! me doubtless !
But—afterwards—if I should live in woe
Then to repent it were to late I guess.

*The lady
protests and
sends him
away*

If that ye list to do after my counsell,
 Seek fairer lady of more higher fame,
 In service of her love ye may prevail,
 Where busy hearts are plying too and fro—
 Some be so trained unto their lure-of-chase *
 And well y learned in the ways of love also ;
 So, take you your love, where it should best find grace ”

*The woefull
 man departs*

The woefull man uprose in all his pain ;
 And so departed with wet countaience,
 His woefull heart, almost it break in twain,
 From her he went, but wither wist he not—
 Nor to what place he drifted, in wearyness ;
 (But that he was no more within his lady's thought
 For to the dance she 'gan herself address)
 And—afterwards one told me expressly—
 He rent his hair for anguish and for pain !
 And in himself he took it so distressly—
 That he was dead within a day or twain.

and dies

* LURE-OF-CHASE—a tassel concealing a piece of appetizing offal that hawks
 were trained to return to.

HENPECKED

THUS wedlock is an endlesse penaunce
 Husbands knowe that have experience
 Of sorrow everlasting, and deadly violence.
 And this of wives is gladly the sentence
 Upon their husbands when they list to be bold
 How they done govern the housholde !
 And, if her husband happen for to thrive
 She sayeth it is her prudent purveyaunce
 If he go backward and fall into distress
 She sayeth it is his folly and lewdness
 She sayeth it is his misgovernaunce
 Always *he* beareth the blame of all the ordinance !

*good
 housekeeping*

MADNESS

MADNESS is infection of the foremost cell of the head, with privation of imagination, like as melancholy is the infection of the middle cell of the head, with privation of reason.

Madness cometh sometime of passions of the soul, as of business and of great thoughts, of sorrow and of too great study, and of dread : sometime of the biting of a wode hound, or some other venomous beast : sometime of melancholy meats, and sometime of drink of strong wine. And as the causes be diverse, the tokens and signs be diverse. For some cry and leap and hurt and wound themselves and other men, and darken and hide themselves in privy and secret places. The medicine of them is, that they be bound, that they hurt not themselves and other men. And namely, such shall be refreshed, and comforted, and withdrawn from cause and matter of dread and busy thoughts. And they must be gladdened with instruments of music, and somedeal be occupied.

*It cometh
from the bite
of a mad dog*

*as the music
beard in
Moorish
Hospitals*

FOLLY

OF proud wommen should I tell,
O they are so proud and fell !
For those that are foul and fade,
They make them fairer than God he made.
With oblauchere, or other flour,
To make them whiter of colour,
Great pride it is ! and great outrage !
That they are not proud of God's image !

*Made fairer
with white
flour*

AGAINST HORNS ON THE HEAD— A SHORT DITTY

*it requireth
no alloy*

*A popular
French writer
—Alain
Chartier*

OF God and Kind proceedith all beauty
Craft may show forth apparence
But Nature must have sovereignty
Things Counterfeits have no existence ;
Tween gold and gossomer is great difference
True metal, it requireth no alay
Unto purpose by clear experience
Beauty will show though hornes be away.

Aleyn remembryght his complaint (who list see
In his book of famose eloquence)
Cladd all in flowers and blossoms of a tree
He saw Nature in her most excellence
Upon HER head a kerchief of valence
None other riches of counterfeit array.
Extemplyng ! by kindly providence
Beauty will show though hornes be away.



TAILORS

CERTAINLY ye are gods! Ye can transform the old *The transformation*
 into the new! The cloth while fresh and new is
 either cape or mantle, the collar is cut off, it becomes
 shorter. The first year while skin and cloth are new, it is
 laid up in a box. When the fur begins to wear and the
 thread of the seams begins to give, the fur skin is cut out.
 Here the cloth—there the skin—*voilà* the divorce! The
 cloth is cleaned from stain and dyed. The skin: now
 devoid of hair (from Esau has become Jacob). The
 hairy part is turned inwards and concealed. Now
 hypocritical mantle! be given to the servant for his *The final owner*
 wages.

Pilis expers usu fractus	Inversatur vice versa
Ex Esau Jacob fractus	Rursus idem ex conversa
Quant li peil en est chair	Ex Jacob fit Esau.

WISDOM'S CLOTHING

IF God hath lent thee hands and feet
 Armes, legges fair and sweet
 Be not over proud of this
 They are not thine but they are His.
 Despise none other that so have not
 Nor think they be not so fairly wrought
 Nor disguise not thy clothing
 Over measure for men's praising.

*How wives
 should not be
 vain but dress
 to please their
 husbands*

(Alas it should so betide
 Many a one is lost for pride.)

A wedded wife may attire her fair
 That her husband love none but her
 For HIS love she may it do
 But for none other man's ; NO.

BREECHES

*A Tale from
W. Mapes
of a secular
garment*

I FIND good cause for surprise in regard of their breeches. They are obliged to wear them in service of the altar, but they are taken off afterwards, which is a privilege of sacred vestments. But this garment is not sacred. The reason given was to preserve the coolness of the body, but I say it would be better to shorten the inner tunic from the belt downwards, not discarding the breeches which are a very respectable garment and approved by every other order.

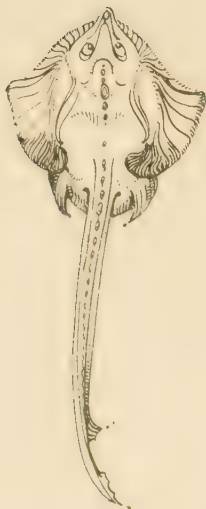
*A monk falls
down before
King Henry*

As King Henry II was riding as usual at the head of his knights and clerks . . . there was a high wind and there was a white monk on foot in the street (before the riders) who made haste to get out of the way of the horses and he dashed his foot against a stone and (not being borne up by angels at that moment) fell down in front of the King's horse and the wind blew his habit over his head.

The moral

The King, that treasure-house of all politeness, looked away . . . still that monk who tumbled down would have risen with more dignity had he had his breeches on.

WHY GOD PUT TAILS ON KENTISH MEN



ST. AUSTYN he took his way
Goddess word for to say.
Beside Rouchester in the land
Of South-East Britain, a folk he found
That to God's word gave no heed
No ; nor grace had they in deed
For there, where as he stood to preach
Their salvation them to teach
Behind him to his clothes they hung
Ray's tails ! on a string !

Then that good man God besought
Vengeance on them who so wrought
And God be granted all he bade
And all that kinde, tailles had !
Tailles HAD and Tailles they HAVE
And from that Vengeance none may save.

WORLDLY WISDOM

THE KNIGHT OF THE TOUR

Now the knight of the Tour Landry had a twinkle in his eye and two fair daughters, and the things he thought those daughters ought to know filled many medieval manuscripts and quite horrified a nice-minded English housewife a century later. There was some justice in her opinion that while the knight warned them off evil, he actually put them up to it, but the knight, his daughters and their suitors were all peaceful dust by that time, so her opinion did not hurt anybody, and at the time these stories were most popular. Here is one to show the efficiency of Prayer to the Virgin, and another to show how futile it is to bandy words with the young and wicked.



OF BURSEGAUNT AND THE THREE LADIES

Now three ladies sat together in a privy chamber and talked of their adventures, until one said "Now misery me! be she that will not tell us of good fellowship (here among us three) what she shall be asked, that is, if any of us here, this year, was prayed of love?" "Truly," said the first, "I have been prayed," and the second and the third said the same. "Now," said the boldest lady, "Sorry a little love hath she that telleth not the name of him who prayed her." So they were all agreed they should tell.

"Forsooth," said the first, "It was Bursegaunt that prayed me."

*Three ladies
talk of love*

"Forsooth," said the second, "So did he me!"

"By my truth," said the third, "And he prayed me also."

"In good faith," said the three ladies, "He is not the true knight we ween! he is a tromper and a japer, no error! Let us send for him."

Well, he came, and said, "My ladies, what would ye?" And they bade him sit down on the ground before them, but he said, "Since I am come and must sit me down, let me have some cushion or a stool, for I might, if I sat down low, break some of my points, and ye would, peradventure, say it was somewhat else!"

*For 'points'
see page 34*

So they gave him a stool, and when he was seated before them they (that were full of ire and wrath) said, "Bursegaunt, we are foully deceived in you, for we believed you had been a true knight and ye are but a mocker, and a japer of ladies, and that is a foul thing." And he answered, "Ladies, how know ye that?"

"Foresooth, sire, ye have prayed my cousin of love, and so have ye me; ye have said ye loved all of us, and each of us had your heart, the which was false lying, for ye might not love us all three best, for ye are not three persons, nor have ye three hearts. And therefore are ye false and despicable and ye ought not to be set in the number of true knights."

*Bursegaunt
explains*

And he replied, "Now ladies you do me wrong, and that wrong will I show you, if ye give me leave to speak, for at the time I spake with each of you, truly I loved her best that I spake with, and me thinketh therefore that ye be in the wrong to have such language upon me—but I must even suffer!"

Now when the ladies saw him not abashed, they said they would draw lots for him. "In good faith," said the first lady, "I will draw no cut for him, for my part I am well quit of him." And the other two ladies said also they would have no part of him. "Ah!" said the knight, "And ye need not strive for she is not here that SHALL have part of me," and with that he rose and went his way.

And therefore ye see (dear daughters) that it is a great peril to have language with such men that have skill of the world.

*The moral of
the tale*

* * *

And here is another story, of a roper, a monk, a pair of leather breeches and a fish bag. It is a very terrible ensauple.

I would ye knew of a roper's wife that was not true to her husband who had a false baude that was her gossip, and who took meed of a rich and lecherous prior. . . . And it happened one night that the prior had gone his way suddenly and left his leather breeches hanging upon that lady's medieval bed-post, and the roper rose early (in the dusk) and went to take the little leather fish bag that always hung at his bed's foot, and he took the prior's breeches instead ; and when he was at the fish market he found it was no leather fish bag but a breech, and the monk found it was no breech but a fish bag. And when the wife wot thereof she was full of sorrow. And when the good man was come home all full of heaviness, she asks him if he had lost aught of his goods for that he made so heavy cheer ; and he said, " Nay, me aileth somewhat else." And so she made much of him till he told her what him ailed and what he had found at his bed's foot. And when she had heard him she began to laugh merrily and said to him, " Now see well what you deserve ! and how you be tempted to do your wife and yourself shame through your false supposing, and therefore leave it and be sure you there is no truer wife to her husband in this town, that ye may see for yourself," and she took up her skirts and showed him HER leather breeches.

*The rope-
maker's wife
takes payment
from a prior*

moral here

* * *

The knight of the Tour must have been a very charming person ; his own loved wife was dead, or he is sure " she would have told his daughters of her own wisdom," for of all good she was " the belle and the flower," but as it is, he does his best to advise them. He would not have them forward, yet, if in an assembly, or at a tournament, they see a knight " that they

*More about
the knight of
the Tour*



‘SHOWED HIM HER LEATHER BREECHES’

rather like the look of," *they are to mention it ; and leave the rest to him ! With masculine firmness he desires them to dress and to look as well as possible, and with most unmasculine humility suggests that they consult the prettiest woman they know, as to the best way of doing it, rather than himself. But he gives an example how one " ought not to coynte her body for to show it small and better shaped and so catch cold " ; specially in the winter.*

For Sire Foucques was a fair knight and clean and well beseeemed among others, and was of good manner and fair maintenance, and it happened to him that once he was gone to see his peramours in the winter season when the frost was great and the weather passing cold, and he had that morning coynted himself of a scarlet gown embroidered *He dresses up finely* and of a hood of scarlet, single, without fur lining, and naught else had he on him, only his fine shirt. He had no mantle, no, nor gloves on his hands, and the wind and cold were great, wherefore, he had so great cold that he went all black and pale, for the pearls and the precious stones embroidering his gown could give him no heat nor keep *but not warmly* him from the cold. And there came at the same time another knight, a rival, also amorous of that lady, not so gay adorned nor so slender of clothes, for he had on him a good and warm gown and a mantle, and a double hood and was as red as a cock and a good lively colour. So the lady welcomed HIM and made him good cheer, but said to Sire Foucques, " Sire stay you here by the fire, for I doubt that ye be not all there, your colour is so dead and pale." And she went away to talk with his rival whom she held better company.

" Therefore," *says the knight,* " it is great folly to keep the body slender of clothes, for to seem better made and fairer *again a moral* of body, but love will be kept hot and warm."

THE TENTH COMMANDMENT

*Covetousness
now a common
sin*

THE tenth commandment, is by thy life
 "Covet not thy neighbour's wife"
 And this is now a common sin,
 That many a one be fallen in.
 For allmost, it is everywhere,
 A gentle man hath a wife, and a whore,
 And wives have now comunly
 Their hosbands, and a ludly,
 Thus will begin a wicked life—
 Through coveting another man's wife.

THE ADULTEROUS WIFE

WHOSE SKELETON SPLIT IN TWO

*The isle
becomes
forsaken*

THERE was an isle, beyond the sea,
 Where men were wont one time to be,
 But the isle it waxed all waste,
 And the folk they fled in haste,
 Till, within a little while,
 Men held it a forsaken isle.

For there homed him a dragon
 That did many men confusion ;
 Men and women fast he slough
 And did other shame enough.
 All that he caught without their house
 This dragon slew, so marvelous !
 So many folk that dragon did quell
 Men said he was a fiend of hell.

*The dragon
cannot be
found*

All the folk, that country through
 Counseled them, what they might do.
 They armed them, all in their might
 Against the dragon for to fight,
 But none of them might understand
 Where the dragon was at home.

Now it befel at this tide
 A Hermit homed him there beside.
 (A good man he, and right certain
 Dwelling beside that wasted plain)
 So one thought, that the Counsel might
 Go for to consult that good Hermite.

*They consult
 a Hermit*

When they had told him their despair
 This was that Hermit's answer.

"If you will weep you for your sin
 And shrive you clean of blame therein ;
 And grant me that ye fast all day
 And your prayers well ye say ;
 Peradventure ye may be reprieved
 And your sorrow be relieved !"

*His
 conditions*

To do all the hermit bade
 They all agreed and were right glad.
 So the Hermit said, "Now ye shall be
 In penance the next three days with me.
 And when the three days penance end
 To you, will I come, or send."

agreed upon

*He sets a
 three days'
 penance*

All the folk went home their way.
 The Hermit, he began to pray.

"Jhesu Cryst—Godde Almyghty—
 On thy folk have thou Mercy.
 Whom thou boughtest on the Rood so dere,
 For them show me in some mannere
 Where I may this dragon finde,
 How his power, Lord, I may bind.
 That all thy folk may know and see
 The Mercy ; and the Might of Thee."

*and prays
 alone*

When he had prayed his orisons
 Long, in great affliction,
 God saw all his good intent,
 And an angel to him sent,
 For to teach to him the way
 Unto where the Dragon lay.

*An angel is
 sent*

The Angel said to the Hermit
 "Go summon all the folk here straight."
 And when they were together come
 He led them to a tombe of stone.

*who reveals
 the dragon's
 den*

The Angel bade them lift the lid ;
 And, as he bade, right so they did.
 "Here " he said " is the dragon's homeing,
 With another wicked thing !
 Dread you nought though he be found,
 For his power now have I bound."

When they the tombe had opened wide
 Those folk all stood, and looked inside.

*wherein is
 found a split
 womman*

They saw a womman vilely lie,
 With her body clove in two parti !
 Betwixt the two parts the dragon lay,
 Grisly to see, with great affray !

"O !" asked they, "Why and Wherefore,
 That the dragon lay so there ?
 And in what manner she sinned so
 That her body was clove in two ?"

The angel showed unto them all
 For what sin that sorrow did fall.

"This woman " he said "that here lies
 And is departed in two parties
 She was wedded, and her wedlock
 She falsly and untruely brake,

*The angel
 points the
 moral*

Through matrimony—the sacrament
 When two of flesh have made assent.

Holy together for to live,
 None may one from the other rive.
 (For nothing Jhesu Cryst more grieves
 Than when love from wedlock leaves ;
 And nothing is to man so dere
 As his womman's love, in good manere.

A good woman is man's bliss,
Where her love right steadfast is)
And so for this her villainous sin
Her body is parted in twain.

Alas! the time that she was bore!
Withouten end she is forlore."

Then anon! for dread of eye!
The dragon flew up on his way.
The folk thanked God each one
That the dragon away was gone.

*The dragon
flies away*

NE DERER YS NONE

THERE is no solas undys heuere
Of all that a man may neuere
That shuld a man so moche glew
As a gode womman that loveth trew,
Ne derer ys none yn Goddes hurde
Than a chaste womman with lovely worde.

*under heaven
know
gladness*

THE ADULTEROUS FALMOUTH SQUIRE

SPEAKING FROM HELL

ALL Christian men that walk me by
Behold this pitiful sight
It helps me not to call and cry
FOR I AM DAMNED—a dolefull sight. . . .

*A dolefull
sight*

I was called SIR William BASTERFIELD Knight
Beware of me both KING and KNIGHT
For I have lost everlasting light
Great oaths were mine and evil strife
I spared never nor maid nor wife
And that hath brought me to this plight

*' My heart
was so free
it roamed like
a bee '*

I had no grace me to amend . . .
And that hath brought me to this end
Alass, ALAS and woe is me
It is too late to better be
For when I was in my flower
I was as light as bird on bower
I knew well wommen small and great
'Tis THAT has brought me to this fate
IT is better to be slain alive
Than another man's wife to swive
Now my lot is very evil
Much tormented of the Devil. . . .

Fare well

Fare well : I hear a horn to blow
I may no longer stay with you. . . .

ABOVE RUBIES

*The treasure
of Asia*

OF all the gold of Araby
Rich rings and gemez stones
All the treasure of Asye
Of other lands every one
Were betaken in the balance
To welden a haven in thy home—
It nought is to the druiverie
Of clean maidenhood all one.

*Is nought to
the delight of
clean
maidenhood*

GLUTTONY'S CHURCHGOING



FORTH he went upon his way : fast-
ing, on a Friday,
But Betty the Brewster : bad him
goodmorrow,
And asked of him withal : whither-
ward he went.

"I go to church," says he : "for to
hear mass,

And then I will be
shriven : and I shall
no more sin."

"Gossip," says she, "I
have good ale : wilt
taste it, Glutton ?"

"What hast thou," says
he : "any hot spice?"

"Pepper and peony seeds" says she :
"and a pound of garlic,

And a farthingworth of fennel : for your fasting day."
Then in goes Glutton : and great oaths welcomed him.



*He makes a
good
beginning*

Cis the shoemaker : sat on the bench,
Watt the gamekeeper : and his wife, drunk ;
Tom the tinker : and two of his 'prentices ;
Hick the hackneyman : Hogg the needler,
Clarice of Cook Lane : and the parish clerk ;
Parson Piers of Pray-to-God : and Pernel the Flemish
woman,

*Hogg the
maker of
needles*

Daw the ditcher : and a dozen more of them ;
A fiddler, a ratter : and a Cheapside scavenger,
A ropemaker, a trooper : and Rose of the Small Shop,
A watchman and a hermit : and the Tyburn hangman,
Godfrey the garlic seller : Griffin the Welshman,
All early in the morning : welcomed Glutton gladly,
To try the new good ale.

*'and Uncle
Tom Cobbley
an' all'*

There was laughing and chattering : and " Pass the cup round,"

Bargains and toasts and songs : and so they sat, till evensong,

And Glutton had gulped down : a gallon and a gill.

He could neither step nor stand : till he had his staff,

Then gan he walk : like a blind singer's dog,

Now to this side, now to that : and sometimes backward,

Like a man who lays lines : to catch wild birds.

*sticky lime
lines pegged
down zig-zag
over a field*

And when he drew to the doorstep : then his eyes grew dim ;

He stumbled on the threshold : and fell flat on the floor ;

Then Cobbler Clement : caught him by the waist

To lift him up on high : and get him to his knees ;

But Glutton was a heavy churl : and groaned as he lifted him,

And coughed up his drink : in Clement's lap.

With all the trouble in the world : his wife and his wench

Bore him home to his bed : and laid him therein ;

But after all this surfeit : he had a sleeping fit ;

All Saturday and Sunday slept : till the

sun went to rest.

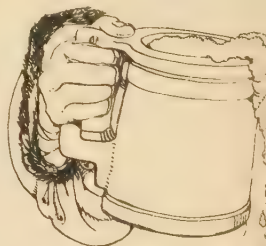
Then waked he from his winking : and

wiped his eyes,

*His word after
waking*

And the first word he threw was :

" Where's the tankard ? "



EGGS AND BACON

*W. Mapes is
puzzled by
the Cistercians*

THE Cistercians are wholly strange to the use of flesh, yet they keep pigs to the number of thousands and sell the bacon—though perhaps not quite all of it. The heads, legs and feet they either give away, throw away or sell. What becomes of them, God knows ! In like manner, it is a question between them and their Maker, what they do with their fowls.

WRATH IN THE CONVENT

I AM Wrath : once I was a Friar ;
 Gardener in the convent : grafting slips.
 I grafted lies : on preachers and visitors
 And the lies bare leaves : and blossomed abroad.

*The evil
 gardener*

I have an aunt a Nun : another an Abbess :
 They would rather faint and die : than suffer any penance.
 I was cook in their kitchen : I served the convent,
 Many months with them : and many with the monks.
 Broth for the Prioress I made : and for other poor ladies ;
 Broth and soup made out of chatter : Thus it went.

" Sister Joan was a bastard :
 Sister Clarice a Knight's daughter : her father a cuckold.
 Sister Pernell a priest's wench : not fit to be prioress ;
 She bore a child in cherry-time : all the chapter knew it,
 They challenged her with it : at her election day."

*or ' in the
 chapon-cote '
 —ben house*

I, Wrath, their pottage made : all out of wicked words.

FALSEHOOD SEEKS HIS FORTUNE

Now, says the King, by Christ : if I can *The King's
 catch judgment*

Falsehood or Flattery : or any of their fellows,
 I would wreak vengeance : on wretches that do so,
 And hang them by the neck : and all that
 maintain them.

Dread stood at the door : and heard the King's
 judgment ;

And went and bade Falsehood flee : and all his
 fellows.

Falsehood for fear then : flew to the friars,

And Guile hurried aghast : at the thought of death,
 But the merchants met him : and made *Guile went
 as apprentice
 to the shops*
 him stay with them,



And shut him in their shops : to show men their
wares,
And dressed him as a 'prentice : to serve the people.

*Liar turned
vagabond*

Lightly Liar : leapt away thence,
Lurking in by-ways : lugged here and there.
He was nowhere welcome : for his many tales ;
Hooted everywhere : bade him pack and go.

*till he joined
the Pardoners*

But the Pardoners had pity : and pulled him in
to them ;
They washed him and wiped him : and wound
him in a gown,
And sent him out on Sundays : with bishop's
seals to churches,
To give pardons by the pound : to all people—
for pence.

The doctors—

Then the doctors heard of this : and wrote Liar letters,
To come and stay with them : and study men's water.

the spicers—

Spicers spoke with him : to look at their ware ;
For he was learned in their craft : and knew many a gum.

the minstrels—

Minstrels and messengers : met Liar once,
And maintained him half a year : and eleven days.

But Friars with their fair speech : fetched
him off thence,

*but settled
with the
Friars*

And coped him like a friar : that
none who came should know
him ;

Yet hath he leave to leap out : as often as he
will,

And is welcome when he cometh : and oft
with them dwelleth.



AVARICE AND HIS WIFE

THEN came Covetise : him I cannot describe ;
 So hungry and hollow :
 Beetle-browed, babber-lipped : with his bleared
 eyes ;

*Enter Avarice
 so hungry
 and hollow*

And like a leather purse : his cheeks lolled down,
 Below his chin : and shivered with age.
 A hood upon his head : and a lousy hat on top,
 A tawny cloak upon him : twelve winters old,
 All torn and rotten : and full of creeping lice.
 And ; but a louse could leap : she had not been there,
 So threadbare was the cloth of it.

“ Once I served Sim Atstile : and was his ’prentice bound, *He tells of
 his training*
 First I learnt to lie : a page or two of lies ;
 Then to weigh false : was my second lesson ;
 To Winchester and Weyhill : I went to the fair,
 With all kinds of merchandise : as my master bade,
 But had not grace of Guile : gone with me and my
 goods

Thy had been unsold seven years : God’s my witness !

Then I passed to the drapers : to learn my other lessons ; *With the
 drapers*
 To draw the edges out : that the flannel might seem
 longer.

Among the rich striped cloths : I learned another lesson,
 Threaded them with pack-needles : fastened them to-
 gether,

Put them in a press : pinned them down therein,
 Till ten yards or twelve : made out thirteen.

My wife was a weaver : woollen cloth she made,
 She spake to her spinners : to spin it soft
 But the pound-weight she paid by : weighed a quarter
 more

*and of his
 wife a
 weaver*

Than my own balance did : when I weighed fair.
 I used to buy her barley : she brewed it to sell,
 Penny ale and thick ale : she mixed it together,

For labourers and poor folk : It lay by itself,
 The best ale, in my bower : or in my bedchamber.
 Any man that boozed of that : never bought other,
 Fourpence a gallon : and no good measure either
 When it was served in cups : In that way my wife was
 cunning.

Rose of the Small Shop : was her true name ;
 She has been a huckster : these eleven winters."

A POVRE WIDWE

*A poor
 widow some-
 what aged*

*Her husbandry
 keeps two
 daughters and
 herself*

*A temperate
 diet*

A POVRE widwe, somdel stape in age,
 Was whylom dwelling in a narwe cotage,
 Bisyde a grove, stonding in a dale.
 This widwe, of which I telle yow my tale,
 Sin thilke day that she was last a wyf,
 In pacience ladde a ful simple lyf,
 For litel was hir catel and hir rente ;
 By housbondrye, of such as God hir sente,
 She fond hir-self, and eek hir doghtren two.
 Three large sowes hadde she, and namo,
 Three kyn, and eek a sheep that highte Malle,
 Ful sooty was hir bour, and eek hir halle,
 In which she eet ful many a sclendre meel.
 Of poynaunt sauce hir neded never a deel.
 No deyntee morsel passed thurgh hir throte ;
 Hir dyete was accordant to hir cote.
 Repleccioun ne made hir never syk ;
 Attempree dyete was al hir phisyk,
 And exercise, and hertes suffisaunce,
 The goute lette hir no-thing for to daunce,
 N'apoplexye shente nat hir heed ;
 No wyn ne drank she, neither whyt ne reed ;
 Hir bord was served most with whyt and blak,
 Milk and broun bred, in which she fond no lak,

Some bacoun, and somtyme an ey or tweye,
 For she was as it were a maner deye.
 A yerd she hadde, enclosed al aboute
 With stikkes, and a drye dich with oute. . . .

*an egg or two
 dairy woman*

‘BAGLAN BREN’

WOODEN crook, is it not the time of harvest ?
 When the fern is brown and the reeds are yellow ?
 Have I not disliked what I now love ?
 Wooden crook—is not this the Winter ?
 When men are noisy over their drinking ?
 Unto my bedside come no greeting visits.
 Wooden crook ; is it not the Spring ?
 When the cuckoos are brown—when the foam is light ?
 I am destitute of a maiden’s love.
 Wooden crook—is it not the beginning of summer ?
 Are not the furrows brown ? Are not the corn blades
 curled ?
 Are not yet the corn blades curled ?
 Wooden crook—thou contented branch
 That supportest a mourning old man
 Thou art justly called the tree of wandering.
 Wooden Crook ; I am old, I am lonely and cold
 I cannot move about
 Those that loved me—love me not—

*The old man
 speaks to his
 crutch*

Ah ! death—that he does not seek me out.

PART THREE

OF THE HOUSEHOLD

LATIN GRACE

FRANGE esurienti panem tuum et egenos
vagosque induc in domum tuam.

*Break thy bread to the hungry and take
the wanderer to thy home.*

FEASTS

MEAT and drink be ordained and convenient to dinners and to feasts, for at feasts first meat is prepared and arrayed, guests be called together, forms and stools be set in the hall, and tables, cloths, and towels be ordained, disposed, and made ready. Guests be set with the lord in the chief place of the board, and they sit not down at the board before the guests wash their hands. Children be set in their place, and servants at a table by themselves.* First knives, spoons, and salts be set on the board, and then bread and drink, and many divers messes ; household servants busily help each other to do everything diligently, and talk merrily together. The guests be gladdened with lutes and harps. Now wine and now messes of meat be brought forth and departed. At the last cometh fruit and spices, and when they have eaten, board, cloths, and relief are borne away, and guests wash and wipe their hands again. Then grace is said, and guests thank the lord. Then for gladness and comfort drink is brought yet again. When all this is done at meat, men take their leave, and some go to bed and sleep, and some go home to their own lodgings.

*Long before
Andrew
Borde or
Wylkyn de
Worde*

*' And so to
bed '*

* *Piers Plowman* cries :

“ Woe to the hall where the lord and lady will not sit
Now have the rich a rule to dine by themselves
Because of the poor in the hall.”

The new-fashioned chimneys were made an excuse by the rich to dine in a privy chamber by themselves.

COOK SHOPS

*'Season-
ticket
holders'*

*Eatables
ready for a
sudden hunger*

*an unknown
foreign
delicacy*

THOSE engaged in the several kinds of business, sellers of several things, contractors for several kinds of work, are distributed every morning into their several localities and shops. Besides, there is in London on the river bank, among the wines in ships and cellars sold by the vintners, a public cook shop ; there eatables are to be found every day, according to the season, dishes of meat roast, fried and boiled, great and small fish, coarser meats for the poor, more delicate for the rich, of game fowls, and small birds. If there should come suddenly to any of the citizens friends, weary from a journey and too hungry to like waiting till fresh food is brought and cooked, with water to their hands comes bread, while one runs to river bank, and there is all that can be wanted. However great the multitude of soldiers or travellers entering the city, or preparing to go out of it, at any hour of the day or night—that these may not fast too long and those may not go out supperless—they turn hither if they please, where every man can refresh himself in his own way ; those who would care for themselves luxuriously, when set before the delicacies there to be found, would not desire sturgeon nor the bird of Africa nor the Ionian godwit. For this is the public kitchen, very convenient to the city, and part of its civilization.

THE BOY AND THE MANTLE

*A story at
a feast*

ON the third day of May
To Carlisle did come
A kind and courteous child
That had much of wisdom.

God speed thee King Arthur
Sitting at thy meat

And the good Queen Guinevere
I cannot her forget.

He plucked out of his poterner
(No longer would he dwell)
He pulled forth a mantle
Between two nuts shell.

*his wallet,
poke or bag*

Have thou here, King Arthur !
Have thou here of me !
Give this to thy comely Queen
Shaped it is ready !

It shall ne're become a wife
That hath ever done amiss !
Then every Knight in Arthur's court
Began to care for his.

Forth came Queen Guinevere
To that mantle she hath hied ;
The lady was new married,
But yet she was afraid.

*Queen
Guinevere,
new married
but afraid*

When she had tain the mantle
She stood as she been mad.
It was from top to toe
As shears it had shread !

She threw down the mantle
That bright was of blee,
Fast with red rudd
To her chamber she did flee.

*Flees to her
chamber*

Kay called forth his lady,
And bad her come near ;
Saying " Madam, an thou be guilty
I pray thee hold thee there."

Forth came Kay's lady,
Shortly and anon.
Boldly to the mantle
Then she is gone.

*Kay's lady
comes boldly*

*Before all
the Company*

When she had tain the mantle
And cast it her about,
Than she was bare
Before all the route.

*An old
Knight offers
twenty marks*

She threw down the mantle
That bright was of blee,
Fast with red rudd
To her chamber she gan flee.

Forth came an old Knight
Pattering ore a creed,
And offered to that child
Twenty marks to his meed.

Twenty marks, and at Christmas
Willingly to feed,
If this mantle might
Do his lady some meed !

*which is of
no avail*

When she hath tain the mantle
Of cloth that was made,
She had no more left on her
Than a tassel and a thread !

She threw down the mantle
That bright was of blee,
And fast with red rudd
To her chamber can she flee.

*With a little
effort*

Craddock called his lady
And bade her come in.
Saith he, " win this mantle, Lady,
With a little dinne."

*Craddock's
lady*

" Win this mantle, Lady,
And it shall be thine,
If thou never did amiss
Since thou wert mine."

Forth came Craddock's Lady
Shortly and anon.

Boldly to the mantle
Then she is gone.

When she hath tain the mantle
And cast it her about,
Up at her great toe
It gan to crinkle and to crowte.

She said " Bow down mantle
And shame me not for nought.
Once I did amiss, I tell you certainly,
When I kissed Craddock's mouth
Under the green wood tree ;
When I kissed Craddock's mouth
Or e'er he married me."

When she had her shreiven
And her sin she hadd told,
The mantle went about her
Right as she would.

*keeps the
mantle*

Seemly of colour and
Glittering gold.
Then every Knight of Arthur's court
Did her behold.

BOARS HEAD

HEY ! Hey ! Hey ! Hey !
Hey ! Hey ! Hey ! Hey !
The Boar's head is armed gay !
The Boar's head in hand I bring,
With garlands gay in carrying ;
I pray you all with me to sing
Hey ! Hey ! Hey ! Hey !
Hey ! Hey ! Hey ! Hey !
Lords and Knights and Squires,
Parsons, priests and vicars,
The Boar's head is the first mess !

*A song at a
feast*

Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!

Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!

Then comes in the second course, with mikle pride.

the ducks

The cannes and the herons and the bitterns by the side,

The partridges the plovers and the wood cocks and the
snipe!

Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!

Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!

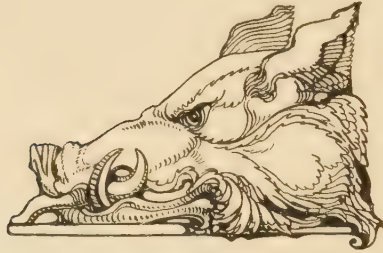
Larks in the hot sauce, ladies for to pick ;

Good drink thereto, luscious and fine,

Bluet of Almayne, and Romsey and wine.

With Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!

Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!



THE HARP

" I SHALL tell how I have heard
 Of the Bishop Saint Roberte
 (his surname was Grosstest)
 Of Lincoln," so said the gvest.

*A tale of
 Bishop Robert
 of Lincoln*

" Much he loved to hear the Harp
 For man his wit it maketh sharp ;
 Many time by nights and days
 Had he solace of notes and lays.
 I asked him the reason why
 He had delighted in mynstralsy.
 And answered him in this mannere
 Why he held the Harp so dere.
 " The Harp " he said " Through skill aright
 Will destroy the Fiend's own might ;
 And to the Cross, by good skill,
 The Harp of wood is likned well.
 And—a whim that pleases me—
 If God hath sent into a tree
 From Heaven so much joy to bear,
 How much more joy must He have there !

*Why he held
 the Harp so
 dear*

The Harp, Tabour and Symphany,
 Worship God ; the Saultry,
 Cordys, organs, and bells ryngng,
 All do worship Heaven's Kyng !
 If they do thus, then s u r e l y
 We may love their mynstralsy ?

a small drum

*accordions or
 burdy gurdys*

And if by them man will not win
 Unto goodness from his sin,
 Evil must be such a man.
 May God redeem him—I ne can."

BEANS

*Why a
bishop should
not eat them*

BEANS be damned by Pythagoras' sentence, for it is said, that by oft use thereof the wits are dulled and cause many dreams. Or else as other men mean, for dead men's souls be therein. Therefore Varro saith that a bishop should not eat beans.

FIAT

*What the
Minstrall got
for disturbing
the Bishop*

A MINSTRALL, a gulardlous,*
Came once to a bishop's house
And asked there for charite,
The porter let him have entre.
At time of meat, the board was laid,
And the blessing should be said,
The minstrall made his melodie
With great noise, and loud and high!
(Now of this Bishop the fame ran,
That he was a holy man)
The Bishop waited by the board,
And should have blessed it with his word,
But was so 'sturbed by the minstrall,
That he said no grace at all!
The Bishop 'plained him full sore,
And said to all them, that were there,
"Give him his charity; and let him go,
His death this night, it shall him slo."
He took his charitie; he took his gait,
And so he went out at the gate.
A stone fell down off the wall,
And slew that minstrall.

*Who was
unable to say
Grace*

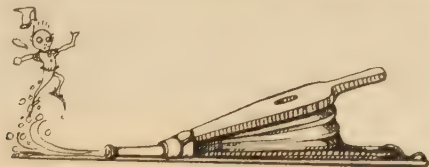
*The Minstrall
went his way
and was
killed*

* GULARDLOUS—at the best a wandering minstrel, at the worst a garrulous beggar.

HAGGIS

TAKE the guts of a sheep with its tallow and boil them and hack them small with pepper and bread and yolks

*Take the
guts of a
sheep*



of eggs and some milk and put all into the womb of the sheep and boil him and serve him.

stomach

NOMBLYS OF THE VENYSON

CUT them small while they be raw and take fresh broth and a little wine and pepper and sethe the venyson therein, and then cast a lytle vineger and salt and serve in the maner of gode potage.

*deers' insides—
also knobs of
solid meat*

VENISON Y-BAKE

TAKE haunch of venison and boil it a little and make a stiff paste and lay the pieces of venison on the paste and lay a piece of bacon on the venison and cast over pepper and salt and a lytle ginger and wrap up in the paste and set in the oven and let them bake.*

*Take haunch
of venison*

* An excellent recipe as the fat bacon improves the lean venison in cooking and the paste prevents the meat drying up. The paste is plain flour and water.

A SAUGE

*A sage and
onion stuffing*

TAKE a pig and draw him and smite off his head and cutt him in 4 quarters and boil him and take him up and let him cool. Smite him in pieces. . . . Take a handful of sage—wash it—grind it up—and pound it with hard yolks of eggs, and draw it out with vinegar and pepper and ginger and salt.

Couch the pig in dishes and cast the sirop on him and serve him forth.

A COCKATRICE

*waist—his
middle*

TAKE a capon and scald him and draw him clean and smite him in two in his waste.

And take a pigge and scalde him and smite him in two in his waste, and then take a needle and thread and sew the forepart of the capon to the afterpart of the pigge, and the foremost part of the pigge to the afterpart of the capon, and then stuff them as thou stuffest an all pigge.

gold

And roast him on a spit and when he is done dore him with yolks of eggs and powdered ginger and saffron and serve him up upon a nest of parsley (and so he is a Royal mete!).



HARYS IN CYUEYE

TAKE Harys and flay them and make them clean and *Take bares*
 hack them into gobbets and seethe* in water and take
 pepper and bread ground up fine and tempered with ale
 and onions and parsley minced together small and seethe
 them to themselves and afterwards dress with vinegar.

A SAUCE FOR ROAST MUTTON

PARSLEY and onion and mince them fine into vinegar
 and pepper and salt and eat him so.

TRIPE DE MOTOUN

LET it boil til tender and then kyt *Take mutton*
 it in small pecys and cast it into
 an earthen pot with strong mutton broth
 and parsley and salt.



INVALIDS' DIET

THE sheeps flesh also is a natural restoration
 As men say, after great sickness
 Roasted or sodden wholesome is mutton—
 Boiled with gruel, phisiciens all express
 Full nourishing it is after illness.

*In praise of
 mutton*

* SEETHE—stew. The cumbersome iron cauldrons frequently held loose pottery jars standing upright in the boiling water. In these modern 'lined saucepans,' food could be cooked slowly in its own juice. SODDEN went into the water—they were not enlightened about this, they just did it.

BUTTERED WORTS

TAKE all manner of good herbs that thou may get and wash them clean and put them on the fire to boil in fair water, and put thereto butter in great quantity and when all be boiled enough, salt them. Let none other thing come therein. Dice bread in small dishes, pour over the worts and serve.

*any green
vegetable*

MEAL PUDDING WITH BOILED MEAT

TAKE a linen cloth and put therein a dish of oatmeal and tie it and hang it in thy meat pot down to the bottom. Let it boil well and then cool a little and roll it out of the cloth.*

DOUCETTES

TAKE creme a good cupfull and put it in a straynor then take the yolks of eggs and put thereto and a little milk and a little honey and colour it with saffron.

And then make some coffins† and put them in the oven till they be baked hard and pour the comade into the coffins and when they done arise well, taken them out and serve them forth.

*Custard
tarts*

** The meat pot would be stewing slowly and continuously over the wood fire. For modern campers it is better to mix the oatmeal to a paste before putting it into the broth, and it will take much longer than the meat.*

† COFFINS—Cases.

‘ All pies that be good and hote
Open at the top of their coffin cote.
All that be cold and stiff within their crust,
Always in the middle open them you must.’

The paste was chiefly the hard variety made with hot fat, and ‘ raised ’ or moulded by hand. If you take a modern pork pie ‘ coffin ’ and fill it tight full of mutton knobs, or pieces of bird, sprinkle with ginger and salt, and when cold fill up with very highly spiced crabapple jelly, you will have a very mediaeval pie—especially if you leave the birds’ feet sticking out at the top to show what is inside.

BOYLEDE CREME

TAKE mylke and tendyr bread and break it in the milk and stir till it be hot and when almost boiled caste therein fair yolks of eggs and let all stand till it be thick and then cast some butter thereto and a little sugar and disshe.

*Take milk
and tender
bread*

BROWN PEARS & THICK CREAM

TAKE hard pears and pare them, and cut them round ways thick, and take out the cores and take a measure of honey and verjuice and a little ginger and cloves and put all in a pot and seethe them—when they be soft let them cool and serve forth.*

*sharp crab-
apple juice :
the mediaeval
cook's
'squeeze of
lemon juice'*

APPLE MUSE †

TAKE apples and seethe and sift through a sieve into a pot, and take almonds and honey and a little grated bread and saffron (and salt lytil) and let it seethe and look thou stir it well and serve it forth.

* This recipe seems to have continued in use at a Cambridge College for centuries and has been found so good we give its modern version for those who have orchards.

8 lbs. of pears—windfalls or hard stewing pears

3 lbs. of brown sugar

$\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water

$\frac{1}{2}$ pint of vinegar or

$\frac{1}{2}$ pint of cider

A sprinkling of whole spice, chiefly cloves.

Slice the pears across so that they make rounds, boil up altogether once, then turn into a deep stew jar and stand at the back of the kitchen stove (or buried in the wood ashes) for 3 or 4 days. When done and cold the pears should be soft but unbroken and have set to a clear dark brown jelly.

† MUSE—A mediaeval mystery. This muse was made of apples, in the same way as some 'fools' are made of gooseberries.

TRAYNE ROSTE

*Take fruits
and nuts*

*the modern
'Baumkuchen'
method*

TAKE dates and figs and cut them through and take raisins and almonds and prick them through and thread one fruit after another till the string be as long as a man, and tie it longways to a spit and make a stiff batter of wine and fine flour of sugar and saffron and cloves and salt and roast the Trayne before the fire hanging along the spit and cast the batter thereon as it turneth and when it is covered and roasted well take it from the spit whole and cut it in fair pieces a span length and serve a piece or two in a dish all hot.

PUTTING THE GILT ON THE
GINGERBREAD

bay leaves (?)

SEETHE a quart of honey and skim it and put in saffron and pepper and fill it with grated bread till it be solid and then shape it and cast box leaves on it and cloves and if thou would have it red or gilt colour it now.

15TH CENTURY ALE

*A drinking
song*

BRING us in good ale, and bring us in good ale
For our blessed Lady's sake, bring us in good ale

Bring us no brown bread for that is made of bran
Nor bring us no white bread for therein is no gane
But bring us good ale.

Bring us no Beef, for there is many bones
But bring us good ale for that goeth down at once!
But bring us good ale.

Bring us no bacon, for that is passing fat,
 Bring us good ale and give us nought but that.
 But bring us good ale.

Bring us no mutton, for that is often lean,
 Bring us no tripes, for they be seldom clean,
 But bring us good ale.

' No tripes '

Bring us no egges, for there are many shells,
 Bring us good ale and give us nothing else !
 But bring us good ale.

Bring us no capons' flesh, for that is dear to hire.
 Bring us no ducks' flesh, for they slopper in the mire.
 But bring us good ale.

LIVER

THEN the liver is a noble and precious member, by whose alteration the body is altered, and the liver sendeth feeding and virtues of feeding to the other members, to the nether without mean, and to the other, by mean of the heart.

Some men ween, that the milt is cause of laughing. For by the spleen we are moved to laugh, by the gall we are wroth, by the heart we are wise, by the brain we feel, by the liver we love.

*What some
men believe*



RATS BANE

*I order all
rats to be gone*

I COMMAND all the ratons
that be here in route
That none dwell in this
place WITHIN nor
WITHOUT,
Through the virtue of
Jesue Christ that Mary
bare about,

praise

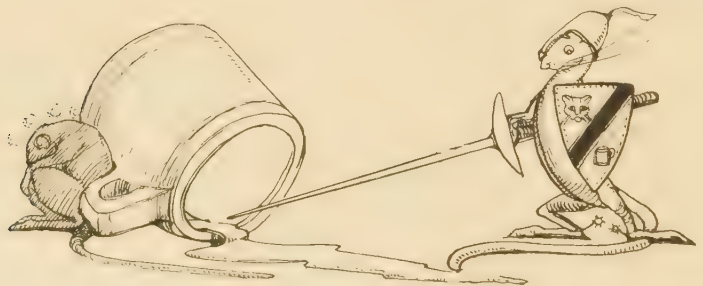
Who all creatures own, and obey, and loute. . . .

And through the virtue of Mathew-Mark-Luke-John,
All four Evangelists rolled up into ONE.
I order all Ratons TO BE GONE.

Through the virtue of Gertrude saint, that maid clean,
Go hence Ratons and be no more seen.
God grant the grace
That no Ratons do
Dwell in the place.

*God save this
place*

GOD save this place from all wretched wights,
Both days and nights. . . .



PART FOUR

OF TRAVELLERS' TALES

THE MARINER

QUAINT he was and right hardy,
An ingenious man and fey
That first made ship, on sea to fare !
To be turned with the wind, he knowest not where,
Lands to seek that he saw not,
Nor witherward, he should be brought.

THE ROADWAY

“He is your friend—why grow the rushes on the path between you?”
(Old Norse)

A WAY is a space in which a waggon may go.

STRATA is a way trodden with feet of people : this way may be paved and couched with hard stones, and is common to all manner of people.

The PRYNATE way : 'longeth to nigh a toun and is short and oft graven with gras though the seldom of feet. And is beset with trees on either side.

CAGGER is a heap of stones, as a token of a high way. Historians call such a way a Knight's way.

ITERITINERIS is the way by which a man may go witherward he would.

SEMITER is the middle of the way.

CALLIS is the path of beasts between mountains and is narrow and hard.

QUIERSUM is a bending of ways.

BYNERTICULUM is a benching besides the way.

IMAGES AND CROSSES been set that men may know which way they shall take.

AMBITUS is between the houses of neighbours—2 foot broad.

ORBITER is the furrow of a wheel that maketh a deep furrow in his heavy treading about.



MARCHING SONG OF THE VAGABOND
BROTHERS

Nos Vagabunduli
Laeti Jucunduli
Tarra Tantana : Tenio

Edimus libere
Canimus lepide
Tarra Tantana : Tenio

Rismir dissolvimur
Pannis abvolvimur
Tarra Tantana : Tenio

Multum in joculis
Crebro in poculis
Tarra Tantana : Tenio

Dolo consuimus
Nihil metuimus
Tarra Tantana : Tenio

Pennis non deficit
Praeda nos reficit
Tarra Tantana : Tenio

Omnis metuite	Papa sic praecipit
Partes gramatical	Frater non decipit
Tarra Tantana : Tenio	Tarra Tantana : Tenio

Quadruplex nebulo	Chare Fratercule
Adest et spolio.	Vale et tempore
Tarra Tantana : Tenio	Tarra Tantana : Tenio

Data licentia	Quando rivitur
Crescit amantia	Congratulabimur
Tarra Tantana : Tenio	Tarra Tantana : Tenio

Nosmet respicimus
Et vale dicimus
Tarra Tantana : Tenio

A free translation :

<i>Vagabonds we</i>	<i>Everybody meeting</i>
<i>Jocund and free</i>	<i>Everything speaking</i>
Tarra Tantana : Tenio	Tarra Tantana : Tenio

<i>Eat anything</i>	<i>Quadruple duplicity</i>
<i>Anything sing</i>	<i>On-the-spot-with the booty</i>
Tarra Tantana : Tenio	Tarra Tantana : Tenio

<i>Laughter ungirt</i>	<i>Granted leases</i>
<i>And a good warm shirt</i>	<i>Love—increases</i>
Tarra Tantana : Tenio	Tarra Tantana : Tenio

<i>Joking a lot</i>	<i>The Pope he says</i>
<i>When heads in a pot !</i>	<i>' Brothers don't deceive '</i>
Tarra Tantana : Tenio	Tarra Tantana : Tenio

<i>Rogues consummate</i>	<i>Cheerio ! me son !</i>
<i>' Never-say-done ' mate</i>	<i>See you again anon</i>
Tarra Tantana : Tenio	Tarra Tantana : Tenio

<i>Pouches never empty</i>	<i>When we meet again</i>
<i>Predatory plenty</i>	<i>O congratulations then</i>
Tarra Tantana : Tenio	Tarra Tantana : Tenio

Reminiscences openhearted
And forgotten that we parted
Tarra Tantana : Tenio.

SPACE

A forerunner * MUCH is between Heaven and Earth : for that a man
 might go
 Every day for forty miles, and then some deal mo'
 Yet he should not reach the Heaven that he all day seeth,
 Nor come in eight thousand years where the starren
 beeth.
 And though Adam our first father, had been gone anon
 Since that he was first imade towards Heaven to gone
 And had each day forty miles always on to go
 He had not yet to Heaven come, by a thousand mile or
 mo'.

THE WIND OF LIFE

THE Life of this World
 Is ruled with wind
 Weeping—dreading—and striving
 With wind we blowen
 With wind we lissen
 With weepen we commen
 With weeping we passen
 With strivings we beginen
 With strivings we enden
 With drede we dwellen
 With drede we wenden.

* 'We may think of the radius of space as hundreds of millions of light-years at least, and of the journey of light round the whole of space as occupying thousands of millions of years.' (J. H. Jeans)

A TRAVELLER

IN the year therefor of our lord 1331 the aforesaid Frier *In the year of*
 Ordoricus, preparing himself for the performance of *our Lord 1331*
 his intended journey, that his travel and labour might
 be to a greater purpose, determined to present himself to
 the Pope John the XXII whose benediction being received,
 he, with a certain number of friers willing to bear him
 company, might convay himself into the countries of all
 infidels. But as he was traveling towards the Pope, and
 far distant . . . there meets him by the way side a certain
 old man in the habit and attire of a pilgrime. . . . He
 saluting him by name said "All hail Frier Ordoricus."
 And the frier demanded how he had knowledge of him? *Ordoricus had*
 The old man replied, "Whilst you were in India I knew *spent his life*
 you full well. . . . Yea and I knew of your holy purpose *travelling*
 also—even then. But see you, return from whence you
 came, for in ten days hence you shall depart out of this
 present world."

Wherefor Frier Ordoricus, being astonished and amazed
 at these words (especially the olde man vanishing out of
 his sight instantly after he had spoken), he did return
 in perfect health feeling no crasyedness nor infirmity of
 body and the tenth day, after having received Comunion
 and preparing himself unto God—Yea, being strong and
 sound of body, he happily rested in the Lord 1331, the
 14 Day of January.

Beatus Ordoricus, a frier . . . deceased in Christ.

JOURNEY'S END

AND death is even as ye trow
 The most certain thing there is.
 And nothing is so uncertain to know,
 As the time of death, I wis.
 Therefore my son think on this,
 And as I have said before
 Pray Jesus bring us to his bliss
 That for us bare the crown of thorne.

STONEHENGE

AURELIUS rode to Salisbury
 Till he came to the Abby of Amysbury,
 And to that field he took his way
 Where Hegist did the Britons slay,
 Their Burial place he would honnoure
 With something that sould endure
 And frith that field where their bones lay
 That they might rest till Domesday.

*Preserve the
 land where
 their bones
 lay*

Said Merlin
 "Send for those stones, from where they stand
 That giants brought to Ireland,
 In a round about there, they them set
 Out of Africa they were fetched.
 Each one on other is set upright
 No man on earth now hath the might
 For to take down one stone,
 Nor to set them there is none."

*In a circle in
 Ireland*

So when they had won what they had sought
 To the plain of Salisbury they then brought
 (To Aumbresbyn, beside the Abby
 And it was on a Whitsonday)
 Before the Lords that were come thither
 Merlin set the stones together,
 As they were that is certain
 So stand they now upon the plain
 And in the compasse of those stones
 Lie buried alle those Lordes bones.

*Merlin brings
 them all by
 magic, in a
 ship*

ICELAND

ICELAND is the last region in Europe in the north
 beyond Norway. In the uttermost parts thereof it is
 always ice and frozen, and stretcheth upon the cliff of
 ocean towards the north, where the sea is frozen for great

*A land of
 great and
 strong cold*

and strong cold. And also in that region are white bears most great and right fierce ; that break ice and glass with their claws, and make many holes therein, and dive there-through into the sea, and take fish under the ice and glass, and draw them out through the same holes, and bring them to the cliff and live thereby. And in those places breed beasts, tame and wild. And so for the more part men of the land live by fish and by hunting flesh. Sheep may not live there for cold. The men are full gross of body and strong and full white, and give them to fishing and hunting.

*Strong, full
white and
gross are the
men*

GERMANY

THE men of Germany call men of this land Frisons, and between them and the Germans is great difference in clothing and in manner. For well-nigh all men be shorn round ; and the more noble they be, the more worship they account to be shorn the more high. And the men be high of body, strong of virtue, stern and fierce of heart, and swift and quiver of body. And they use iron spears instead of arrows. . . . The men be free, and not subject to lordship of other nations, and put them in peril of death by cause of freedom. And they had liefer die than be under the yoke of thraldom. Therefore they forsake dignity of knighthood, and suffer none to rise and to be greater among them under the title of knighthood ; but they be subject to Judges that they choose of themselves from year to year, which rule the community among them. They love well chastity, and punish all the unchaste right grievously : And they keep their children chaste unto the time that they be of full age, and so when they be wedded, they get manly children and strong.

*Of the shorn
Frisons*

*and their
children*

FINLAND

*A land of
wood, herbs,
and grass*

FINLAND is a country beside the mountains of Norway towards the east, and stretcheth upon the cliff of ocean : and is not full plenteous, but in wood, herbs, and grass. The men of that country be strange and somewhat wild and fierce : and they occupy themselves with witchcraft. And so to men that sail by their coasts, and also to men that abide with them for default of wind, they proffer wind to sailing, and so they sell wind. And for their misbelief fiends move the air, and arise strong tempests or soft, as he draweth of the clue more or less knots. And sometimes they move the wind so strongly, that the wretches that believe in such doings are drowned by rightful doom of God.

*where fiends
move the air*

PEPPER

PEPPER is the seed of the fruit of a tree that groweth in the hill of Caucasus in the strong heat of the sun. And Serpents keep the woods that Pepper groweth in and when the woods be ripe the Men of that country set fire thereto and chase away the Serpents.

wrinkled up

And by such burning the grain of the Pepper that was white by kind is made all black and riveley.

A CURIOUS CUSTOM

*A custom of a
far city*

AND another Island is Sumatra, and fai beyond is Racha ; and seventeen days journey thence is Ava. And in that city are certain old women who get their living by selling little bells of gold and silver and brass of the bigness of little nuts, which they put in mens yards betwixt the skins and cure the place, and the men much please to hear in themselves the sound of them as they goe.

OF WHALING

THE greatest whale of all—he bloweth up water as it were a cloud and drowneth many ships and when the marriners spy where he is they get together with divers instruments of music and play with great harmony, and the whale is very glad of this harmony and cometh above the water to hear the melody and suddenly all the music be stille and they have an instrument of iron which they fasten through his hard skin and it sinketh down into his fat and grease and anon he sinketh : and feeleth the salt water smart in his wound and turneth him belly upward and rubbeth his wound against the ground the more he rubbeth the deeper it entereth and so he slayeth himself. And when he is dead he cometh up again and showeth himself dead as he did before alive and so they take him and do their profit with him.

This monstrous thing

that is glad of music



And this monstrous thing, when he is most part with his back on high above the water, some ship-men that saw him wened that he is a little island and when they come by him they cast their anchors upon him and go out of their ship and make a fire on him to dress their meats and as soon as he feeleth the heat of the fire he swymmeth from that place and drowneth them.

They think he is a little island



JONAH AND THE WHALE

*For the joy of those who are structurally minded or for
the comfort of bad sailors, the poem of Jonah is appended.*

*The prophet
is taken in*

A WHILD wallowing whale, then shaped,
Swiftly, swenged, him to sweepe, his swallow open
Withouten touch of any tooth, He ult in his profet
Then he swengez and swayes to the seas bottom,

open place

And lyttle wonder it was, Jonah woe dreaded !
For was warded this wretched man, in the whale's guts,
How might he live ? By law of any kind ?
Lord ! cold was his comfort ! and his care huge !
He had glided in by the gills, through the slippery slime,
Reeled in down a gut, a road that rolled him,
Heels over head, hurling aboute
Till he brought up, in a brock, as broad as a hall,
There he found his feet, and floundering aboute,
Stood up in his stomache that stank as the devil.

The whale's feelings are explicit.

For that man in his maw, made him I trow
(Though he little were) yet him writhing within,
Made him wamble* under his heart ; and assay to be
sick.

* WAME—the stomach or belly.

WAMBE—a bubbling up.

WAMBLE—stomach rumble.

TO THE STORM WIND

WHO is he ? who knows ?
Who was before the waters
One wild and strong
Without flesh or bone
Without veins or blood
Formless, without feet

Who will not grow old
 Who will not be younger
 Who was from the beginning
 A Lordly one, who heedeth
 Nor terror nor death.
 Who hath no need of mortals.
 Before Him
 Great God : the sea whitens.

THE SEASICK PILGRIMS

MEN may love all games
 That saylen to Seynt Jamys ;
 For many a man it gramys
 When they begin to sayle.

For when they have take the sea,
 At Sandwyche or at Wynchylsee,
 At Brystow, or where that it be,
 Theyr herts begyn to fayle.

Anone the Mastyr commaundeth fast
 To hys shyp-men in all the hast,
 To dresse hem sone about the mast,
 Theyr takelyng to make.
 With " Howe ! Hissa ! " then they cry,
 " What, Howe ! mate, thou stondyst to ny,
 Thy felow may nat hale thee by " ;
 Thus they begyn to crake.

A boy or tweyne anone up-styen,
 And overthwart the sayle-verde lyen ;—
 " Y how ! Talia ! " the remenaunt cryen
 And pull with all theyr myght.

Bestowe the boote, bote-swayne, anon,
 That our pylgryms may pley thereon ;
 For some ar lyk to cowgh and grone,
 Or it be full mydnyght.

*For many a
 man ' it's no
 joke '*

*They begin
 to weigh
 anchor
 and set sail*

*Stow cargo so
 that pilgrims
 may lie down
 —they will
 be sick before
 midnight*

Haul bowline

"Hale the bowelyne! * now, vere the shete! †
 Cooke, make redy anoon our mete,"
 Our pylgryms have no lust to ete,
 I pray God yeve hem rest.
 "Go to the helm what, howe! no nere! ‡
 Steward, felow! a pot of bere!"
 "Ye shall have, sir, with good chere,
 Anone all of the best."

"Y howe! trussa! hale in the brayles! §
 Thou halyst not, be God, thow fayles!
 O se howe well owre good shyp sayles!"
 And thus they say among.
 "Hale in the wartake! ¶ Hit shall be done."
 "Steward, cover the boorde anone,
 And set bred and salt thereone,
 And tary not to long."

*Cbeery captain
 foretells storm
 and wind—
 'Hold thy
 peace! it's no
 good'*

*The pilgrims
 lie by their
 basins and cry
 after bot wine*

*Some try
 dry toast—
 no dinners
 wanted*

beads splitting

Then cometh oone and seyth, "be mery
 Ye shall have a storme or a pery."
 "Holde thow thy pese! thow canst no whery,
 Thow medlyst wondry sore."
 Thys menewhyle the pylgryms ly,
 And have theyr bowlys fast them by,
 And cry after hote malvesy,
 "Thow helpe for to restore."

And som wold have a saltyd tost,
 For they myght ete neyther sod nor rost;
 A man myght sone pay for theyr cost,
 As for one day or twayne.
 Som layde theyr bookys on theyr knee,
 And red so long they myght nat se;—
 "Allas! myne hede woll cleve on thre!"
 Thus sayth another certayne.

* Haul the sail up to the wind.

† Pay out by band the sheet (i.e. rope).

‡ No nearer to the wind.

§ Tackle blocks on the mast.

¶ A War-tackle, or War-tack? If the latter—the sheet pulled across in tacking—it would be made fast to the clew of the lower square sail.

Then cometh oure owner lyke a lorde,
 And speketh many a royall worde,
 And dresseth hym to the hygh borde,
 To see all thyng be well.

*Carpenter
 builds little
 shelters on
 deck*

Anone he calleth a carpentere,
 And biddyth hym bryng with hym hys gere,
 To make the cabans here and there,
 With many a febyll cell.

A sak of strawe were there ryght good,
 For som must lyg them in thyr hood ;
 I had as lefe be in the wood,
 Without mete or drynk.

*but to sleep
 below—it
 were better
 to be dead*

For when that we shall go to bedde,
 The pumpe was nygh our beddes hede,
 A man were as good to be dede,
 As smell thereof the stynk.

N.B. We rejoice that in the list of pardons and indulgences granted to pylgrims, 12,000 years is given to those who cross the sea.

KING RICHARD'S NAVIE

CONCERNING the lawes and ordinances appointed by K. Richard for his Navie, the forme thereof was this.

*A Navies
 lawes*

1. That who so killed any person on shipboord, should be tied with him that was slaine, and throwen into the sea.

2. And if he killed him on the land, he should be tied with the partie slaine, and be buried with him in the earth.

3. He that shal be convicted by lawfull witnes to draw out his knife or weapon to the intent to strike any man, or that hath striken any to the drawing of blood, shall loose his hand.

4. Also he that striketh any person with his hand without effusion of blood, shall be plunged three times in the sea.

*A fine for
swearing*

5. Item, who so speaketh any opprobrious or contumelious wordes in reviling or cursing one another, for so oftentimes as he hath reviled, shall pay so many ounces of silver.

*Tarred and
feathered*

6. Item, a thiefe or felon that hath stolen being lawfully convicted, shal have his head shorne, and boyling pitch powred upon his head, and feathers or downe strawed upon the same, whereby he may be knowne, and so at the first landing place they shall come to, there to be cast up.

SHIP SHAPE

FULL MIGHTY MEN BE MARINERS!

SHIPS IN HARBOUR

*make fast the
mooring ropes*

ROPES to right, lines to lie,
By bank to brimme, to tache and tie,
Cables to knit, about the mast,
The sail on yard, to fasten fast,*
Anchors and oars, ready to hand,
Rothers and helms, ready to stand,
Bow line and bow sprit to set and hale.

to set and haul

EMBARKING THE ARMY

Cock boat

Some stood in ship, and some on sand,
Bridges and planks, they cast to land,
With men and horses for to charge,
In Cogges and barges, and ships large.

They stowed in helms, and hawberks and shields,
And all that man in battle wilds,
Horses to draw, horses to drive,
And the Men hied thereafter, in full blithe,
When all were in, and all made square,
On both sides was heavy cheer—
When friends departed loved and dear.

* Probably square sails, not usually lowered, but stowed on yard.

DEPARTURE

By the wind, well forth to sail,
Anchors up wound, sail drawen high,
The wind blew well, the ship gan fly,
The master marinner was behind
The ship to steer, by the wind.

A SHIPWRECK

“THE water busily overboard to bale & cast
Their bags & their feather beds & their best weeds
Their kists & their coffers & cargo all
To lighten the ship.”

*their best
clothes*

SIN AND SAFETY

“MY son,” said the Friar : “I shall soon show thee,
How the good man sinneth : seven times a day.”

“Set a man in a boat : on a broad water ;
The wind and the water : and boat wagging,
Make him stumble if he stand : never so stiffly ;
Through steering the boat : he bendeth and boweth,
Yet is he safe and sound : so is it with the righteous ;
Though he fall he falleth not : he is in the boat—
And he is safe and sound.

*A mission to
seamen*

Thus it is with men : the water is the world,
Goods are the great waves : wallowing about,
The boat is our body ;
And thro the fiend and the flesh : and the frail world,
The just man sinneth : seven times a day.
But deadly sin he doth not : Do-well him guardeth,
He strengtheneth man to stand : and steereth his soul.
And though thy body bow : as boat doth in the water,
Yet is thy soul safe.”

TO THE CRUSADES

THE Welchman left his hunting, the Scot his fellow-ship with lice, the Dane his drinking bouts, the Norwegian his raw fish. Lands were deserted by their husbandmen, whole cities migrated. All hungered and thirsted for Jerusalem alone.

You might see the husband depart with his wife, indeed with all his family, you would smile to see the whole household laden onto a cart ; proceeding to Jerusalem.

WILLIAM LONGSPATH'S
HONOURABLE END

WILLIAM bravely dying in fight—standing to it when he had no legs to stand on—to a miracle of resolution & commending his valiant soul to the Heavens : Having first sent many Saracens to Hell.

THE WAY TO JERUSALEM

THE Author is unknowne and his time which yet is likely to have beene about 200 years since : (*i.e.* 1350) Sir Robert Cottons rich Librarie hath yeelded the MS. whence it was copied. *Purchas.*

In the Name of the Fader that seteng in throne
And of Jhu his only blessed Sone
And the Holy Gost, this blessed Trinet
And also of our Ladie St. Marie
Wich waye I went I schall you telle
And how in the waie I dide dwelle.

*Across the
Channel from
Plymouth*

Ferst to Plummouth to sea went I
And landed in the Trade of Bretany,

There we rested daies too
 And through the Race then did we go,
 To Burdewez, to that faire Citee
 And there was I daies 3
 And so from thennez to Bayon
 For so ! that is a faire toune
 And from thence to Pety Pont St. Jenouhe
 The first toune of Naveron sicurly
 Up on a high hill it faire is sette
 And ther men shall make her tribett.
 (For every pice of Gold, trust me well
 Thou schalt swere you the Evangele
 And there Jakkez ferst most thou have,
 And thee lust thy Gold to save.)
 Then to the Dale of Rouncevale hit is the way
 (A dark passage I der well saie !)
 Vituals there ben full necessary,
 For in that passage my mouth was dry.
 Beyond the hill upon hee
 Is a Mynster of our Ladee
 Of Chanouney of the Order of St. Austyn
 And the well of Rowland and Oliver therein
 From thence thou most to Pount Roie
 That passage ther hit kepeth a boie
 A gud contry & levell wyn,
 And vituals there be both good & fyn.
 And so forth to Mount Paradise
 And that passage thou most paie thriez
 And so forthe from thennez to Borkez—that citee
 (A faire toune and a much, sicurly !)
 And from thennez to Hospitall de Reyne
 To passe that River thou schalt be fayne
 And so forthe to St. Antony
 (And ever there goeth the Marvedz)
 From thennez even to the citie of Lyones,
 Betweene them be mony pretty townes
 Byyounde the Brugge on the right hand
 To St. Salvator the waie is biggand

*surely the
 first town of
 Navarre
 pay tribute
 and change
 monies*

*a good
 country and
 a level way*

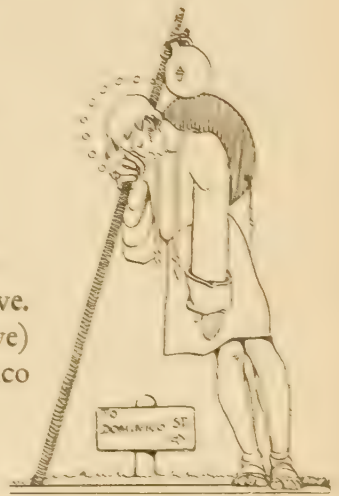
*begin over the
 bridge on the
 right*

*far mountains
no woollen
used by the
women*

And mony reliquez ben there
But the mountains be wonder high and fere.
Wymmen in that Land use no wullen
But all in leather be they wounden
And her heveday wonderly ben trust
Standing in her forhemed as a crest
In rouled clouthey lappet all be form
Like to the prikke of a N'unicorn
And men have doubelettez full schert
Bare legget, and light to stert.
From thence even to Pampylon
The chief citie of the Reme of Naveron :
A fair citie and a large
Thereto cometh bothe Bote and Barge
And from thennez to the toune of Keer
Is xxx miles long and hongery cheer
Then to Gruon in Spayne
That is the last toune certaine
Of the Realme of Naveron
And then into Spayne fair ye schon
Jakkez ben ther of little prise
For there begineth the Marvedisez
Alle is brasse, silver is none in
And the grote of Spayne is silver fine
(iiii score for a Crown schal thou have.
Of the Marvedise of master and knave)
Then from the Grune to St. Dominico
Thou hast 10 long miles to go
And from thennez to Grunneole
Much pyn men there thoole
Hit stands upon a hill so high
And Jewez be Lordes of all that Contray
Then most thou tribute make, or thou passe,
For alle thi goods bothe mor or lesse :
(Of that tribute they be full fayn
For they hier it of the King of Spayn)
Here wine is theck as any blood
And that will make men wode

*much pain
men suffer
there*

*wine to make
men mad*



Bedding there is nothing fair
 (Many pilgrimez hit doth impaire !)
 Tabelez use thei non of to ete
 But on the lowe floor they make their sete
 And so they sit ; alle infere.
 (As in Irland the same manere.)
 Then from the citee of Lyonz so fre
 On thi lyft hand the waie schalt thou see
 At that Brugge that I have said
 Over an heathe to Astergo is layde.
 (That is a city ! and fair is sette,
 There the gret mountains together be mette :)
 And so forthe to Villa Frank schalt thou go
 A fair country and viney also
 The Raspis that groweth there-in the way
 If thee lust thou maie asaie
 From thence a deepe dale schalt thou have
 Up unto the Mount of Fane
 And so forth even to St. Jamez
 Alle waie Pylgrimez such havez
 And then to Mountte notre Dame
 (The Prior then hath much shame !)
 And then so forth to Luaon
 Other villages there be mony on.
 Then to St. James, that holy place
 There maie thou finde full faire grace.

*no tables for
meals*

*all as in
brotherhood*

*past the
bridge and over
a beath to
Astergo*

*try the
wayside
raspberries*

*(Here follows a long list of indulgences granted to
various shrines and chappels, around St. James)*

And then to Port Wederez went I
 L miles long : that way is drie
 Jewes & Sarasynenez ben there mony on
 A plentifull country as man maie gon !
 Unto the toun of Corpe Sante
 Alle manere fruyte at man may haunt
 The sea cometh thither at all tide
 And fisch & coron on alle side

*plentiful fish
and corn*

*the Spaniards
will search
you for gold*

*to St. Helena
on high*

*something of
a wild way*

For Corpe Sante is the last toun
 In Galise, & stondeth the sea upon
 Then onto Portyngale & I faire
 Over the river with greate care
 For there the Spaynyolez will ye scherche
 Wether any gold be in thy perche
 (There the Marvedise have no takke
 The Riolez at Portyngale maken the lakke)
 (And when thou comest to Valence toun
 The money of that Lond thou schalt see soon)
 And then forthe to Porta haven
 A faire cite & that is the namen—
 Olive treez then shalt thou fynde
 All the Lond full, that is the kind :
 And figez felle with out faile
 And all manner plenty of vitaile
 Of fresche fisch theie have gret store
 At every place more & more—
 And so forthe to St. Helena on hee
 That is a well faire citee
 And from thennez to Frankeville
 And so to Luschebon is xiiii mile
 A faire cite & a large
 Thether cometh shippez, hulkes, & barge
 There is a faire Universite
 And of vitellez gret plente
 vii mile over the water most thou gon
 To a toun that hight Kone
 And from Kone to Palmele
 A whilde waie this is some dele
 And to St. Omell, that is the waie
 To Landavere & Kaverelle in the claie
 And to Mount Major a castell free
 The chief of Portyngale it maie be.
 From thennez to Riolez most thou fair
 To Estermore that land is bare
 And so to Borbe, a litell vilage
 And then to Elvez that gud stage

Now to Castell schall we faire
 Over the river the land is bare
 Full of heath & hunger also
 And Sarasynes, govereners thereto—
 Martyn Santio a wild waie is there
 Forestery, & whilde bestes in fere
 Beres & wulfez & other bestes mony on
 A perelez way hit is to gon.
 And then to Kanamare that fair place
 Of catel there is plente & that is grace
 The herdez lyn in the field in Tentez of clothe
 To come to toun that is thann loth.
 From that cite miles xxx & ii
 To St. Marie Kadalupe most thou go
 A Pilgrimate both faire & Free
 That Mynster is of our Ladie :
 Of the Order of St. Jerome the Doctor
 A marvez sight is in that Toun
 In wildernes that place is sette
 There groweth no corn nor vin nor brede
 By xxx mile on every side
 For whilde bestes no man dare abide
 Then from that place to Waldepalatia
 And after that to Afidera
 And then to Elecampanario
 From thennez to Quyntana also
 & then to the Cite of Salamea
 To Lestaseelez & to Maggaela
 Alle the spicez that a man can name
 In that land hit mai be sene.
 For Sarasynez & Morez be ther duellant
 And ever in spicery they be workant
 (The Morez ben blake as any pikke
 And go alle-mest naked, no men like)
 Bellrange ; that cite, full hote is he
 There is no cold in that countree.

*with wild
beasts
company*

*A marvellous
sight is St.
Marie
Kadalupe*

*Saracens and
Moors be
always working
in spices*

In Caissaile the cite is gud aire

*Over an arm
of the sea to
pleasant
ground*

And from thennez to Petrore
To the Cite of Kantelane (before the more)
Over an arme of the Se most thou tee
To civyle graund, that is so fre—
A Paradise hit is to be hold
The frutez vines & spicery which I have told
Upon the Haven all maner of Marchandise
And cargoes (Karekey), & Schippeze at all devise.
Down the streme so mai thou go
The toun of St. Lacar de Baramedez to
Upon a hill hit stondeth full hee
Frost ne snow thee mai none be—
Europa that land men calle hit
The blessest contraie that ever was set .
About hir Ylez mony oon
I schall tham reken everichon :

*many isles
about here—
I shall
describe them
everyone*

*By your pardon pilgrim—but I cannot go through the list of
these blessed isles—besides I read that you*

xx daies rested the Yles upon
With Karekkey to Jenne to have gon
But the enemyez by the sea were so strong
Therefore me tornet againe to lond



*Where, the pirates having chased your 'cargo'
boat back to port, I rejoin you*

First to St. Marie de Serrat
Mony a pilgrime is weary there at
A desert place & full of waaste
And mony a man his staff there doun
cast.

From thennez thou shalt to Monshar
A fair cite and rich I trow
Hills & vailaiez mony shalt thou fynde
The sight thereof then maketh men
blind

Little corn, but craggy & stoney
 And that maketh Pilgrimez very boney.
 (A wedding I saie in Monshar toun
 Alle the men & the wymmen then daunsynez in an roun
 cccc on a dance, I dare well saie
 From morn to even all the daie)

Then to Leide the Universite
 There is a pleuntuose contre
 Twyez harvest ther they have
 And figez full great ! so God me save
 Thei be like to a gret Wardon
 Blew a faat as any Bacon.
 There groweth the Vine men calle Tribian
 Garandez are & Oryngez mony on
 Unto thee come to St. Pere de Mont
 All that waie thee may they haunt.
 Then to St. Mari de Mount Serrat
 (Pylgrymez that Mount they hate
 Hit is full high to climbe unto
 And the waie is straight too & fro)
 The faire Mynster upon high
 That Church is of our Ladye
 Mony miraclez thee hav ben wrought
 And mony Reliquez theder ben wrought
 xv miles up schalt thou ascende
 And as much downward er thou descend
 Toward the cite of Barsilon
 For sothe that is a faire toun.
 The chef cite of all that lond
 And the great sea is there even at hand.
 From thennez thou schalt to Perfynian
 And after to Salbo most thou gan
 And on further to Narbon
 A faire cite & well begon.
 And from thennez to Tour St. Denise
 The last place of Aragonz it is
 Mount Pylerez, that is a University

*a country of
 two harvests*

*figs like a big
 bulgy pear*

fat as pigs

*up and down
 to Barcelona
 by the sea*

*The Pope's
Royal Palace*

*they hire
professional
bewailers*

*whom men
would think
were mad*

A faire place hit is securly
 And so thennez fro to Castelle Ryse
 (A shrewed town at my devise
 The Dolphyn is Lord of alle that lond
 And hath them subject to his hand)
 And from thennez to Avinion
 Is xii leagues from toun to toun
 And begynneth Province full free
 At the brugge of Avinion I telle the
 (In dominion in that standing
 The Pope hath a faie dwelling
 A Riolo Palys—& well dight
 With towers & windows full of light
 A merry contray & a fair
 And also there is full good aire)
 From that Universite to Sushee went I
 Toward Marie Magdaleyn securly
 A fair contre hit is ! & a clere !
 And pepull of diverse manere.
 (In that country when one is dede
 They heire weepers, for wyn & brede
 To cryent : & make gret faire ;
 And ryng their hands & make them bare
 And scratt their facez & make them blede
 And so they walk tho' all the strete
 Men would wene that they were wode
 For they make so foule a lode—)
 Then from that countrie to St. Antonee
 Ben xxx longe leagues full sicurlye
 From thennez thou schalt to Port Dawnton
 And after that to St. Lyon
 Then thou shalt pass a felde waie
 Into the Mountanez by my faie
 Unto the cite of Mt. Riall
 Hit is coveret with snow at alle
 Ferst to the toun of St. Johan
 A wilde way there must thou gan
 Alle is snow all tymes of the yere

NOW THANK YE GOD FOR HIS FAITHFUL SERVING WHO BROUGHT US SAFE HOME WITH AN IN



So with thee thy victuals I rede thee Bere !

For when thou comest to that Mountayn

Advise thou well forth er thou gan

For & the wind blow, trust me well

Thou schalt have peyne upon that hill

Or ever thou come to the other side

For the Mount is high & large & wide

iiii Mountains there be, that I know well,

And wich they be, I shall thee tell,

That be in the waie to Rome

And mony Pilgrymez that waie come

The next Mount is Mount Bernard

That waie is bothe long & hard

By Sarvoie the high waie is right

That is a mery country, & light

A nother Mount there is, the name

Godarde

And that is better than Mt. Bernard,

For there men passe the lake Luterne,

Toward Mt. Godard the waie to lerne,

And so to Belson & Millayne

And there ben Tuskennez, that money is tayn

Another Mount meste conyn waie

Is through Almayn, as I wyn saie

The Marchandez waie, men calle hit so

Out of England to Rome, who will go—

Now to Cynerz I will torne again

And tell forthe my journey that I have tayn

To Hospitale St. Antony

And so to Pynnerole that cite free

And so forth to Mt. Rigall

Then groeth wyn tribian in that vale

And from thennez to Savoune

And so to Jenne that royal toun

By the river Jenne schalt thou passe.

There groeth the vernage upon high

And the Blaffard is there gud money

Then schalt thou go to Genoa

*so take
victuals with
you*



*Another most
common way
is through
Almayn*

*There groweth
the vine on
high*

And to Saray an that cite also
 And then to Pisa that faire Cite
 And so to Florence a noubull Universite
 (From thennez to Sene that silver is gud)
 And there to chaunge it thee be hoved
 And so then forthe to St. Clerico
 And after to Rede Coser schalt thou go
 After that next to Aquapendant
 And right to Bolsen lest thou be schent.
 From thence even to Mt. Flaskon
 And so to Viteherbe that faire toun

*Turn right to
 Bolsen lest
 thou be
 broken*



And thenne to Castell St. Laurence
 And so to Souterez in Lence
 From thence to Castell Susanne
 And so to ROME that blessed toun.

* * *

Then to Port Jaaf when we came
 There was mony a blythe mane
 And thanked God of his faire sonde
 That brought us save unto that
 land—

And from Jaaf we went to Jerusalem
 And that waie tornet home agayne.

*He returns by Rodez, Venice, Padua,
 Veron—Bun, Coleyn, Acon.*

And so from Mechelyn to Gaunt
 Into Flaundez must thou haunt
 And so to Burgez that faire toun
 And thenn to Newport most thou gon
 And after that to Denkerke
 And so to Gravenyng most thou lirke.
 And to Calys a toun full free.
 Thus at the Sea-side we bee
 And ; for it is the comyn waie
 From England to Rome, I will not saie
 Ne tales make of her governaunce
 For to all pilgrymes hit is no stance

Then praie me to the Lord of Myghtes most
That brought this Pilgryme to Engelonds coast
And when we out of this world schull wend
The joye of Heven he us send
That is my praior ; & shall be aie
We may be saved at Domesdaie
And so to his blis he us bringe
Jesu that is hevens King
And secur thereof to me maie be
Saie alle amen for charite

*Then praise
the Lord, that
brought this
Pilgrim to
England's
coast*

WHERE JUDAS GOES FOR THE WEEK-END

So the wind to the North it turned, and drove them
Southward to
A bare lone rock in the sea, that the sea did over go.
And over that rock the waves they washed, and anon
that rock was bare

*On a bare
lone rock the
Ghost they
see*

And so they commen that rock anigh, and a Ghost they
be aware—
Him they saw on a rock sitting, when the sea down
washed away
A wretched Ghost, naked and bare, in strange array.

Above him was a cloth y tied, with tway long tongues
faste
To his chin tied, the other end, the wind did widé cast
And ever again the water updrove and that cloth that
hung on high
Beat again as the wind it blew, that wretched Ghost in
the eyes
And the waves of the sea beat him also, before and behind
A grimmer Ghost than that he was, ne might no man
find.

*This was the
cloth that
wrapped the
guilty pence*

St. Brendan he bid him in Dear Godes name, to tell him
what he were ? \

And what he had on Oure Lord misdome, and why he
set him there ?

*The Ghost's
tale*

“ I am,” he said, “ a doleful Ghost, I am the wretched
Judas

That his Lord for pennies sold, when on earth he was
This is not my rightful place, but Our Lord doeth me this
grace

To say my prayres here a little space.

For no goodness that I did do, but for our Lords goodness
so.

I have not so much to bear, but that I deserved more.

Deep in the burning Hell as each of you would say,
My right it is to burn, both night and day.

But on every Sunday, and from Saturdays eve

To the even time Sunday, here I am let to be

And at Mid winter also, till the twelve days be done

And from the beginning of Easter, till Whitson.

And also on our Lady's feasts, so full of grace she is

*' All other
time—in Hell
I am I wis '*

At all other time—in Hell I am I wis.

With Pilatus and Heorondus and also with Cayphas

Acursed be the time, that I y born was.”

*You will be glad to hear that St. Brendon stayed with him till the devils came to fetch
him back on Sunday night and begged him a day off. Fellow travellers—love one
another.*

TRUTH

FLEE from the press—& dwell with sothfastnesse

Suffice unto thy good though it be small

For hoard hath hate & climbing tikelnesse

Press hath envy & wele blent overall.

Savour no more than thee behove shall

Work well thyself that other folk canst rede

And truth shall deliver—it is no dread.

*insecurity—
ticklish work
Popularity
hath envy &
wealth blinds
all. Desire in
reason*

What thee is sent, receive in buxumnesse
 The wrestling for this world asketh a fall,
 Here is no home, here is but wilderness ;
 Forth, pilgrim, forth ! Forth beast out of thy stall
 Know thy country, look up, thank God of all,
 Hold the high way & let thy ghost thee lead,
 And truth shall deliver—it is no dread.

Therefore thou vache, leave thine old wretchedness
 Unto the world ; leave now to be in thrall
 Crye him mercy, that of his high goodness
 Made thee of nought ; & in especial
 Draw to him & pray in general
 For thee & eke for other, heavenly mede
 And truth shall deliver, it is no dread.

*Welcome
 what is sent.*

*Go the open
 direct way &
 let your
 spirit lead you*

*in bondage
 Ask the mercy
 of God for
 yourself &
 the help of
 heaven for all*



PART FIVE

OF DOCTORS AND SCIENCE

OUT of olde felde, as men seith
Cometh all this new corn from year to year
And out of olde bokes, in good faith
Cometh all this newe science that men lere.

THE DOCTOR

“IF you have operated conscientiously on the rich for a proper fee, and on the poor for charity, you need not play the monk nor make pilgrimages for your soul.”

Henry de Mondeville

THEN consider thou shortly hereof, that a physician *The good physician* visiteth oft the houses and countries of sick men. And seeketh and searcheth the causes and circumstances of the sickness, and arrayeth and bringeth with him divers and contrary medicines. And he refuseth not to grope and handle, and to wipe and cleanse wounds of sick men. And he behoueth to all men hope and trust of recovering of health; and that he will softly burn that which shall be burnt, and cut that which shall be cut. And lest the whole part should corrupt, he spareth not to burn and to cut off the part that is rotted, and if a part in the right side acheth, he spareth not to smite in the left side. A good leech leaveth not cutting or burning for weeping of the patient. And he hideth and covereth the bitterness of the medicine with some manner of sweetness. He drinketh and tasteth of the medicine, though it be *he drinketh and and tasteth of his own medicine* bitter, that it be not against the sick man's heart, and refraineth the sick man of meat and drink; and letteth him have his own will, of he whose health is neither hope nor trust of recovering.

“JE l'ai pansey, Dieu le guerit.”

Ambroise Paré

JOHN ARDERNNE, ENGLISH SURGEON

The first duty

FIRST. It behoueveth him that will profit of this craft, that he set God, before him evermore, in all his work, and ever more call meekly with heart and mouth for his help, and give after his might unto the poor, that they may by their prayres get him grace of understanding the Holy Ghost.

And that he be not unfoundedly daring or boastful in his sayings or his deeds and abstain himself from much speech, specially to any great men, and answer him sleightly the things asked, that he may not be taken in his words. Forsooth, if his deeds be oftime known to discord from his words and promise, he shall be known unworthy, and he shall blemish his own good Fame. Wherefore :

'Let work overcome words'

Vincat opus verbum minuit
iactantia famam.

"Lat werke overcome the worde, for boste lesseneth gode." Also a leche must not much of laughter and playing, and as much as he may without harm, fly he the fellowship of knaves, and vulgar people, and be he evermore occupied in things that behouveneth to his craft, whether read he, study he, write he, or pray he,—for the exercise of books worshippeth a leche. . . . FOR WHY? he shall both be beholden and he shall be more wise. And above all this it profiteth him that he be found evermore sober, for drunkenness destroyeth all virtue and bringeth it to nought.

Be content in strange places with the meats and drinks therein found, using measure in all things.



SCORN he no man. He that scorneth another man shall *Scorn no man* not go away unscorned. If there be made speach to him of any other leche, neither set he him at nought, nor praise him to much, nor over commend him ; but thus may be courteously answer : " I have not verrified my knowledge of him (non habeo de eo veram notitiam) but I have learned not, nor have I heard that of him but be good and honest." And of this shall honor and thankings of each party encrease and multiply to him. Consider not overboldly the ladies nor the daughters or other fair women in great men's houses, nor proffer too much to kiss nor touch them. In as much as he may, grieve he no servant, but win he their love and good will ; abstain he from harloterie, as well in words as deeds, in every place, for if he use him to harlotery in privy places, some time in open places there may fall to him the unworship of evil usage.



When the sick man (forsooth or any man) come to the lech to ask help or counsell, of him be he not over proud nor over homely, but in bearing accorded to the asker, to some reverently, to some commonly, for *simply (?)* in wise men overmuch homeliness breedeth dispising.

Also it is expedient that he have seemly excuses if he may not incline to their asking, without harm or indignation of some great man or friend.

If he will favour any man's asking make he covenant for his work and take it before hand ; but advise the leche well that he give no certain answer in any case, but that he see first the sickness and the manner of it, and when he hath seen and assayed it and it seemeth to him that the sick may be healed, (nevertheless he shall make prognostication to the Patient the perils to come if the cure be deferred) and when he sees the patient persue bisily the cure, then, according to the means of that patient, ask he boldly more or less ; but ever let him beware of scarce

*Make covenant
before taking
over a case*

asking, for over-scarse asking setteth at nought both the market and the thing.

*The proper
fee from a rich
and worthy
man*

Therefore for the cure of fistulae in ano, when it is curable, ask he confidently of a worthy man and a great 100 Marks with robes and fees.

Of less men 40 Marks ask he without fees ; and take he not less than 100 shillings, for never in all my life have I taken less than 100 shillings for the cure of that sickness. Never-the-less do another man as him think speedfull.*

And if the patient or their friends or servants ask by how much time he hopeth to heal it, evermore let the lech be heed that he double the time he supposeth to speed, by half ; for it is better that the term of treatment be lengthened, than the cure, for prolongation of the cure despaireth the patient, when trust in his leche is his most hope of health, and if (afterwards) the patient consider or wonder and ask why that he told him so long a time for healing, when he cured him by the half of it, answer he that it was because the patient was strong-hearted and suffered well sharp things, and that he was of good complexion and had able flesh to heal ; and give other causes pleasurable to the patient, for patients of such words are proud and delighted. Also dispose a leche that his clothes and other apparalyng be honest, not liking himself in apparel or bearing to minstralsy, but shewing he in the manner of clerks. FOR WHY ? it beseemeth any descrete man clad in clerks clothing to occupy gentlemen's boards.

*Be neither in
apparel or
bearing like to
a minstrall*

Have the leche also clean hands and well shapen nails, cleaned from all blackness and filth ; and be he courteous at Lords' boards, and displeasant not by word or deed to the guest's sitting by.

Hear he many things but speak he few.

And when he shall speak, be his words short and as much as he may fair and reasonable, and without swearing.

Be not false

Beware there be never found a double word in his mouth, for if he be found true in his words, few shall doubt in his deeds.

* A more remarkable sentence in those disputant days than now.

Learn also a young clerk good proverbs appertaining to his craft and comforting to his patients. Ever let him comfort his patients in their hurts that they be of great heart, for a great heart maketh a man great and strong to suffer sharp things and grievous . . . he that is faint hearted is most out of the way of curation. He may never be in rest of body that is out of rest of soul. I have seen but few faint hearted healed of any sickness.

*Keep a good
courageous
heart*

Also it speedeth that a leche can talk of good tales and honest, that he can make patients laugh and other things of which it is most charge to make or induce a light heart in a sick man. Discover never the leche the counsel of his patients, so well of men as of women.

*Be cheerful
and truthful*

And set not one to another at nought, for if a man see thee heed well another man's counsel, he will trust better in thee, and many things, forsooth, ought to be kept by a leche as well as these aforesaid.

*Keep
confidences
secure*

But it is no doubt that if the aforesaid BE well kept I believe that they shall give a gracious going to the user and the hight of worship.

and prosper

PNEUMONIA

SIMPLE pneumonia—white pneumonia and black.

phthisis

This last is marked by a pain below the heart, under the armpits, and on the top of the shoulders.

A wounded lung is the physicians third difficulty—for he can't cure it but must await the will of God.

AN OPERATION

A HARD vesicle calculus is thus extracted by operation. Take a staff and place it in the bend of the knees then fix both arms within the knees bending them over the staff and securing both wrists with a fillet over the nape of the neck.

*Secure both
wrists with
a tie*

*The
dressing*

The patient being placed on his back, stomach up, and the calculus cut for on the left side of the urethra, let him be put into a water bath that same day and also the day following ; and after this he should be removed to his bed and the wound dressed with flax and salt butter.

He should be kept at the same heat till it be known if he will do well.

He should be kept without food and drink for a day and a night previous to the operation, and should have a bath.

AN ELECTUARIE

*Not without
very learned
counsel*

AN Electuarie to provoke sleep in dismembering any part, but not without learned counsell.

Rec. Decoctionis lactucae et portulacae vehementer expressae ounce 2, Sirupi papaueris, ounce 1 Diarmargifugid drag 2 Diaspermatum scrup 2. Lem papaueris albi drag 2, croci, drag, femis, Opij, scrup 4. Hiosciama scrup 2 Quatum fem frigidorum majorum ana scrup 1 succi glicerizae, ounce. femis, Gummi arabici, galangae, dragaganti ana, drag 1 Ansilt, drag 3, Saccharum femul, cum decoctione et sirupo ebulliat ad electuary consistenliam, vel altiore potius formam, tunc caetera addantur subtiliter puluerizata et in fine crocus mel at opium sic diu agitando, Fiat dosis scrup 1.

PANEL DOCTORS

*Collected from
various sources*

THE Doctor should have his land free and his horse always ready.

He is to have his linen clothing from the Queen and his woollen clothing from the King. His seat in the hall of the Palace is beside the King, at the base of the pillar to which the royal screen is attached (thus he will sit in the same draught and come in for the same witchcraft).

He shall lodge with the chief of the household ; his protection is from the time the King commands him to visit a wounded man or sick person until his return and he must attend them whether within the Palace or without. He is to administer medicine free, charging nothing to all within the Palace, and take nothing save the bloody clothes.

*They were
important in
witchcraft*

He is to be paid however, for any one of the three dangerous wounds : 1, a stroke on the head into the brain, 2, a stroke onto the body into the bowels, 3, breaking one of the four limbs. For any one of these, he may claim a pound without food, or nine score pence with his keep.

The Doctor must take indemnification from the kindred of the wounded person in case he die from the remedy. If he does not do this he is answerable for his deed.

*A safeguard
against the
patient's
death*

The Doctor must accompany armies.

The Doctor must never leave the Palace without the King's permission.

The Doctor may take any horse to go to a sick person without being called upon to make amends. And anyone may take another's horse to fetch the Doctor, if necessary, upon the same terms.

The Doctor was paid by the job, and as a broken skull was the most common complaint, trepanning operations are specially noted. For every broken piece of bone pulled out, two-pence.

If there be a dispute as to whether it is large enough to be paid for, let the Doctor put a brass basin upon the floor ; let him put his elbow upon the ground with his hand above the basin and throw the piece of bone into it. If the fall of the broken bone can be heard by people standing up, let the price be paid : if not heard, nothing is due.

*A method of
checking the
doctor's bill*

Many large establishments arranged for a resident doctor ; somewhat on the early Chinese principle of payment while well and beatings if sick.

LEPROSY

*The signs
and tokens of
this evil*

UNIVERSALLY this evil hath much tokens and signs. In them the flesh is notably corrupt, the shape is changed. the eyen become round, the eyelids are revelled, the sight sparkleth, the nostrils are straited and revelled and shrunk, The voice is hoarse, swelling groweth in the body, and many small botches and welks hard and round, in the legs and in the utter parts; feeling is somedeal taken away. The nails are boystous and bunchy, the fingers shrink and crook, the breath is corrupt, and oft whole men are infected with the stench thereof. The flesh and skin is fatty, insomuch that they may throw water thereon, and it is not the more wet, but the water slides off, as it were off a wet hide.

A BATH IN LEPROSY

REC Fumariae lapathi acuti, scabrosae camomillae meliloti, slaphidisagriae finapis, piperis logi, nucis muscatae sulphuris nitri aloë sauripigmenti ana, q. f. Boyle them in water and vinegar sufficient.

A HEALING CALENDAR*

JANUARY	Don't bleed and drink wine fasting.
February	Bleed from thumb of left hand.
March	Don't bleed much nor take emetics (at this season they generate cold within).
April	Bleed and eat fresh meat.
May	Do not eat sheep's head or trotters, but eat hart's tongue, and take gentle emetics.
June	Take a cup full of cold water fasting daily. Drink warm milk and eat lettuce.

* Probably some French doctor's notes sent over for use of the French Queen Isabella of England.

July	Avoid impurity.
August	Use soups and vegetables, and avoid ale and mead.
September	Take 3 draughts of milk first thing in the morning daily. You may, after this, take what you wish for. Fruit and vegetables are then ripe, but bread apt to be mouldy.
October	Use new wine and eat minnows.
November	Avoid butter, as the blood of all men has the tendency to coagulation which is dangerous.
December	Do not drink too much soup or eat red cabbage in your broth.

FROM CATWG THE WISE

LET a man play till 20, labour till 40, and rest to the end of his days. Let him eat when hungry, drink when thirsty, and rest when tired out. Let him have one wife and a clean conscience. Let him be meditative in the morning, industrious at noon and social in the evening. Let his disposition be affectionate, his genius lively, and friends numerous. Let him keep the law of his country, the rule of his calling, and the commandments of his God. Thereby his body will be healthy, his mind easy, and his soul pure. His life long, his end bliss, and his God will love him.

*A brief guide
to a long life*

TRYST

BE Lawfull—To every man committing
His Trust to you in any submitting.
Keep faith—each man's trust fullfilling ;
Ye do please Goddes faith in so doing.

HELPFUL HINTS

THREE Bones that will never unite, and neither exists when a man is born.

A tooth, a kneepan, and the fontenelle.



To silence a cock :

Anoint his crest with oil and he will not crow.

If a man's liver adhere to his ribs :

Eat river star tips at daybreak.

To calm irritability of mind : Drink the juice of celery frequently.

Saffron will produce joy.

For paralysis :

Rub your whole body with oil once a day and scrub it well, and anoint it with honey, scrubbing well. Rub the body roundly, then go to bed and cover up well till you sweat.

When the sweat has ceased go to the seaside ; this plan with God's help will cure you.

If thou desirest to die eat Cabbage in August.

One egg is economy, two is gentility,

Three is greediness, four is wastefulness.

A dry cough is the trumpet of death.

Drink water like an ox and wine like a king.

Quench thy thirst when the washerwomen go for water.

An interesting side-light on some of the early Annunciation pictures was the belief that if you offered a pregnant woman a white lily or a rose and she chose the lily, her child was a boy ; if the rose, a girl.



THREE Men that are long and well lived :

The Ploughman on dry land ;

The Mountain dairy man ;

The Fisher of the sea.

Three best Medicines—Water, honey, labour.

To sleep much is the health of youth and the sickness of old age.

*Three men
that are long
and well lived*

CONCUSSION

To know whether a man who has been severely beaten will recover or not.

Take Violets, bruise, and bind about his finger.

If he sleep he will live . . . if not he will die.

(You should take the precaution of ascertaining this before you interfere with the case.)

A VOICE IN THE MARKET-PLACE

THE Quack doctor: "Good people! I am not one of those poor herbalists in ill-sewn cloaks in front of churches! I will learn you the cure for worms. Is NO gentleman here going to ask from what worms come? Then I must tell you. They come from cooked-meals-and-from-wine-in-casks-and-bottles, and they GROW in the bodily heat and humours and mount towards your heart, and then you die of a malady called sudden death! Mark you well and GOD GUARD YOU! Take off your hoods—listen—look! (He shows the herb. Impressive silence.) Because the poor should be as well cured as the rich I will make you pennyworths, for many a one has a penny who lacks five pounds. Ho! ho! One penny sterling in London, in England, for good bread and wine for myself and hay and oats for my pack-horse. . . ."

*'I will learn
you the cure
for worms'*

IN CASE A MAN BE LUNATIC.

*Take the
skin of a
sea-pig*

TAKE the skin of a merswine or porpoise and work it into a whip, and swinge the man therewith ; soon he will be well—Amen.

A HEALING BATH

*for Alopecia
Gallica*

BATH for Alopecia Gallica—

Rec Radic et folior, helenii, lapathi acuti altee malue, scabrose, fumariae, lupili. rostri procine, agrimoniae buglossi violarum ana M.I. Lentium lupinorum horde P.2. All bruised. Elebori nigri triti, ounce 2, Sulphuris v ounce 1.

Boile them in sufficient quantities of water, wherein let the patient bath himself long before supper and sweat after it in his bed.

A BALME

*Against the
goute*

A BALME very convenient against the goute.

Rec. trebenthine lib iiii Masticis Mirrhæ Thuris, Appoponacis Laudani, ana drag x Malecorie ounce, femis. Caeræ flauæ ounce ii Segapeni, Ammoniæ ana, drag iii & femis. Melis crudi ounce i et femis Garrophilorum drag ii et femis.

Crocî sirupi ii aqua vitæ ounce vii Cerfæ ounce ii et femis Olei Laurini ounce ii et femis. Olei Lumbricorum et Rosacei ana ounce ii et femis. Vrinae Pueri ounce ii. Stir and distill them according to art.

TOOTHACHE

TOOTHACHE cometh from the vice of the stomache.

It biteth and pricketh and grieveth the sinues, and rots the teeth and breedeth their ache and stench.

Its cause and evils

And the ache is a grief of the head with swelling of the face and it dureth long with coming and going ; but it endureth 10 hours and more in coming ; and the teeth been broken and somedeal changed and turned in colour—and become citrone and green and black.

And all this evil cometh out of the stomache to the strings of the teeth.

And worms breed in the teeth and then there be waggling and moving and dropping of the teeth and sorrowful passions of the throat and vile humours.

Vile humours

The teeth and gums should be 'froted' with warm vinegar and with water of roses and cleansed with powdered mastic and with honie.

A CURE FOR TOOTHACHE

AT Mass—hold your teeth tight together and say "Os non comminuetis ex eo strigiles falcesq: dentatae dentum dolorem persanate!"

(O horsecornes and strickles that have so many teeth ; come and cure me of my toothache !)



MANDRAKE

*How to
know it*

WHEN thou comest upon it—thou understandest it for it shineth at night like a lamp.

to secure it

When thou first seest its head—at once inscribe it with iron—lest it fly from thee (its virtue is so famous that it will immediately fly from an unclean man), then delve for it earnestly with an ivory staff, and when thou seest its hands and its feet tie them up, then take the other end and tie it to a dog's neck—and the hound must be hungry—and cast meat before him so that he reaches for it and jerks the mandrake up with him.

*to extract its
virtue*

And as soon as it be jerked up take it immediately and twist it and wring its ooze into a glass, that when need come upon thee to help therewith any man—thou hast it.

ROSEMARY

*A useful
shrub*

PUT it under your head in bed, you will not be troubled by evil dreams, nor oppressed by anxiety of mind. Also, if you wear a fragment of this shrub no evil spirit can come near you nor any one with evil do you harm. A decoction will help the insane or one threatened with delirium.

WOODROOF

GOOD for the liver as a drink, and its juice is good for sore feet.

LILY OF THE VALLEY

FOR sore hands—pound it with old unsalted lard and a cup of old wine—beat it (warming it) to a plaister and lay it on.

SOUTHERNWOOD

SOUTHERNWOOD has great boughs with very small leaves as it were furnished with hair, and is of good odour and bitter to taste and is good for oppression of the breast and other things, and when on fire it disposes snakes to flight.

SORREL

SORREL and old swine lard and bread crumbs, all made into a poultice, removeth stiffness.

BLOOD

THE veins have that name for that they be the ways, conduits, and streams of the fleeting of the blood, and sheddeth it into all the body. And Constantine saith, that the veins spring out of the liver, as the arteries and wosen do out of the heart, and the sinews out of the brain. And veins are needful as vessels of the blood to bear and to bring blood from the liver, to feed and nourish the members of the body. Also needly, the veins are more tender and nesh in kind than sinews. Therefore that they be nigh to the liver may somewhat change the blood that cometh to them. And all the veins are made of one curtel, and not of two, as the arteries and wosen. For the arteries receive spirits, and they keep and save them. And the veins coming out of the liver, suck thereof, as it were of their own mother, feeding of blood, and dealeth and departeth that feeding to every member as it needeth. And so the veins spread into all parts of the body, and by a wonder wit of kind, they do service each to other. Also among other veins open and privy, there is a vein, and it is called Artery, which is needful in kind to bear and bring kindly heat from the heart to all the other mem-

*It disposes
snakes to
flight*

*'juice ways'
or 'oozers'*

*tender or soft
in the sense
of easily hurt*

*The inner skin
more sturdy
or rough than
the outer*

bers. And these arteries are made and composed of two small clothings or skins, called curtels, and they be like in shape, and divers in substance. The inner have wrinkles and folding overthwart, and their substance is hard, and more boystous than the utter be. And without they have wrinkles and folding in length : of whom the substance is hard for needfulness of moving, opening, and closing. For by opening, itself doth receive from the heart and that by the wrinklins and folding in length ; by closing, itself doth put out superfluous fumosity, which is done by wrinkling and folding the curtels overthwart and in breadth, in the which the spirit is drawn from the heart. Wherefore they be harder without than all the other veins, and that is needful lest they break lightly and soon. Also these veins spring out of the left hollowness of the heart. And twain of that side are called Pulsative, of which one that is the innermost hath a nesh skin, and this vein is needful to bring great quantity of blood and spirits to the lungs, and to receive in air, and to medley it with blood, to temper the ferventness of the blood. This vein entereth into the lungs and is departed there in many manner wises.

*A messenger
of health and
of sickness*

Also a vein is messenger of health and of sickness. For by the pulse of the arteries and disposition of the veins, physicians deem of the feebleness and strength of the heart.

THE FOUR ELEMENTS IN MAN

*Each living
man is of all
four elements*

A MAN hath of earth all his body, of water he has wet,
Of the air he hath breath and wind, of fire he hath heat.
Each quick man is of all these four—of some more or less.

stolid

Who so that's of the earth most ; he is slow as the ass
Of fade colour and hard hide—large form and dead
strong,
Of much thought and little speech—stille going and
wroth long.

Who so hath of water most he shall be fat also
 Of nesh ways (perhaps a cripple) great sleeper and slow *slothfull*
 to do,
 Sniveling nose and wet mouth and of wordes few.

Who so hath of air the most ; he is of good colour *airy*
 Fairly built and well looking and a great lechour *according to*
 Have he meat and drink enough he will careless soon *sex*
 Glad and blithe and onstable in all he hath to done.

Who so hath of fire most is sometimes small and red
 Or he is black with crispé hair, lean and sometimes bad
 Masterfull and of boast enough, hardy and ofté lie
 Swearing and of manly word and full of lecherie
 Proud and given to liking drink—and in wrath he's *brain*
 almost mad *storms*
 But hardy and light and stalwart and a worker well good.

Every one of these 4 elements entempriez the other I wis *tempers or*
 So that hardly in any man, any one all master is. *modifies*

THE SPIRIT

By moving and smiting together of the parts of the *The spirit is*
 heart, the spirit is more pured, and turned into a *purified in*
 more subtle kind. And then it is called of the *the heart*
 physicians the vital spirit : because that from the heart,
 by the wosen, and veins, and small ways, it spreadeth
 itself into all the limbs of the body, and increaseth the
 virtues spiritual, and ruleth and keepeth the works thereof.
 For out of a den of the left side of the heart cometh an
 artery vein, and in his moving is departed into two
 branches : the one thereof goeth downward, and spreadeth
 in many boughs, and sprays, by means of which the vital
 spirit is brought to give the life to all the nether limbs of
 the body. The other bough goeth upward, and is again
 departed in three branches. The right bough thereof
 goeth to the right arm, and the left bough to the left arm

*The vital
spirit is
spread into all
the body*

equally, and spreadeth in divers sprays. And so the vital spirit is spread into all the body and worketh in the artery veins the pulses of life. The middle bough extendeth itself to the brain, and other higher parts and giveth life, and spreadeth the vital spirit in all the parts about. The same spirit piercing and passing forth to the dens of the brain, is there more directed and made subtle, and is changed into the animal spirit, which is more subtle than the other.

THE BRAIN

*The workings
of the animal
spirit*

AND so this animal spirit is gendered in the foremost den of the brain, and is somewhat spread into the limbs of feeling. But yet nevertheless some part thereof abideth in the aforesaid dens, that common sense, the common wit, and the virtue imaginative may be made perfect. Then he passeth forth into the middle den that is called Logistic, to make the intellect and understanding perfect. And when he hath informed the intellect, then he passeth forth to the den of memory, and bearing with him the prints of likeness, which are made in those other dens, he layeth them up in the chamber of memory.

A LATER COMMENT

*by Reginald
Scott (1583)*

BUT I say both with the divines and philosophers that that which is imagined of witchcraft hath no truth in action—as being besides their imagination the which (for the MOST part) is occupied in false causes. For whosoever desireth to bring to pass an impossible thing hath a vain idle and childish persuasion led by an unsound mind. The will of a sound mind is the desire of a possible thing.

THUNDER

OF impressions that are gendered in the air of double vapour, the first is thunder, the which impression is gendered in watery substance of a cloud. For moving and shaking hither and thither of hot vapour and dry, that fleeth its contrary, is beset and constrained in every side, and smit into itself, and is thereby set on fire and on flame, and quencheth itself at last in the cloud, as Aristotle saith. When a storm of full strong winds cometh in to the clouds, and the whirling wind and the storm increaseth, and seeketh out passage : it cleaveth and breaketh the cloud, and falleth out with a great noise and strong, and all to breaketh the parts of the cloud, and so it cometh to the ears of men and of beasts with horrible and dreadful breaking and noise. And that is no wonder : for though a bladder be light, yet it maketh great noise and sound, if it be strongly blown, and afterward violently broken. And with the thunder cometh lightning, but lightning is sooner seen, for it is clear and bright ; and thunder cometh later to our ears, for the wit of sight is more subtle than the wit of hearing. As a man seeth sooner the stroke of a man that heweth a tree, then he heareth the noise of the stroke.

*The quenching
of fire in a
cloud*

*Why
lightning is
sooner seen*

‘ GROTHELEY ’

The noise that hot iron makes when plunged into water.

LIGHTNING, is a fire that shooteth through a cloud
And while it is in the water it grotheleth aloud
As if a man took a slab of iron glowing from the fire
And plunged it in the water—
It would grothel aloud that men might hear.

That is the thunder I wis, as like as anything
And the fire that scheot through, that is the lightning.

*What
thunder is*

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING

*The thunder
of the Lord*

WHEN our Lord throled death on earth,
and bound the Devil for Man
And went and broke Hells gates ;
with thunder there he came.

THEREFORE, ever afterwards
where'er the Devil be
Of Thunder he be so sore adread
that he knows not where to flee !
And the Devil that homes aloft,
and others as well as he
In strong fire they rush adown—
wonder swiftly—

*The lightning
of the Devil*

And it slays men on the way
as many after see
So much fire God him gives—
Thank Heaven ! it no worse be !

SIGHT

*What is
needful for
perfect sight*

THE sight is most simple, for it is fiery, and knoweth suddenly things that be full far. The sight is shapen in this manner. In the middle of the eye, that is, the black thereof, is a certain humour most pure and clear. The philosophers call it crystalloid, for it taketh suddenly divers forms and shapes of colours as crystal doth. The sight is a wit of perceiving and knowing of colours, figures, and shapes, and outer properties. Then to make the sight perfect, these things are needful, that is to wit, the cause efficient, the limb of the eye convenient to the thing that shall be seen, the air that bringeth the likeness to the eye, and taking heed, and easy moving. The cause efficient is that virtue that is called animal. The instrument and limb is the humour like crystal in either eye clear and round. It is clear that by the clearness thereof the eye may beshine the spirit, and

air ; it is round that it be stronger to withstand griefs.
 The outer thing helping to work, is the air, without which
 being a means, the sight may not be perfect. It needeth to
 take heed, for if the soul be occupied about other things
 than longeth to the sight, the sight is the less perfect.

SOUND

SOUN is noght but air y-broken
 And every speche that is spoken,
 Loud or privee, foul or fair,
 In his substaunce is but air ;
 For as flaumbe is but lighted smoke,
 Right so soun is air y-broke.
 But this may be in many wyse,
 Of which I wil thee two devyse,
 As soun that comth of pype or harpe.
 For when a pype is blowen sharpe,
 The air is twist with violence,
 And rent ; lo, this is my sentence ;
 Eek, whan men harpe-stringes smyte,
 Whether hit be moche or lyte,
 Lo, with the strook the air to-breketh ;
 Right so hit breketh whan men speketh.
 Thus wost thou wel what thing is speche.

*Is naught but
 air y-broken*

Now hennesforth I wol thee teche,
 How every speche, or noise or soun,
 Through his multiplicacioun,
 Thogh hit were pyped of a mouse,
 Moot nede come to Fames House.
 I preve hit thus—tak hede now—
 By experience ; for if that thou
 Throwe on water now a stoon,
 Wel wost thou, hit wol make anoon
 A litel roundel as a cercle,
 Paraventure brood as a covercle ;

*How it
 travels*

*broad as lid of
 a cup*

the third

*from small
round to large
round*

*In air as in
water*

And right anon thou shalt see weel,
That wheel wol cause another wheel,
And that the thridde, and so forth, brother,
Every cercle causing other,
Wyder than himselve was ;
And thus, fro roundel to compas,
Ech aboute other goinge
Caused of otheres steringe,
And multiplying evermo.
Til that hit be so fer y-go
That hit at bothe brinkes be.
Although thou mowe hit not y-see
Above, hit goth yet alway under,
Although thou thenke hit a gret wonder ;
(And who-so seith of trouthe I varie
Bid him proven the contrarie.)
And right thus every word, y-wis,
That loud or privee spoken is,
Moveth first an air aboute,
And of this moving, our of doute,
Another air anon is meved,
As I have of the water preved,
That every cercle causeth other.
Right so of air, my leve brother ;
Everich air in other stereth
More and more, and speche up bereth,
Or vois, or noise, or word, or soun,
Ay through multiplicacioun.

Chaucer

BLIND

*The most
wretched of
all the evils*

AMONG all the passions and evils of the wits of feeling, blindness is most wretched. For without any bond, blindness is a prison to the blind. And blindness beguileth the virtue imaginative in knowing ; for in deeming of white the blind deem it is black and

ayenward. It letteth the virtue of avisement in deeming.*
 For he deemeth and aviseth, and casteth to go eastward,
 and is beguiled in his doom, and goeth westward. And
 blindness overturneth the virtue of affection and desire.
 For if men proffer the blind a silver penny and a copper to
 choose the better, he desireth to choose the silver penny,
 but he chooseth the copper.

*Thinking
white is black
and vici versa*

The blind man's wretchedness is so much, that it maketh
 him not only subject to a child, or to a servant, for ruling
 and leading, but also to an hound. And the blind is oft
 brought to so great need, that to pass and scape the peril
 of a bridge or of a ford, he is compelled to trust in a hound
 more than to himself. Also oft in perils where all men
 doubt and dread, the blind man, for he seeth no peril, is
 secure. And in like wise there as is no peril, the blind
 dreadeth most. He spurneth oft in plain way, and
 stumbleth oft; there he should heave up his foot, he
 boweth it downward. And in like wise there as he should
 set his foot to the ground, he heaveth it upward. He
 putteth forth the hand all about groping and gasping, he
 seeketh all about his way with his hand and with his staff.
 Seldom he doth aught securely, well nigh always he
 doubteth and dreadeth. Also the blind man when he lieth
 or sitteth thereout, he weeneth that he is under covert; and
 oftentimes he thinketh himself hid when everybody seeth him.

*It maketh him
subject to a
hound*

*Always be
doubteth and
dreadeth*

COLOURS FOR THE ARTIST

First know those colours which have Bodies and those
 which have none.

Those which are earths and those saps.

Secondly have knowledge of grounds which are called
 after the colours of the four signs.

The 1st and 7th is of colour white, the 11th and 12th green,
 the 3rd and 2nd purple, and 4th and 10th red, the 5th
 and 9th tawney declining, the 5th and 8th black declining.

* *It hinders the quality of knowing in judgement.*

*The colours
of the moon
and planets*

SABLE—Saturn : black and darkness : which is shadow to set off every proportion.

VERT—Jupiter : green of all sorts.

GULES—Mars : red and all his mixtures.

OR—Sol : golde with all his fierie colours, yellows and their mixtures.

ARGENT—Venus : white colour and shadows.

SANGUINE—Mercury : all changeable colours bodiless as green upon gold.

UMBER—Luna : all pale metals and colours : the ground also silver.

Colours with bodies.

SABLE BLACK—of the fume of linseed oil gathered from a lamp : cole black of burnt ivory or sea cole.

*The colours
called earths*

Incke tempered with Indian is best on parchment.

GREEN BYZE—Whereof you shall have seldom good, the apothecaries be too cunning.

VERDIGREASE—This colour must be ground with juice of lemon flour : to have him very bright of himself, grind it with fasting spittle which will allay his softness, not a Grose lubberlye spittle but clear as the cristal from a sound whole body.

(Footnote added in 15th Century)

THE nature of Italians is to be curious and the Frenchman subtil, and therefore though their works be many times far worse than the Englishman they obtain a reward when the Englishman goeth without. THE DUTCHMAN for imagination and oil hath proved singular ; their shift is to be tedious and long suffering, so that their work thereby may seem chargeably laborious but the Englishman oft times marreth all and maketh nothing.

*This dates
the note as a
later addition*

FLAX

FLAX groweth in even stalks, and bears yellow flowers or blue, and after cometh hops, and therein is the seed, and when the hop beginneth to wax, then the flax is drawn up and gathered all whole, and is then lined, and afterwards made to knots and little bundles, and so laid in water, and lieth there long time. And then it is taken out of the water, and laid abroad till it be dried, and twined and wend in the sun, and then bound in pretty niches and bundles. And afterwards knocked, beaten, and brayed, and carfled, rodded and gnodded, ribbed and heckled, and at the last spun. Then the thread is sod and bleached, and bucked, and oft laid to drying, wetted and washed, and sprinkled with water until that it be white, after divers working and travail.

*How it is
treated*

Flax is needful to divers uses. For thereof is made clothing to wear, and sails to sail, and nets to fish and to hunt, and thread to sew, ropes to bind, and strings to shoot, bonds to bind, lines to mete and to measure, and sheets to rest in, and sacks, bags and purses, to put and to keep things in. And so none herb is so needful, to so many divers uses to mankind, as is the flax.

*And how it
is used*

CRYSTAL

CRYSTAL is a bright stone and clear, with watery colour. Men trowe that it is of snow or ice made hard in space of many years. This stone set in the sun taketh fire, in-
somuch if dry tow be put thereto, it setteth the tow on fire. That crystal materially is made of water, Gregory on Ezekiel i. saith: "Water," saith he, "is of itself fleeting, but by strength of cold it is turned and made stedfast crystal."

*A burning
glass*

MAGNET

*Its curious
properties*

A STONE of India, coloured as iron and draweth to itself iron in such wise that it maketh as it were a chain of iron rings. In certain temples is made an image of iron and it seemeth that image hangeth in the air. And there be mountains of such stone, and therefore they draw to them and break ships that be nailed with iron.

CORAL

*His might is
wonderful*

Is gendered in the Red Sea and is a tree as long as it is covered with water, but anon as it groweth out of the water and toucheth the air it turneth into stone. Witches tell that this stone withstandeth lightning and his might and virtue is wonderful.

IRON

*How it is
gendered*

THOUGH iron cometh of the earth, yet it is most hard and sad, and therefore with beating and smiting it suppresseth and dilateth all other metal, and maketh it stretch on length and on breadth. Iron is gendered of quicksilver thick and not clean, full of earthy holes, and of brimstone, great and boisterous and not pure. In composition of iron is more of the aforesaid brimstone than of quicksilver, and so for mastery of cold and dry and of earthy matter, iron is dry and cold and full well hard, and is compact together in its parts. And for iron hath less of airy and watery moisture than other metals: therefore it is hard to resolve and make it again to be nesh in fire. Use of iron is more needful to men in many things than use of gold: though covetous men love more gold than iron. Without iron the commonalty be not sure against enemies, without dread of iron the common right is not governed; with iron innocent men are

*Its many uses
to men*

defended : and foolhardiness of wicked men is chastised with dread of iron. And well nigh no handiwork is wrought without iron ; no field is eared without iron, *no corn is reaped* neither tilling craft used, nor building builded without iron. And therefore Isidore saith that iron hath its name FERRUM, for that thereby FARA, that is corn and seed, is tilled and sown. For, without iron, bread is not won of the earth, nor bread is not departed when it is ready without iron convenably to man's use.

THE PLANETS

ALL the planets move by double moving ; by their own kind moving out of the west into the east, against the moving of the firmament ; and by other moving out of the east into the west, and that by ravishing of the firmament. *Their movements* By violence of the firmament they are ravished every day out of the east into the west. And by their kindly moving, by the which they labour to move against the firmament, some of them fulfil their course in shorter time, and some in longer time.

And by entering and out passing of these seven stars into the twelve signs and out thereof everything that is bred and corrupt in this nether world is varied and disposed, and therefore in the philosopher's book Mesalath it is read in this manner : " The Highest made the world to the likeness of a sphere, and made the highest circle above it moveable in the earth, right and stedfast in the middle thereof ; not withdrawing toward the left side, nor toward the right side, and set the other elements moveable, and made them move by the moving of seven planets, and all other stars help the planets in their working and kind."

Every creature upon Earth hath a manner inclination by the moving of the planets, and destruction cometh by moving and working of planets. *Their working upon earth* The working of them varieth and is diverse by diversity of climates and countries.

WELLS

WELLS cometh of great waters and much-deal of the sea,
 Through veins all under the earth, that to the sea wending
 be,
 For there be as it were veins under the earth, many a one
 That leadeth out of the sea—and anon springeth a well
 therefrom.

FOR THE ABSENT-MINDED

O-BLIUIO Latin ; Greke Lithi ; In English obliviousness
 or forgetfulness.

A complaint

The cause of this impediment. This impediment doth
 come of reume or some ventosity or of some cold humor
 lying about the brain. It may come of solitudeness, or
 great study occupyenge the memory so much that it is
 fractured ; and the memory fractured there must needs then
 be obliviousness ; and it may come to young men and
 women when their mind is bryched.

Its remedy

Use confection of Anacardine and smell odiferous and
 redolent savours.

A medicine for Bryched * persones I do not know—except
 that it be Unguentum baculinum, i.e., take a stick of a
 yard length or more and annoint the back and shoulders
 well.

* BRYCHED—uncertain : given by some authorities as ' in love,' by others as ' birched '.
 We suspect a mediaeval pun. The whole of this extract is of later date, and its sophistica-
 tion contrasts with the earlier work.

TALKING ICE

IN the winter when the lake is frozen over, the surface of the water is converted into a shell of ice. It emits a horrible sound resembling the moans of many animals collected together. This may be occasioned by the sudden bursting of the shell or the gradual passing of the air through imperceptible channels. *An observation of Geraldus*

TO DOCTORS

WHO practised Medicynus with Godis grace
 To save men lyves in many a place ;
 Christ that made both Est and West
 Grant their soules in heven good reste.

PART SIX

OF BEASTS

BEASTS

I BOWED my body, beholding all about me,
Saw the sun and the sea and the sand on the shore.
Where birds and beasts with their mates wandered,
Wild serpents in the woods and wonderful birds,
Flecked with many a coloured feather.
And I saw all beasts following reason
In eating and in drinking and gendering their kind.
Man and his mate alone were reasonless.
Birds I beheld making nests in the bushes
I wondered from whom and where the Pie learnt
To lay the sticks that lie in her nest,
Hiding and covering that no fool should find.
In marshes, on moors, in mire and in water
Divers dived ; Dear God, said I, where gat these wild
things wit ?

BEASTS' CRIES

BEASTS be diverse in manner of voice and crying and some have strong voice and sharp and some feeble and low and some little voice or none and only beasts that have the wosen of voice and lungs and breath have voice.

*that bath the
tubes of voice*

But some breatheth not and maketh voice—and beasts that have voice make tunes and melodie and some chatter and sing and some in time of gendering of love know each other by their own voice and call and pray each other to love.

NOAH'S ARK

HIS was the name of Noe, as is well known,
He had three thriving sons, and they three wives,
Sem sothely the one, the other called Cam,
And the youngest Japeth, was gendered the third.
Now God in anger, to Noe He spake,
Wild wrathfull words, In his will resolved

truly

To the end of all live flesh, that on earth moves,
“ It is fallen forth from my face, and therefore will I end,
Both Lords and lands, and all that life liveth,
But make thee a mansion, after my will,
A coffer enclosed, of trees cannily planned,
Work homes within, for the wild and the tame,
Then enclose it with clay, comely within.
And all the denteings, dry daube them without.

*Daub dry
the crevices*

“ And thus of length and of large, that home thou shalt
make,

Three hundred of cubits, thou hold for the length
And of fifty fair, outer thou formest the bredth,
And look that thy ark, have height thirty full
And a window wide open, wrought up a loft,

In the compass of a cubit, kindly square
And a close deep doør down on the side.

*The flood is
foretold*

“ Have halls therein, and houses full many,
Both bushes and bowers—and well planed pens,
For I wake up a water, to wash all the world,
And quell all that is quick, with flowing floods,
All that glides or goes, or dost life have.
I will wash with my wroth, all that moves on earth,
But my word with thee, I fasten in this wise,
Thou in reason hast reigned, and righteous been ever,
Thou shall enter this ark, with thy able bairns,
Thy wedded wife, with thee thou take,
And the mates of thy sons, thus making eight,
I shall save so many souls, and shall loose all others.

*A kind
thought*

“ Of all beasts that bear life, catch ye a couple,
Of clean comely kinds, enclose ye seven,
But of each befoul, in ark be but one pair,
So, save me the seed, of all sorts and kinds.
(And mate thou to the males, the meet women beasts,
All pair by pair, to please the other one)
With all food that may be found, freight thou thy coffer,
For the thriving of thyself, and also of these others.”

thy coffer

Full gravely goes this good man, to do God’s behests,
In dread and in danger, that dare do no other.
When it was finished, and filled to the full
Then with the Lord gravely ; he had these words,
“ Now Noe,” quoth our Lord “ art thou all ready ?
Hast thou closed thy kist ? with clay all about ? ”
“ Yea Lord, with thy leave,” said the man simply,
“ All is wrought at thy word, as thou the order gave.”



“ Enter in then,” quoth He “ and have thy wife with thee
 Thy three sons with thee, and their three wives with them
 Beasts as I have bidden ; busk thou in their stalls,
 And when all are stowed straight, stay you therein.
 For from seven days there from, shall I send from above,
 A roaring rage of storm and rain,
 That shall wash all this world that works so foully
 Shall no flesh upon fold be founden alive
 Save only thou, and thy ark safe stowed
 I have said I will save thee ; thee, and thy beasts.”

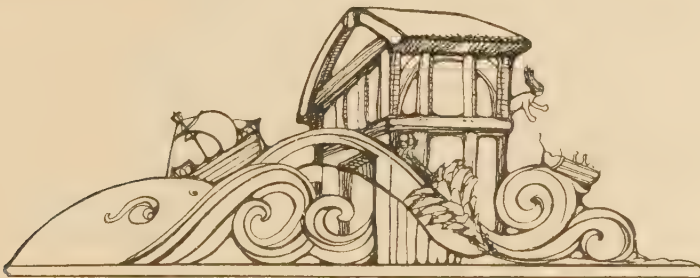
*Take into
 their stalls*

Now Noe never stayed, that night he began,
 And all he stowed and fastned, as the Voice would,
 Till there came the seveneth day, when gathered in they be,
 All were gone in ; the tame and the free.

Then boiled the abysses, and the banks be broken,
 Welled the waters from the well-heads in full wild stream
 There was no sea, that abode unburst below,
 The great roaring deep, aloft uprose,
 Slow clustered clouds, swept down all covering,
 Torrents and rain rift, rushed to the earth,
 Ceased it never in forty days. Then the Flood overcame,
 Over flowing all the woods and the wild fields
 And all that death must grieve were drowned therein.
 There was no moaning ; none for to make moan,
 For nought dwelled but death within that deep.

*Then boiled
 the waters
 under the
 earth*

But, while upwashed the watery wilderness,
 It hurled itself into houses, hissing past the doors,
 First took to flight, all that fly might,
 Women with their bairns, born upon their breasts,



*Bottom of a
valley—
word in use
to-day in
South-east
England*

Hastely to the high hills, they hie them fast,
But all was needless, for never would stop,
The rough roaring rain, and the raging water,
Each bottom brimmed full to its broken banks,
Each dale was so deep, that its banks brimmed over,
To the topmost mountains and moors came the water,
And there-on flocked the folk, for fear of the flood,
Wildly with a loud roar, all roared for dread,
Hares and harts also, and the hinds running,
Bucks, bears and bulls, to the banks hied,
And all cried for care, to the king of heaven,
For the Mercy of their creator ! they cried each one.

What amounted their mass ? the mass of his mercy was
passed
And all his pity gone from a people he hated.
By the flood over his feet flowing,
Each one saw his own undoing.

Friends, in fear, hold fast together, hoping
To defy their dread destiny, and die together.
Love looks to love, their leaves taking,
To end all together, to be with each other.

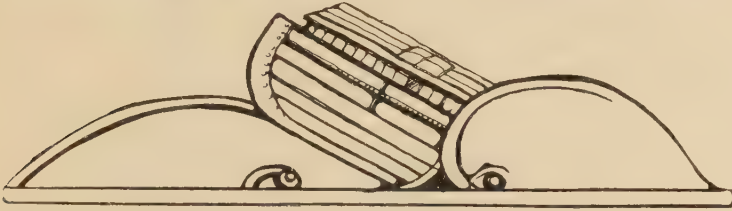
*After forty
days*

By forty days were past, on fold no flesh stirred,
Only the flood flowing, with foaming fighting waters,
Washing in waves, fifteen cubits high,
Above the highest hill, that had ever been on earth.
And sodden in the mud most sorrowful,
All that in which the spirit had stirred, rotted away.

Only Noe, happy under hatch, and his strange stowage
Noe that ever knew the name of our Lord,
Him that go'd in the ark as good God liked.

They are all lodged at home, locked in and dry
But their ark home, awhile aloft was hurled high
Or wallowed in the wild waves, wearing as it list,
Driven drifting upon that deep dam in danger,
Withouten mast, nor make, nor merry bowline,
Cable nor capstan, to clippe her to her anchors,

Nor oar, nor hand helm, nor hooked on rudder,
 Nor any swinging sail, to search after haven,
 Floating free, under the force of the fierce winds
 Witherward as the water waft it went wallowing,
 Often it rolled round, and often it reared on end,
 If the Lord had not been their lodesman, ill had they fared ! *navigator—
 by lodestar*



When the Lord of Life was ready
 For to bear in his mind the men he had aided
 Then he waked up a wind on the waters to blow
 Then he locked up the lakes, and stopped up the wells,
 Bid begone to the rain, it abated as soon,
 As sank the great sea, the abyss locked together,

Then, as the lifted land lay upwards,
 Where the wind and weather warped it,
 The ark upon a soft day, settled to the ground,
 By a raised up rock, rested it at last,
 On the mount of Marrach, on the Armerne hills
 Waft Noe his window wide, and wised thereout ;
 Sought the service of his servants, the earth to seek,
 Remembered he the raven, (rank rebel Raven !
 O Coloured as a coal ! O crow untrue !)
 Flaps he into flight, fanning on the wind,
 High is he upon his heart, to hearken tidings !
 Croaks he for comfort, for carrion he finds,
 For cast upon the cliffs the rotting corpses lay.
 He smelt the stench, and sought them,
 Fell upon the foul flesh, filling full his belly,
 Full soon, slips yesterday's strife and storm,
 Forgotten his captain's charges, left in the coffer,
 The raven recking forth, recks he very little
 How all others fare, if he findeth meat !

*Noe enquires
 thereout*

*Noe sends
out the dove*

But the man abiding within, Noe who abode his coming,
Blamed he him full bitterly ; and all beastes samen.

Noe searched another sending man, and sent out the dove,
“ Bring back word, Bright Bird ! Bird blessed and
beloved !

Wend wide o’er the wilderness, wonders to seek
Drift o’er this dim water, if thou dry findest ;
Bring bode-word back aboard ; to bless us all,
Though one foul be false ; beautiful be thou ” ;

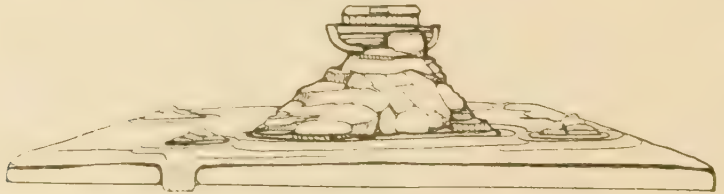
She wheeled out of the window, on her wings so wide,
But drearily all day, she never dared alight,
For she found no field, no foothold for to perch,
So she cast about, and came the coffer for to search,
And searched she till eventide, then on the ark she settles,
And Noe, takes her in, and stows her away.

*Again the
dove drives
forth*

Noe another day, drove forth the dove,
Bids her bear o’er the bourne, the banks to search.
And she skirled under the sky, and scouted aboute,
Till it was nightfall, and Noe waiting for her,
Over the ark in the twilight, hovered the dove,
In the doorway Noe stood, silently waiting,
O ! she brought in her beak, a branch of olive !
Graciously up-grown, all with greene leaves
So was the sign of safety, sent them by our Lord,
The peace between himself, and the happy beasts.

Then was joy in that trap, where before was sorrow,
Much comfort in that coffer, that was clay covered,
Merrily on a fair morn, month the first,
That foremost falls in the year, that was the first day !
Ho ! hatches opened in that home ! people peering out !
How the waters were a-went ! where the world was dried !

*The world is
dried*



Each one loved our Lord . . . but lodged they tight—
Till they had tidings ta'en, from He who tied them in !

Then God gave to them the good, that gladdened them
all,

Bid them draw the door ; deliver them he would,
Then went they to their wicket, and opened it wide,
Noe the man ; and all his bairns, came they bursting out ! *They leave
the ark*
He and his wife together first
Then the tight pressed pack.

First Noe of each honest beast chose out an odd,
And heaved up an altar, and hallowed it fair,
And set a sacrifice thereon, one of each kind,
That was comely and clean (God cares for none other)
When brightly burned those beasts, and the breath arose,
In the savour of sacrifice, (sweet to him ever
Who all speeds or spoils), then He spake with them,
All in comely comfort, full kind and courteous words.

“ Now Noe, no more, need I now curse,
All the mighty powerful Mould, for no man's sin,” *the mighty
powerful
Earth*

Then he blessed each beast and gave them his word
And their purpose he ordained, and they went to their
wilds

Each fowl took to flight, that had feather to plume,
Each fish took to flood, that a fin could use,
Each beast to the bents, that bites on herbs, *Each beast to
the grasses*

Wild worms went home, wriggling into earth,
The foxes and the pole-cats, took to the woods,
Harts to the high hills, Hares to the gorse,
Lions and leopard, lope off to the lakes,
Hérons and hawks, hike it to the rocks,
The whole-footed fowl, on the floods floated off
O,—every beast began to do as he best liked
And the four Freres of man's fold peopled the world. *webbed-footed
All go free
and people the
world*

BIRDS

*scarcely was
there space to
stand*

*the falcon that
rides on the
king's hand*

*the tame
redbreast*

boldeth

ON every bough the briddes herde I singe,
 With voys of aungel in hir armonye,
 That erthe and see, and tree, and every lake
 So ful was, that unnethe was ther space
 For me to stonde, so ful was al the place.
 Ther mighte men the royal egle finde,
 That with his sharpe look perceth the sonne ;
 And other egles of a lower kinde,
 Of which that clerkes wel devysen conne.
 Ther was the tyraunt with his fethres donne
 And greye, I mene the goshawk, that doth pyne
 To briddes for his outrageous ravynè.
 The gentil faucon, that with his feet distreyneth
 The kinges hond ; the hardy sperhawk eke,
 The quayles foo ; the merlin that peyneth
 Him-self ful ofte, the larke for to ske ;
 Ther was the douve, with hir eyen meke ;
 The jalous swan ayens his deth that singeth ;
 The oule eek, that of deth the bode bringeth ;
 The crane the geaunt, with his trompes soun ;
 The theef, the chogh ; and eek the jangling pye ;
 The scorning jay ; the eles foo, the heroune ;
 The false lapwing, ful of trecherye ;
 The stare, that the counseyl can bewrye ;
 The tame ruddok ; and the coward kyte ;
 The cok, that orloge is of thorpes lyte ;
 The sparrow, Venus sone ; the nightingale,
 That clepeth forth the fresshe leves newe ;
 The swallow, mordrer of the flyes smale
 That maken hony of floures fresshe of hewe ;
 The wedded turtel, with hir herte trewe ;
 The pecok, with his aungel fethres brighte ;
 The fesaunt, scorner of the cok by nighte ;
 The waker goos ; the cuckow ever unkinde ;
 The popinjay, ful of delicasye ;

The drake, stroyer of his owne kinde ;
 The stork, the worker of avouterye ;
 The hote cormeraunt of glotonye ;
 The raven wys, the crow with vois of care ;
 The throstel olde ; the frosty feldefare.

*The stork,
 the worker
 of adultery*

Gower wrote of the birds at Mass :

“ Celi enarrant ” cried the Parrot.

“ Venite ” [*The Eagle*].

“ Te deum ; Te deum ; amoris ” sang the thrustell Cock.

“ Domine Dominus noster ” [*The Falcon*].

“ Tu autem ” sang he all apart [*The Turtill Dove*].

“ Laudate ! ” sang the Lark with voice full shrill.

Amorously he sprang up. “ Hail to the flowers, red, & white, & blue,
 which by their Virtue make our lusts new ! ” [*The Robin*].

The Cokkow gan procede anon “ Bene dictus ; Bene dictus ”.

MAGPIE

IF you wish to loose chains go into a wood and look for a Pie's nest and climb up the tree and bind up the hole of her nest with anything you please, because when the Pie sees you it goes and fetches a certain herb which it puts to your bond and forthwith the bond is broken and the herb falls to the ground and do you be handy and take it.

*To break or
 undo chains*

PHOENIX

PHŒNIX is a bird, and there is but one of that kind in all the wide world. Therefore lewd men wonder thereof, and among the Arabs, there this bird is bred, he is called singular—alone.

*The wonder of
 unlettered men*

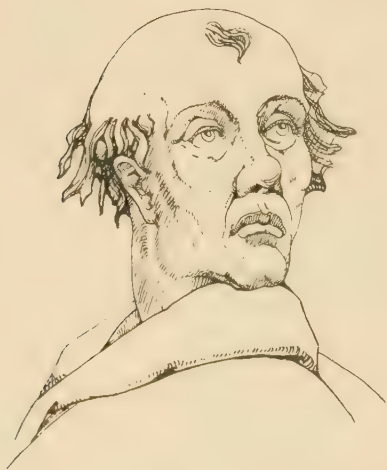
ELE PIE

THER was a woman that had a pie in a cage, that spake and wolde telle talys that she saw do. And so it happed that her husbonde made kepe a gret ele in a litelle ponde in his gardin, to that entent to yeue it sum of his frendes that wolde come to see hym; but the wyff, whanne her husbond was oute, saide to her maide, "late us ete the gret ele, and y wille saie to my husbond that the otour hathe eten hym";

and so it was done. And whan the good man was come, the pye began to telle hym how her maistresse had eten the ele. And he yode to the ponde, and fonde not the ele. And he asked his wiff wher the ele was become. And she wende to haue excused her, but he saide her, "excuse you not, for y wote welle ye haue eten yt, for the pye hathe told me." And so ther was gret noyse betwene the man and hys wiff for etinge of the ele. But whanne the good man was gone, the mais-

tresse and the maide come to the pie, and plucked of alle the fedres on the pyes hede, saieng, "thou hast discouered us of the ele"; and thus was the pore pye plucked. But euer after, whanne the pie sawe a balled or a pillled man, or a woman with an highe forhede, the pie saide to hem, "Didst thou speak of an ele? Didst thou speak of an ele?"

*The husband
wishes to give
the eel to his
friends*



*plucked and
pulled out till
bald*



CHAUNTECLEER

A cok, hight Chauntecleer,
 In al the land of crowing nas his peer,
 His vois was merier than the mery orgon
 On messe-dayes that in the chirche gon ;
 Wel sikerer was his crowing in his logge,
 Than is a klokke, or an abbey orlogge.
 By nature knew he ech ascencioun
 Of equinoxial in thilke toun ;
 For whan degrees fiftene were ascended,
 Thanne crew he, that it might nat ben amended.
 His comb was redder than the fyn coral,
 And batailed, as it were a castel-wal.
 His bile was blak, and as the jeet it shoon ;
 Lyk asur were his legges, and his toon ;
 His nayles whytter than the lilie flour,
 And lyk the burned gold was his colour.
 This gentil cok hadde in his governaunce
 Sevene hennes, for to doon al his plesaunce,
 Whiche were his sustres and his paramours ;
 And wonder lyk to him, as of colours.
 Of whiche the faireste hewed on hir throte
 Was cleped faire damoysele Pertelote.
 Curteys she was, discreet, and debonaire,
 And compaignable, and bar hir-self so faire,
 Sin thilke day that she was seven night old,
 That trewely she hath the herte in hold
 Of Chauntecleer loken in every lith ;
 He loved hir so, that wel was him therwith.
 But such a joye was it to here hem singe,
 Whan that the brighte sonne gan to springe,
 In swete accord, " my lief is faren in londe ".
 For thilke tyme, as I have understonde,
 Bestes and briddes coude speke and singe.

*much better . . .
than a clock*

*embattled as a
castle wall*

*The time the
beasts and
birds could
speak and sing*

OF CURLEWS

*They maketh
a sail of one
wing*

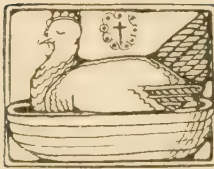
CURLEWS. Hath the name of the sound of the voice—these birds have guides and leaders and they pass the sea and when they be weary they fall down upon the water and rest upon one wing and maketh a sail of the other wing, and the Curlew he runneth upon the earth most swiftly and such birds love birds of their own kind.

PEACOCKS

*'Ware of
fox!*

THE Peacock may be reared up easily
If beasties wild or thieves will not them grieve,
Birdies will she feed up bussily
In fieldes forth, and up they will at eve
In to a tree, lest they by night mischief
But 'ware of fox! as when she sits on brood
To sette her in an island it were good.
What time this cock confeseth him Cupide
Then he his gemmey tail begineth splay!
About himself so fair on every side,
That never fowl was in so fresh aray
A shuddering, a flushing and affray,
He maketh then! and turneth him aboute
Alle golde be his tail and winges stout!

*All gold be
his tail and
wings*



THE GOOSE

THE goose with grass and water is upbrought
To plant and tree an open harm is she.
Her biting harmeth corn, her dung is nought.*

* GOOSE DUNG

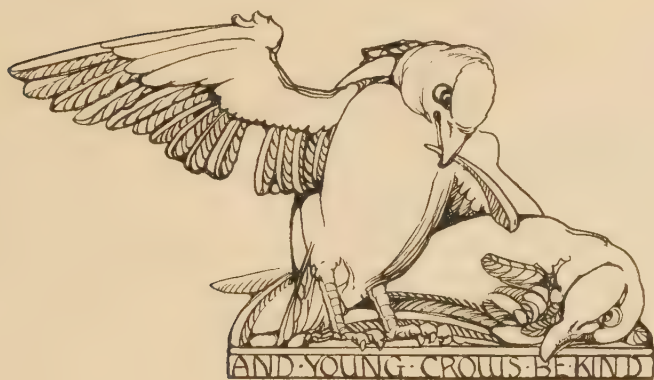
... for donge of fowls is full necessairie
To land tillynge, yit gooses donnge eschew is
It is right nought, it an adverssaire
To every seed, than every bird him warie
Fy on you geese, fy on your tail for shame!
Your dounge is nought, turn out your talle of gane!

Take for one male, for him, of females three.
 And twice a year deplumed may they be,
 In springing time and harvest time, and make
 For them, if other water lacks, a little lake.

*Plucked for
 feathers twice
 a year*

A hen uppon their egges must thou set
 (As of the peacock sayeth all before)
 But lest this hennes egges should ought lett
 Lay nettles under them, and evermore
 The lightest last, Unto the mothers lore
 Is to be left that they may with her children
 Be long and be glad as if they were her own.

*lest aught
 binder*



CROWS

THE crow is a bird of long life, and diviners tell that she taketh heed of spyings and awaitings, and teacheth and sheweth ways, and warneth what shall fall. But it is full unlawful to believe, that God sheweth His privy counsel to crows. Also there it is said that the mildness of the bird is wonderful. For when father and mother in age are both naked and bare of covering of feathers, then the young crows hide and cover them with their feathers, and gather meat and feed them.

*But God
 wouldn't tell
 a crow*

THE PIGEON

*A forgetful
bird*

*Tarrieth oft
too long in
taking advice*

THE culvour is messenger of peace, ensample of simpleness, clean of kind, plenteous in children, follower of meekness, friend of company, forgetter of wrongs. The culvour is forgetful. And therefore when her birds are borne away, she forgetteth her harm and damage, and leaveth not therefore to build and breed in the same place. Also she is nicely curious. For sitting on a tree, she beholdeth and looketh all about towards what part she will fly, and bendeth her neck all about as it were taking avisement. But oft while she taketh avisement of flight, ere she taketh her flight, an arrow flieth through her body, and therefore she faileth of her purpose.

HAWKS

A royal fowl

*She will not
return to her
lord's hand*

THE goshawk is a royal fowl, and armed more with boldness than with claws, and as much as kind taketh from her in quantity of body, it rewardeth her with boldness of heart.

And two kinds there be of such fowls, for some are tame and some are wild. And she that is tame taketh wild fowls and taketh them to her own lord, and she that is wild taketh tame fowls. And this hawk is of a disdainful kind. For if she fail by any hap of the prey that she reseth to, that day unneth she cometh unto her lord's hand. And she must have ordinate diet, nother too scarce. They should be fed with fresh flesh and bloody, and men should use to give them to eat the hearts of fowls that they take. All the while they are alive and are strong and mighty to take their prey, they are beloved of their lords, and borne on hands, and set on perches, and stroked on the breast and on the tail, and made plain and smooth, and are nourished with great business and diligence. But when they are dead, all men hold them unprofitable and nothing worth, and be not eaten, but rather thrown out on dunghills.

SAINT WERBURG AND THE GAUNTES

O sweet Lady Werburg, O Holy Abbess glorious
Remember Henry Bradshaw thy servant—most gracious.

THIS Holy virgin whan she dwelled, at Wedon
In Northamptonshire, with a devout convent,
(Which place was sometime the King's mansion,
Translated to an abbey by her commandment,)
A Mirical was done by this noble lady president,
As the true legend plainly doth us say,
And all the inhabitants believe unto this day.

*A mirical
done by the
Holy Virgin of
Wedon*

A great multitude sometime of wild geese
Commonly called Gauntes, made a great destruction,
Upon her lands, pastures waters and fields
Devouring the cornes and fruits of Wedon
Grievous to the subjects within her protection
The people could find no sufficient remedy
But showed their complaint to Werburg their lady.

*Wild geese
make great
destruction*

When Werburg had heard the grievous complaint
How the corne was wasted the tenants hurt thereby,
Swiftly she commanded, a servant to go hastily,
To drive up those wild geese and bring them to her place.
There to be penned, and punished for their tresspass.

*to clip their
wings*

The messenger marvled and mused in his mind,
At this strange message stood in a study!
Knowing it well passed course of kinde
Wild geese to penn, by any manes policie!
Sith Nature had ordained such birds to fly!
He supposed his lady had been unreasonable,
Commanding to do a thing impossible!

*Can any man
pluck wild
geese?*

With words of comfort she bade him again
"Go in my name and do my commandment."
The servant went forth (but thinking it vain)
Unto the fields where the birds were bent
And said his message with good intent.

"My lady Commeands you birdies every one
Afore me to go to her proper mansion."

*But the geese
are obedient
to his words*

A marvelous thing transanding nature !
Unto his words the geese were obidient,
Not one departed from thense, ye may be sure
Of all the number that were present
Toward her place, afore him they went !
Meekly ! as if they had reason natural
Unto her presence, he brought the gauntes all !

*They lament
all night*

Dreadfully daring commen now thay be—
Their wings trailing—enter they the Hall—
In great confusion, after their kinde and property—
Mourning in their manner, abiding one and all
Her will and judgement—with mercy special
Lamenting all night there in captivity
Till the morning after without liberty !

All that night Werburg did continue
In devout prayres and hymes celestial
After her old custom used in all virtue.
In the morning after the birds that were in thrall
With high voices loud with grief, on her did call ! and
call !

For grace and pardon on their offence
And of departure to have leavve and lilenle.

*She delivers
them*

Then she (all petious to every beaste)
Upon these birdies having compassion
Delevered them from all danger and released
Them to depart under this condition,
That none of them upon the Lordship of Wedon
Should make destruction nor alight in any way
On corns or fruits, NEVER—after that day—

* * * * *

*The Cook
steals a goose*

Now it happened that the Cook, when she those geese
did spy
Privily she stole one ! (against justice and right !)

All unknown to Werburg to make into a pie !
 The other birds departed glad to take their flight
 From their tender judge ; But, when they saw his plight !
 One of their fellows ! stolen from their company !
 That great number of geese returneded hastily !

*To make a
pie*

They flew back over Werburgs hall
 Mourning and wailing after their intent
 And would not depart but loud on her did call !
 (Yet they durst not alight because of her commandment)
 But in their cries of kinde they say " O most sweet
 president !

*The geese
complain*

Why did ye let such wickedness done for to be ?
 Against our fellow ? against right and charitie ? "

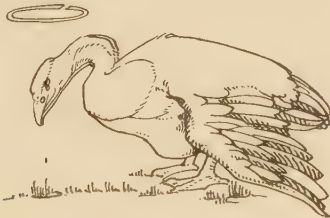
Out went St. Werburg to know where fore and why ?
 The birds returned so hartily ?

By grace she perceived the course of things truely
 And hearing the truth from the cook all plain
 She restored that bird to his fellows again
 And gave them this lesson, ere they went her fro
 How they should praise their maker and Sovereign
 Crying benedicite ! valures celi domini

*The bird is
restored*

And certain from that time, until this very day
 (As the people know dwelling about Wedon)
 The good wild geese allighten in no way
 To hurt the fruits nor alight on that possetion
 No marvel that ! Remembering the devotion
 And the true love she had to God ominitant
 For unto virtue, all things are obedient.

*The wild
geese now
never settle on
Wedon*



MERMAID

*They draw
men to
shipwreck*

THE mermaid is a sea beast wonderly shapen, and draweth shipmen to peril by sweetness of song. And some men say, that they please so shipmen, with likeness of song, that they draw them to peril and to shipbreach, (but the sooth is that they are strong whores, that draw men that passed by them to poverty and to mischief). And Physiologus saith it is a beast of the sea, wonderly shapen as a maid from the navel upward and a fish from the navel downward, and this wonderful beast is glad and merry in tempest, and sad and heavy in fair weather. With sweetness of song this beast maketh shipmen to sleep, and when she seeth that they are asleep, she goeth into the ship, and ravisheth which she may take with her, and bringeth him into a dry place, and maketh him lie by her.

One is caught

And some sea men caught one & brought her with the ship & fastned her to the quay, (intending all to shew her) but for her piteous wailing they were constrayned to let her goe.

ELVES

“The Spirits that Eluene be calléd do often come to towne
And by day much in woods they be, and by night on the open downs,

*Poor wretched
Ghosts taken
from Heaven*

But they be poor wretched Ghosts that out of heaven were none
And many of them till Domesday shall not to their reste come.”

BEAR

AVICENNA saith that the bear bringeth forth a piece of flesh imperfect and evil shapen, and the mother licketh the lump, and shapeth the members with licking. . . . For the whelp is a piece of flesh little more than a mouse, having neither eyes nor ears, and having claws some-deal bourgeoning and so this lump she licketh, and shapeth a whelp with licking. . . . And it is wonder to tell. . . . When he is taken captive he is made blind with a bright basin, and bound with chains, and compelled to play, and tamed with beating ; and is an unsteadfast beast, and unstable and uneasy, and goeth therefore all day about the stake, to the which he is strongly tied. He licketh and sucketh his own feet, and hath liking in the juice thereof. He can wonderly sty upon trees unto the highest tops of them, and oft bees gather honey in hollow trees, and the bear findeth honey by smell, and goeth up to the place that the honey is in, and maketh a way into the tree with claws, and draweth out the honey and eateth it, and cometh oft by custom unto such a place when he is an-hungered. And the hunter taketh heed thereof, and pitcheth full sharp hooks and stakes about the foot of the tree, and hangeth craftily a right heavy hammer or a wedge tofore the open way to the honey. And then the bear cometh and is an-hungered, and the log that hangeth there on high letteth him : and he putteth away the wedge despiteously, but after the removing the wedge falleth again and hitteth him on the ear. And he hath indignation thereof, and putteth away the wedge despiteously and right fiercely, and then the wedge falleth and smiteth him harder than it did before, and he striveth so long with the wedge, until his feeble head doth fail by oft smiting of the wedge, and then he falleth down upon the pricks and stakes, and slayeth himself in that wise.

*An Unlicked
Cub*

*A wonderful
climber of
trees*

*The log
bindereth him
—he putteth
it away
desperately*

THE MARVELLOUS BEAR SHEPHERD

*Eutucylus
and
Florentius*

THERE were two men of holy will
 Who lived together without an ill,
 All lonely in a hermitage,
 As meek as birdes in a cage.
 The one was called Eutucylus
 The other hight Florentius.
 Eutucylus he was the clerke
 He taught the people Goddes werk.
 Florens he had much less of lore,
 But in prayer wrought ever more.
 Beside the house an abbey lie
 Whereat in time the abbot die.
 Then alle the monks took them to rede
 To choose who should reign in his stede,
 And chose for them Eutucylus
 To be the abbot of their house.
 Upon all hands fell the lot
 So Eutucylus was made abbot.
 When he was gone Florens gan dwell
 Lonely and wistful in his cell ;
 Withouten brother he made moan
 For that he should dwell alone,
 And had great sorrow and was dreary
 As be they who lose good company.
 And prayed he God, that he would have
 Some good comforte of His love.
 Thus prayed Florens by his bede
 That Gode should send hym felauhede.
 Thus prayed Florens by his bede
 He prayed dere Gode of Hym take hede
 And rising up and looking out
 He saw a bere, wild and stout.
 This bere he came unto the gate
 He came to where Florens he sate,
 And when the bere he came him nere
 The bere him louted and made fair cheer ;

*Florens is
left alone*

*He prays God
to send him
fellowship*

*A bear comes
and greets him*



MY GENTLE BERE OF GOODE WILL

Such fair cheer as a bere might make
 And asked meek he would him take.
 At this Florens him bethought
 That God had heard what he besought
 And thanked him of his sweet grace
 That he had sent him such solace,
 For a miracle he must understand
 That a wild bere came so tame to hand.
 Now Florens he had six sheep
 But no herdsman them to keep,
 So bade the bere that he should go
 And drive his sheepe to and fro.
 "And kepe them well that none them tear
 And thou shalt be my goode bere."
 The bere him louted with semblence glad
 For to do what Florens bade,
 So to the bere he gave advice :
 "Every day when I eat twice
 Come thou home at high undurne
 And no longer in the field sojourne !
 And every day when I fast
 At the nones come home at last."
 So did the bere every day,
 Nere one hour past he away,
 But came he home unto the cell
 Always at both times he knew well.
 Then Florens had comfort and gain
 Of his bere that was so tame,
 And loved him much withouten fail
 For the miracle and the mervaille ;

*And is set to
 keep the sheep*

*the first
 prayer time
 (for early
 days)
 the last
 prayer time
 (for late days)*

And, sooth to say, to him appeared
 The bere was a most marvellous herd.
 A bere through kinde should ete sheep
 Yet here as herd he did them keep,
 And the miracle might not be hid
 The whole country knew it was did
 That Florens had a tame bere
 That of his sheep the herdsman were.

The Abbot that was Eutucylus
 Had four disciples envious
 That all day of this bere they spake,
 With deep intent evil to make,
 And said all four of them between
 That it was great evil scorne and mean ;
 " More mervail did Florentius
 Than doth our abbot Eutucylus,"
 They said " that it shall not go so,"
 And made forward that bere to slo.
 As they said, so evil wrought,
 And the dere bere to death they brought.

*The envious
 disciples*

*make ready to
 slay the bear*

At evening time the bere came not.
 Florens had thereof much thought
 He rose and sped him to the field
 And after his bere faste behelde,
 And at last his bere he found,
 Beside his sheep, slain, on the ground.

*Florens looks
 for his bear*

Then had Florens wroth and wo,
 To know of evil that was so,
 And plained him sore for his own dere
 That they had slain his goode bere.
 Hopeless he plained him wonderous sore,
 That his solace was no more.
 Of Jesu Christ had they no dread
 That they should do this evil deed ?
 " My gentle Bere of goode will !
 He ne're did no man any ill.
 He was sent to me of God's grace,
 To be my help and my solace,
 That God should send him me for love,
 And they'd not suffer him to live."

Almighty God shall do his will,
 On them and all who did this ill.
 And above the earth they soon were stinking
 That to the bere's death were consenting.

Justice is done

THE WOLF

*How he
preyeth*

THE wolf may not bend his neck backward in no month of the year but in May alone, when it thundereth. And when he goeth by night to a fold for to take his prey, he goeth against the wind for hounds should not smell him. And if it happen in any wise that his foot maketh noise, treading upon anything, then he chasteneth that foot with hard biting. . . . I have read in a book that a string made of a wolf's gut, put among harp strings made of the guts of sheep, destroyeth and corrupteth them, as the eagle's feathers put among culvours', pulleth and gnaweth them, if they be there left together long in one place.*

**It was also a law at one time that pillows and couches should not be sold filled with the feathers of flight birds.*

For the stiff midrib pierces through cloth and so the pillows loose their feathers and the Craft their credit.

That this law became a superstition is found in recent comments :

"They put pigeon feathers in my pillow—no wonder I could not die."

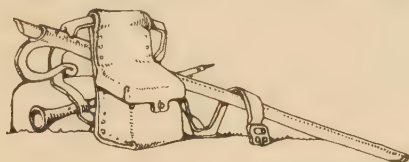


CYNOPODES

CYNOPODES have the soles of their feet turned backward behind the legs, and in each foot eight toes, and such go about and stare in the desert of Lybia.

OF SHEEP

SHEEP. A sheep is a nesh beast and beareth wool, and is unarmed in body and pleasing in heart, and herds know *Shepherds' wisdom*



which of them may endure the winter for upon some (in the autumn) no ice is found, and upon some is found ice, and those be feeble.

ST FRANCIS LAMB

Now St Francis loved a lamb (as al folk did say)
That one of his friends for Gods love, gave to him one
day,

This lamb all its life, would all day with him be
And maketh with him joy enough, when it might him
see

This St. Francis lamb ; when it heard the brothers sing
To church would run every time, nor let for anything
And bleat it would against them, for it might nought
else do

And when it saw the brothers kneel, kneel it would also.

*Nothing may
binder its
church going*

THE VIRTUOUS SHEEP

*the ends of
the bows*

OF the sheep is cast away nothing
His hornes for notches ; to ashes goeth his bones
To Lords great profets goeth his entire dung
His tallow also serveth plasters—more than one—
For harp strings his ropes serve each one.
Of whose head boiled whole and all
Cometh a jelly—an ointment full royal.
Black sheeps wool with fresh oil of olive
The men of Armes with charmes they prove it good
And at straight need they can well staunch blood.* . . .

WODE HOUND

*How the mad
dog can be
known*

OTHER hounds flee and avoid the wode hound as pestilence and venom : and he is always exiled as it were an outlaw, and goeth alone wagging and rolling as a drunken beast, and runneth yawning, and his tongue hangeth out, and his mouth drivelleth and foameth, and his eyes be overturned and reared, and his ears lie backward, and his tail is wrinkled by the legs and thighs ; and though his eyes be open, yet he stumbleth and spurneth against everything. And barketh at his own shadow. . . . Pliny saith that under the hound's tongue lieth a worm that maketh the hound wode, and if this worm is taken out of the tongue, then the evil ceaseth.

* *The oily wool from near sheeps' udders was used as a natural lanoline dressing.*



ELEPHANTS

AMONG beasts the elephant is most of virtue, so that unneth among men is so great readiness found. For in the new moon they come together in great companies, and bathe and wash them in a river, and lowte to each other, and turn so again to their own places, and they make the young go tofore and keep them busily and teach them to do in the same wise : and when they be sick, they gather good herbs, and ere they use the herbs they heave up the head, and look up toward heaven, and pray for help of God in a certain religion. And they be good of wit, and learn well : and are easy to teach, insomuch that they be taught to know the king and to worship him, and busy to do him reverence and to bend the knees in worship of him. If elephants see a man coming against them that is out of the way in the wilderness, for they would not affray him, they will draw themselves somewhat out of the way, and then they stint, and pass little and little tofore him, and teach him the way. And if a dragon come against him, they fight with the dragon and defend the man, and put them forth to defend the man strongly and mightily.

*Almost more
willing than
men*

*Greet each
other while
bathing*

*They stop or
pause before a
stranger*

. . . Also there is another thing said that is full wonderful : among the Ethiopians in some countries elephants be hunted in this wise : there go in the desert two maidens all naked and bare, with open hair of the head : and one of them beareth a vessel, and the other a sword. And these maidens begin to sing alone : and the beast hath liking when he heareth their song, and cometh to them, and licketh their teats, and falleth asleep anon for liking of the song, and then the one maid sticketh him in the throat or in the side with a sword, and the other taketh his blood in a vessel, and with that blood the people of the same country dye cloth, and do colour it therewith.

*Another thing
full wonderful*

MORE ABOUT ELEPHANTS

*How they are
caught*

THE elephant is a beast that passeth all others in wit and mind. Among other doings elephants never lie down in sleeping, but when they been weary they lean against a tree for to rest. And men lie in wait to espy their resting places and privily cut the tree on the other side and the elephant cometh and is not aware of the fraud and leaneth and breaketh the tree with the weight of his body and falleth down with the breaking and lieth there.

And when he feeleth he may not help himself he crieth and roareth in a wonder manner and by his moan and crying cometh suddenly many young elephants and raiseth the old up with all their strength and might, and while they araise him with wonder affection and love they bend themselves with all their might and strength.

*See mandragon
on page 164*

Elephants hate the work of lechery, so it is said that when love taketh the elephants of Ind the female goeth towards eastward and the male followeth her till they come to a privy place and there the female in some while getteth mandragon and eateth the fruit thereof and the male eateth the same and gendereth with her and she conceiveth, but for greatness of the foal the female beareth long time the foal in her wombe and in time of foaling she feedeth and nourisheth her foal in waters for fear of dragons, and while the mother travaileth in foaling the male defendeth her with all his strength and might.

COLTS

*The silly
horse colt*

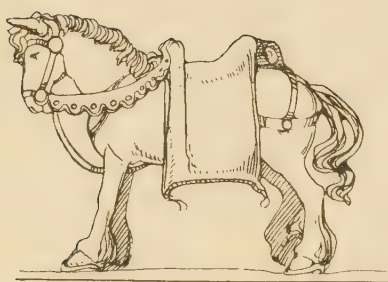
THE colt is not littered with straw, nor curried with an horse comb, nor arrayed with trapping and gay harness, nor smitten with spurs, nor saddled with saddle, nor tamed with bridle, but he followeth his mother freely, and eateth grass, and his feet be not pierced with nails, but he is suffered to run hither and thither freely: but



ERE THEY USE THE HERBS—THEY HEAVE UP THE HEAD AND PRAY
THE HELP OF GOD IN A CERTAIN RELIGION

at the last he is set to work and to travail, and is held and tied and led with halters and reins, and taken from his mother, and may not suck his dam's teats; but he is taught in many manner wise to go easily and soft. And he is set to carts, chariots, and cars, and to travel and bearing of horsemen in chivalry: and so the silly horse colt is foaled to divers hap of fortune.

HORSES



*Horse and
man are alike
in this*

HORSES be joyful in fields, and smell battles, and be comforted with noise of trumpets to battle and to fighting; and be excited to run with noise that they know, and be sorry when they be overcome, and glad when they have the mastery.

And many horses weep when their lords be dead. And it is said that horses weep for sorrow, right as a man doth, and so the kind of horse and of man is medlied. Also oft men that shall fight take evidence and divine and guess what shall befall, by sorrow or by the joy that the horse maketh.

HORSE PACING

*A famous
show*

OUTSIDE one of the gates there, immediately in the suburb, is a certain field, sooth Smith-field. Every Friday, there is in it a famous show of noble horses for sale. Earls, barons, knights, and many citizens who are in town, come to see or to buy. It is pleasant to see the steppers in quick trot going gently up and down, their feet on each side alternately rising and falling. On this side are the horses most fit for esquires, moving with harder pace yet swiftly, that lift and set down together, as

it were, the opposite fore and hind feet ; on that side colts of fine breed who not yet well used to the bit :

“ *Altius incedunt, et mollia crura reponunt* ”

In that part are the sumpter horses, powerful and spirited : here costly charges, elegant of form, noble of stature, with ears quickly tremulous, necks lifted, haunches plump.

*Trained
pacing*

In their stepping, the buyers first try for the gentler, then the quicker pace, which is by the fore and the hind feet moving in pairs together. When a race is ready for such

thunderers, and perhaps for others of like kind, powerful to carry, quick to run, a shout is raised, orders are given that the common horses stand apart. The boys who

*A race for
the powerful*

mount the wing-footed by threes or twos according to the match, prepare themselves for contest ; skilled to rule horses, they restrain the mouths of the untamed with

bitted bridles. For this chiefly they care, that no one should get before another in the course. The horses rise too in their own way to the struggle of the race ; their

limbs tremble, impatient of delay they cannot keep still in their place ; at the sign given their limbs are stretched, they hurry on their course, are borne with stubborn speed.

The riders contend for the love of praise and hope of victory, plunge spurs into the loose-reined horses, and urge them none the less with whips and shouts. In

another part of the field stand by themselves the goods proper to rustics, implements of husbandry, swine with

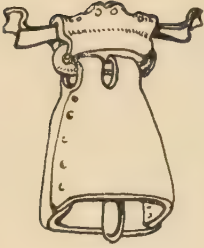
Rustics goods

long flanks, cows with full udders, oxen of bulk immense, and woolly flocks. There stand the mares fit for plough, dray, and cart, some big with foal, and others with their young colts closely following.

OXEN

AN oxherd hight Bubulcus, and is ordained by office to keep oxen : he feedeth and nourisheth oxen, and bringeth them to leas and home again : and bindeth their feet with langhaldes and spanells and nigheth and cloggeth them while they be in pasture and leas, and

*long tethers and
foot tethers—
shackles and
bobbles*



yoketh and maketh them draw at the plough : and pricketh the slow with a goad, and maketh them draw even. And pleaseth them with whistling and with song, to make them bear the yoke with the better will for liking of melody of the voice. And this herd driveth and ruleth them to draw even, and teacheth them to make even furrows : and compelleth them not only to ear, but also to tread and to thresh. And they lead them about upon corn to break the straw in threshing and treading the flour. And when the travail is done, then they unyoke them and bring them to the stall : and tie them to the stall, and feed them thereat.

UNICORNS

*Of their liking
for young
maids*

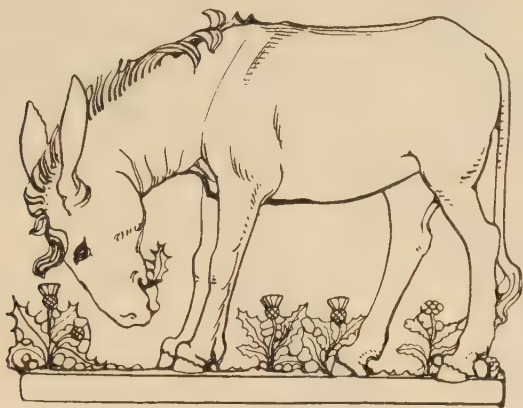
UNICORNS above all other creatures do revere virgins and young maids so that many times at the sight of them they do grow tame, and come and sleep beside them, for there is in their nature a certain savor whereof the unicorns are allured and delighted . . . and if a pure virgin goeth and calleth a unicorn to her . . . the unicorn cometh without fear, and putteth his head down * and so suffereth his head to be covered and wrapped in her large sleeves, never stirring, but lying still and asleep. And she may tie her girdle about his neck and lead him away.

**A unicorn's horn, of course, dipped into the water before he drank, and was so sensitive to poison that he never drank poison, therefore the horn itself was good against poison : and to test if a horn was genuine unicorn horn or not, two pigeons might be poisoned with red arsenic and orpiment and the horn so tested on them.*

DONKYS

THE ass is fair of shape and of disposition while he is young and tender, or he pass into age. For the elder the ass is, the fouler he waxeth from day to day, and hairy and rough, and is a melancholy beast, that is cold and dry, and is therefore kindly heavy and slow, and un lusty, dull and witless and forgetful. Nathless he beareth burdens, and may away with travail and thraldom,

*Fair of shape
while young*



and useth vile meat and little, and gathereth his meat among briars and thorns and thistles. . . . And the ass hath another wretched condition known to nigh all men. For he is put to travail over-night, and is beaten with staves, and sticked and pricked with pricks, and his mouth is wrung with a bernacle, and is led hither and thither, and withdrawn from leas and pastures that is in his way off by the refraining of the bernacle, and dieth at last after vain travails, and hath no reward after his death for the service and travail that he had living, not so much that his own skin is left with him, but it is taken away, and the carrion is thrown out without sepulture or burials ; but it be so much of the carrion that by eating and devouring is sometimes buried in the wombs of hounds and wolves.

*His mouth is
wrung with a
bit*

HYAENA

A cruel beast

HYAENA is a cruel beast like to the wolf in devouring and gluttony. It is his kind to change sexes, for he is now found male and now female, and is therefore an unclean beast. And cometh to houses by night, and feigneth man's voice as he may, for men to trow that it is a man. And herds tell that among stables, he feigneth speech of mankind, and calleth some man by his own name, and rendeth him when he hath him without. And he feigneth oft the name of some man for to make hounds run out, that he may take and eat them.

back bone

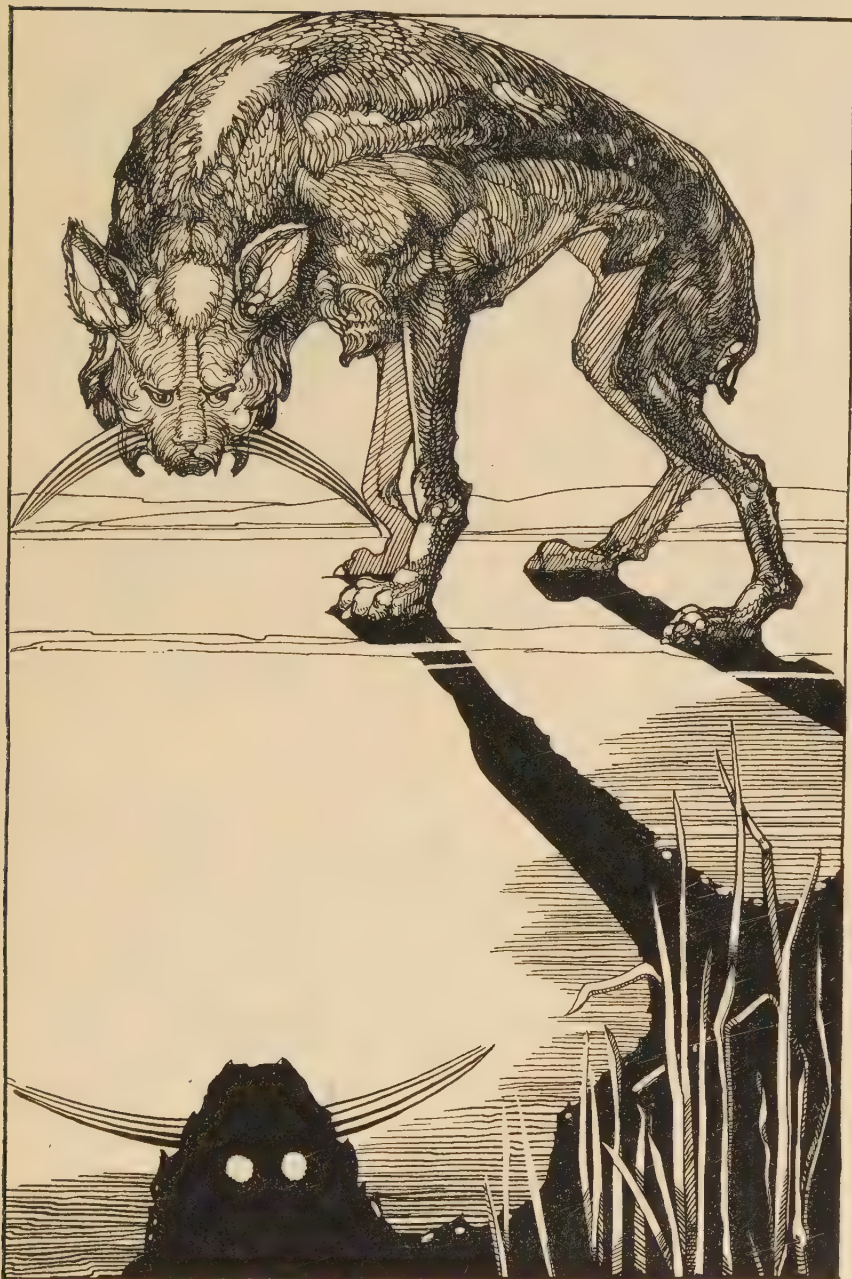
And hath the neck of the adder viper, and the ridge of an elephant, and may not bend but if he bear all the body about and this beast hath endless many manners and diverse colours in his eyes, and full moveable eyes and unsteadfast. And his shadow maketh hounds leave barking, and be still, if he come near them. And if this beast Hyaena goeth thrice about any beast, that beast shall stop within his steps. And this beast gendereth with a lioness of Ethiopia, and gendereth on her a beast that is most cruel, and followeth the voice of man and of tame beasts, and hath many rows of teeth on every side of the mouth.

*He mates
with a
lioness*

Also Hyaena hateth the Panther. And if both their skins be hanged together, the hair of the panther's skin shall fall away.

HOW THE FISHES WERE CONVERTED

IN a still of the sea, so clear the sea they found
 Below they saw on either side, clearly to the ground
 They saw the ground deep covered, with fishes on a
 heap
 His monks bid St. Brendan that he softe speak—



HIS EYES BE UNSTEADFAST—AND HIS SHADOW MAKETH HOUNDS
TO LEAVE OFF BARKING AND BE STILL

*The monks
are afraid lest
the fishes
break the ship*

(So that he wake not the fishes, lest they the ship break.
For all the fishes layen still, as if they were asleep,)
“Be ye afeared?” quoth St. Brendan. “Whereof be ye
a dread?”

Upon the master of all fish back, I have walked glad!
And a fire maked on his back, and do from year to year!”*
And the Holy man the louder sang, the fishes for to hear.

Then the fishes starten up as though awoke from sleep
And comen about the monks ship, all in a heap,
So thick they floated about the ship they even inclosed it
so

*The fishes
hear the Mass*

The while St. Brendan his mass sang, for to hear was all
their do,
And when the Mass was all done, each fish wend to his
end.
Such wonders a man may see, that through the world will
wend.

GUILE OF CRABS

*The closing
being hindered,
the crab eateth
the oyster*

THE crab is enemy to the oyster. For he liveth by fish
thereof with a wonderful wit. For because that he may
not open the hard shell of the oyster, he spieth and
awaiteth when the oyster openeth, and then the crab, that
lieth in await, taketh a little stone, and putteth it between
the shells, that the oyster may not close himself. And
when the closing is so let, the crab eateth and gnaweth
the flesh of the oyster.

* St. Brendan had celebrated Mass on a Whale's back in a previous year, and found the
cauldron they left on his back still there upon their return.

“Lord Christ that such a beast should hold so still
And suffer men to upon him walk, and do all their will!”

ENCHIRIUS

ENCHIRIUS is a little fish unneth half a foot long : for *Scarcely six inches long* though he be full little of body, nathless he is most of virtue. For he cleaveth to the ship, and holdeth it still stedfastly in the sea, as though the ship were on ground therein. Though winds blow, and waves arise strongly, *A strange effect* and wood storms, that ship may not move nother pass. And that fish holdeth not still the ship by no craft, but only cleaving to the ship.

Echensa, a small round thing, straineth a mighty ship with all her load under sail and I dare not deny it, for I have seen as strange effect of nature otherwise, as the property of rhubarb (pill) which onely medleth with coler.



A HUNA

A HUNA is a monster of the sea very glorisshe and when he it eateth he filleth himself full and speweth out again (and that he can do lightly for he hath no neck) and when he is in peril of death by other fishes he withdraweth into his own belly and doth eat a part of himself rather than the other fishes should eat him whole and all. *A monster very glorisshe*

Borbotha be fisshes very sleperey.

OF FISH

FISH conceive of dew and when the moon faileth some fishes be void, and the waxing of the moon increaseth the humour and their humour vanisheth when the moon vanisheth. By night shell fish come to cliffs and conceive pearls of the dew of heaven.

*How pearls
are conceived*

OF SERPENTS

SERPENTS. The manner of changing serpents' skins seemeth wonderful, for the adder abstaineth and fasteth many days that his skin may so the easier be departed from the flesh, and batheth himself and moiseneth himself in water to nesh the tender skin. Then he seeketh a straight cleft of a stone and entereth into it and passeth through with a manner violence, and unlooseneth himself cleanly of the old skin and then layeth himself in the sun and dryeth himself, and taketh might and strength, and seeth more clear, and glideth and passeth and creepeth more strongly, and eateth more savourly than he did tofore changing his skin. A serpent is gendered of the marrow of the ridge bone of a dead man, and a serpent dreadeth a naked man, and no beast moveth the tongue so swiftly as the serpent for it seemeth it hath three tongues yet hath but one.

*to soften the
tender skin*

*He cometh
from the
marrow of the
spine of a dead
man*

THE MOLE

THE Mole he is damned in everlasting blindness and darkness, and is without eyes and diggeth therewith the earth and casteth up what he diggeth and gnaweth and eateth roots under earth and hateth the sun and may not live above the earth. And the Mole hath none eyes

*He may not
live above the
earth*

seen without, but who that slitteth the skin subtly and warily shall find within the traces of eyes hidden.

And some men trow that the skin breaketh for anguish and for sorrow when he beginneth to die and beginneth then to open the eyes in dying that were closed living.

THE HEDGEHOG

Is called *Hiricus* and he is a beast covered with pricks hard and sharpe so that alle his skinne is clothed about with pricks and pikes: and he defendeth himself therewith. For when he knoweth and seeth anything coming after him he upreareth up the pricks and wrappeth himself in them (as it were within his armour).

And he is a beast of percience: for he climbeth upon a vine or fruit tree and shaketh down ye fruit and when they be shed he walloeth upon them and sticketh his pricks into them and so beareth he meat away to his young in that mannerwise.



His defence

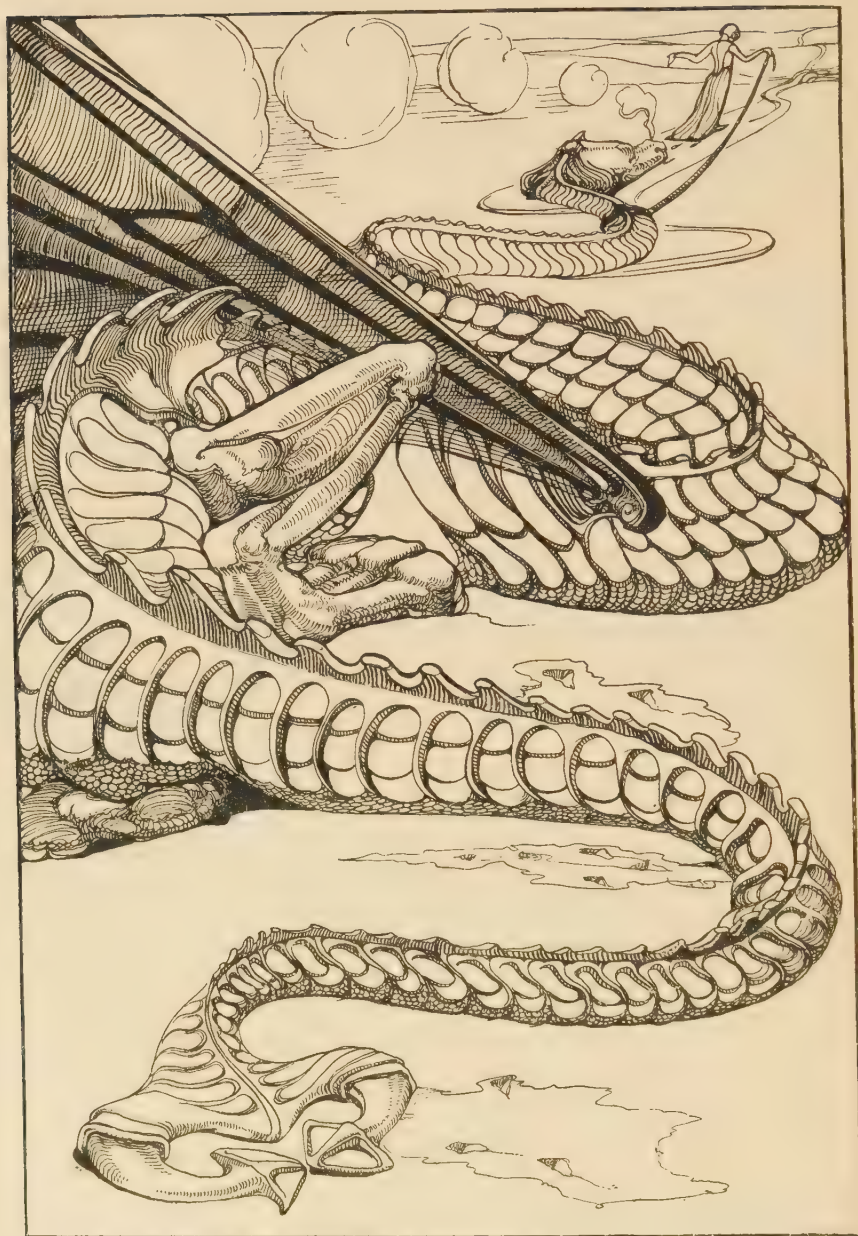
THE DRAGON

THE Dragon is called *draco*
Is the most greatest of all serpents :
And when he has risen out of his den
He riseth up in the air :
And the air is moved by him :
And the sea swelleth against him

And he hath a crest above a little mouth : and draweth breath in small pipes and swift : he reareth his tongue and hath teeth like a saw and hath strength not only in his teeth but also in his tail :

And he grieveth both with bighting and with stinging and hath not so much Venim as other serpents so to slay : for to him Venim is not needful for however he findeth he slayeth so that the Elephant is not sure from him : no not

*The most
greatest of all
serpents*



A PURE VIRGIN LEADETH A DRAGON CAPTIVE

for all his greatness of body for he lurketh in the way the Elephant goeth and bindeth and spanedereth about his legs and strangleth and slayeth him :

*He putteth
bobbles about
the Elephant*

And between Elephants and Dragons is everlasting fighting and the reason why Dragons seeketh Elephants' blood is that by the coldness thereof he desireth to cool himself for Dragonconna liveth in Ethopia where is great burning and continual heat.

And Dragon breedeth in Ethopia and often two or three of them will fasten their tails together and rearing up their heads will sail over sea and rivers in search of good meat.

And Dragon is a full thirsty beast and when he hath not enough water to quench his great thirst he openeth his mouth against the wind and quencheth his burning thirst in that wise.

Wherefore when he seeth ships sail the sea in a great wind he fieth against the sail to take the cold wind and overthroweth the ship sometimes by the greatness of his body and by his strong breath against the sail.

*He can
overthrow a
ship*

So that wise shipmen when they see the Dragon come nigh (they know his coming by the water that swelleth against him) they strike the sail anon and escape in that wise.

And by the might of his Venim his tongue is always Aredde and sometimes he setteth the air on fire so that it seemeth he bloweth and casteth fire out of his mouth.

Sometimes Draco bloweth outrageous blasts so that the air is corrupted and infected and thereof cometh pestilent evils.

A FIGHT BETWEEN TWO DRAGONS

as reported by an eye witness

“UP in the air, the dragons they fly higher !
Flames of fire, from their mouths dire !
All the folk said commonly,
They hoped the Red should have the mastery

A long fight

*they rubbed
and burnt*

*The Red
burst and
blasted*

But they had long together smitten,
Splatled, spouted, belewed and bitten,
Whipping with wings, ore warped they went,
Cracching with claws they rubbed and brent,
Their battail lasted day and night
Untill a another day was light.
The folk wondered that the white dragon
To the red had any poisoun.
At the end the White a flame out-cast
That the Red bolned and brast
When he was dead, dead red dragon,
The white one sighed and laid him down.
Three days then lived he, but no mo
The fourth he died—I trow—for wo.”

DRAGONS' EGGS

*Even bigger
than crocodiles'
eggs*

DRAGONS' eggs be greatest; 7 times longer than
Kokadilles eggs, and the dragon hath his eggs within,
so that the eggs being hatched within the mother—the
dragon doth not so many eggs as other serpents.

THE CROCODILE

*His deceiving
tears*

HIS nature is ever when he would have his prey to cry
and sob like a Christian body, to provoke them to come
to him, and then he snatcheth at them; and thereupon
came this proverb that is applied to women when they
weep. *Lachrymae crocodili*, the meaning whereof is, that
as the Crocodile when he crieth, goeth then about most to
deceive, so doth a woman most commonly when she
weepeth.

THE BROCK

THE Brock has short legs, not equal on the two sides but shorter on the left side, so that planting the feet on the right side in the ruts made by wheels it runs valiantly and escapes pursuers.

SEAL

THE seal is a fond and foolish beast, but pious withal; *A fond and foolish beast* for when she findeth a dead body, she watcheth thereby until it be given Christian burial. She suckleth her young under her arms, like a woman, and, is said, at certain seasons, sings very melodiously, but this I have not heard.

THE FLEA

THE Flea is a little worm and grieveth men and is of wonder lightness and scapeth and avoideth peril with leaping and not running. And the flea desireth blood and doth let them that would sleep with sharp biting and spareth not kings. *doth hinder them that would sleep*

ST. NANNAN

A VILLAGE of Connaught where swarms of fleas so multiplied that the plague drove nearly all the inhabitants away. By the intercession of St. Nannan they were expelled into a neighbouring meadow. Not a single flea could afterwards be found in the village. So did the divine influence overflow.

WEATHER FORECAST

FLEAS bite more sharply before rain.

THE COCKATRICE

THOUGH the cockatrice be venomous without remedy, while he is alive, yet he loseth all his malice when he is burnt to ashes.

HOUNDS



*Their
faithfulness*

NOTHING is more busy and wittier than a hound, for he hath more wit than other beasts. And hounds know their own names, and love their masters, and defend the houses of their masters, and put themselves wilfully in peril of death for their masters, and run to take prey for their masters, and forsake not the dead bodies of their masters. We have known that hounds fought for their lords against thieves, and were sore wounded, and that they kept away beasts and fowls from their masters' bodies dead.

LEOPARDS

*He pauseth
for indignation*

THE leopard is a beast most cruel, and is gendered in spouse-breach of a pard and a lioness, and pursueth his prey startling and leaping and not running, and if he taketh not his prey in the third leap, or in the fourth, then he stinteth for indignation, and goeth backward as though he were overcome.

THE CAT

*A full
lecherous
beast in youth*

HE is a full lecherous beast in youth, swift, pliant, and merry, and leapeth and reseth on everything that is to fore him : and is led by a straw, and playeth therewith : and is a right heavy beast in age and full sleepy, and lieth slyly

in wait for mice : and is aware where they be more by smell than by sight, and hunteth and reseth on them in privy places : and when he taketh a mouse, he playeth therewith, and eateth him after the play. In time of love is hard fighting for wives, and one scratcheth and rendeth the other grievously with biting and with claws. And he maketh a ruthful noise and ghastrful, when one proffereth to fight with another : and unneth is hurt when he is thrown down off an high place. And when he hath a fair skin, he is as it were proud thereof, and goeth fast about : and when his skin is burnt, then he bideth at home ; and is oft for his fair skin taken of the skinner, and slain and flayed.



SILKYWITS

‘ THOU seydest this, that I was lyk a cat ?
 For who-so wolde senge a cattles skin,
 Thanne wolde the cat wel dwellen in his in ;
 And if the cattles skin be slyk and gay,
 She wol nat dwelle in house half a day,
 But forth she wole, er any day be dawed,
 To shewe hir skin, and goon a-caterwawed ; . . . ’

*If his skin is
 singed he stays
 at home*

MORE ABOUT THE CAT

THE Cat is a little beast that seeth sharp and bighteth sore and scratcheth right perilously and is the principal enemy of rats and mice and when she catcheth one she playeth therewith afore she eateth it. She hath hairs about her mouth : and if those hairs be cutteth off she loseth her boldness : she is glad in a warm place ; she licketh her fore feet and washeth therewith her face.

A GOOD MOUSER

LAT take a cat, and fostre him wel with milk,
 And tendre flesh, and make his couche of silk,
 And lat him seen a mous go by the wal ;
 Anon he leaveth milk, and flesh, and al,
 And every deyntee that is in that hous,
 Swich appetyt hath he to ete a mous.

THE MONKS' CAT

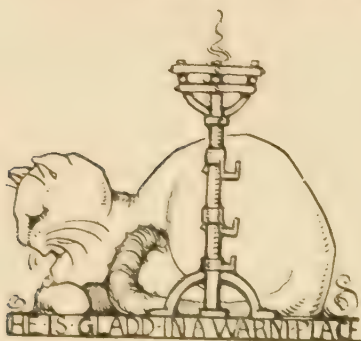
*A strange
illness*

THERE was in a certain monastery a cat nourished by the monks and suddenly the most part of the monks which used to play with the cat fell sick, whereof the physicians could find no cause but secret poison, and all of them were assured they never tasted any. But a poor labouring man came unto them affirming that he saw the Abbey's cat playing with a serpent, which the physicians understanding, presently conceived that the serpent had emptied some of her poison upon the cat which brought the same to the monks who by stroking and handling that cat were infected.

Good reasoning

Whereas there remained one difficulty : namely—how came it to pass the cat herself was not poisoned thereby. It was resolved that for as much as the serpent's poison came from him but in play and sport and not in malice

intent that therefore the venom (being lost in play) neither harmed the cat at all nor much endangered the monks. Nevertheless it is most certain that the breath and savour of cats consume and destroy the lungs and therefore they which keep cats with them in their beds have the air corrupted.





THE MONKS' CAT

“ BUT liveth all upon his wishes
As a cat would eaten fishes
Without wetting of his claws.”

IN AN ESSEX FOREST

EDWARD LE CONFESSOR GRAUNT A UN RAFFE
PEPERKING

ICHE Edward King
Have yeven of y Forest the keeping
Of the hundred of Chelmer and Dauncing
To Randolph Peperking and to his kynlyng.

badger

With Hart and Hynde, Doe and Bucke
Hare and Foxe, Catt and Brocke
Wyldfowle, with his flocke
Partrige, Fezant Hen and Fezant Cocke
With greene and wilde stub and stocke
To keepen. And two yeoman by all their might
Both day and eke by night
And Hounds for to hould
Good swift and bould
Four greyhoundes and sixe raches
For hare and Foxe and wylde cattes :

*bounds for
chase*

THE GATHERING OF THE HUNT

*The manner
of making a
gathering*

THE assembly that men call gathering should be made in this manner : the night before that the Lord or the Master of the Game will go to the wood, he must cause to come before him all the hunters and the helps, the grooms and the pages, and shall assign to each one of them their quests in a certain place, and separate the one from the other, and the one should not come into

the quest of the other, nor do him annoyance or hinder him. And everyone should quest in his best wise, in the manner that I have said; and should assign them the place where the gathering shall be made, at most ease for them all, and the nearest to their quests. And the place where the gathering shall be made should be in a fair meadow well green, where fair trees grow all about, the one far from the other, and a clear well or beside some running brook. And it is called gathering because all the men and the hounds for hunting gather hither, for all they that go to the quest should all come again in a certain place that I have spoken of. And also they that come from home, and all the officers that come from home should bring thither all that they need, every one in his office, well and plenteously, and should lay the towels and board cloths all about upon the green grass, and set divers meats in great plenty, after the lord's power. And some should eat sitting, and some standing, and some leaning upon their elbows, some should drink, some laugh, some jangle, some joke and some play—in short do all manner of disports of gladness, and when men be set at tables, ere they eat then should come the lymers and their grooms with their lymers the which have been questing, and every one shall say his report to the lord of what they have done and found.

*In a fair
meadow well
green*

*men who led
the hounds on
leads and laid
them on to
scent*

OF HUNTING

THE life of no man that useth gentle game and disport be less displeasable unto God than the life of a perfect and skilful hunter, or from which more good cometh. The first reason is that hunting causes a man to eschew the seven deadly sins. Secondly men are better when riding, more just and more understanding, and more alert and more at ease and more undertaking, and better knowing of all countries and all

*No life be less
displeasable
to God*

passages : in short and long all good customs and manners cometh thereof, and the health of man and of his soul. For he that fleeth the seven deadly sins as we believe, he shall be saved, therefore a good hunter shall be saved, and in this world have joy enough and of gladness and solace. Now shall I prove how a hunter may not fall into any of the seven deadly sins. . . . For a good hunter may not be idle, and in dreaming may not have any evil imaginations nor afterwards any evil works. For the day before he goes out to his office, the night before he shall lay him down in his bed, and shall not think but for to sleep, and do his office well and busily, as a good hunter should. And he shall have nothing to do, but think about all that which he has been ordered to do. And he is not idle, for he has enough to do to think about rising early and to do his office without thinking of sins or of evil deeds. And early in the dawning of the day he must be up for to go unto his quest, well and busily. And in so doing he shall not be idle, for he is always busy. And when he has come home should he less think to do evil, for he hath enough to do to think of his supper, and to ease himself and his horse, and to sleep, and to take his rest, for he is weary, and to dry himself of the dew or peradventure of the rain. And therefore I say that all the time of the hunter is without idleness and without evil thoughts, and without evil works of sin, for as I have said, idleness is the foundation of all vices and sins. And the hunter may not be idle if he would fill his office aright, and also he can have no other thoughts, for he has enough to do to think and imagine of his office, the which is no little charge, for whoso will do it well and busily, especially if they love hounds and their office.

Wherefore I say that such an hunter is not idle, he can have no evil thoughts, or can he do evil works, wherefore he must go straight into Paradise.

*A good hunter
may not be
idle*

*Idleness the
foundation of
all vices and
sins*

SUNDAY

FOR as much as divers artificers, labourers, servants, and grooms keep greyhounds and other dogs, and on the holy days when good Christian people be at church, hearing divine service, they go hunting in parks, warrens and connigries of lords and others to the very great destruction of the same.

*From the
Game Laws
Richard II*

LAP DOGS

THERE was a lady had two little doggis and she loved them so that she took great pleasure in the sight and feeding of them. And she made every day dress and made for them dishes with soppes of milk and often gave them flesh, but there was a frere that said to her "it was not well done that the dogges be made so fat and the pore pepille so lene and famished for hunger." And so the lady, for his saying was wroth with him. And after hap she died and there felle a wonder meruailous sight, for there was seen on her bed two little black dogs and in her dying they were about her mouthe and lyked it, and when she was dedde, where the dogges had lyked it was al blacke as cole.

*A friar
reproves her*

MAKING A FISHING ROD

AND that ye shall make your rod carefully I shall [A.D. 1300] tell you how you shall cut between Michaelmas and Candlemas a fair staff over 6 ft. long (or more as ye list) of willow or aspen, and bake him in an oven (and when ye bake him set him even as straight as ye can make him) and then let him cool and dry four weeks or more, then take and bind him fast with a good cord on to a form or to a square tree, and then take a wire that is long and sharp at one end, and heat the sharp end in a fire till

*long straight
slender iron
spit for
roasting a line
of birds in
front of the
fire*

it be hot, and pierce the staff through with it to bring out the pith from first one end and then the other.

And then take a bird spit and bind the rod to it, and thin it till it be as thin as a taper of wax and then overbind him and let it dry in the smoke house or along a house roof till it be dry.

And the same season take a white hazel wand and strip him and insert him in the hollow of the first wand, and then take a fair shoot of blackthorn and cut it and fit it into the other end of the rod and bind all together.

And take a hot taper of wax and bind and wax the staff well and bind both ends with hoops of iron.

BEES

THE bee yard be not far but fair aside,
Gladsome, secrete and warm, all from the wind—
Square and so big is it that no thief steal.
Fair flowers in colours of their kind

In bushes trees and herbes that they may find,
Herbe origane and tyme and violet
Eke affadille and savourie therin sette.

*daffodill—was
used as a cure
for madness*

Of tyme is wax and honey sweetest made,
Of tymbra peleton and origon
Is next after that, and after them is best
The rosamary and savorie
So good as they, but sweet each one.
September set trees about the side
And bushes about under the walls divide.

*Water in
brook or well*

And after bushes, herbes in the plain,
A sober brook amid, or else a well
With rushes low, or boughs that in it trail
So hanging low, that bees may on it dwell
And drink enough. But far away
Keep odour of kitchen, bath or gutter smell.
Adders do slay, and fowles out they go.

The keeper, pure and chaste, and with them oft.
 His hives having ready for to take
 His swarms young, and set them fair aloft
 The smell of dung and burning away take ;
 It harmeth them, and places that will make
 A voice again as oft as men will call,
 Is nought for them, nor nought is tetteralle



*Have neither
 an echo nor
 spurge near
 the bees*



To buy the bee ; behold them rich and full,
 And prove them by their murmured magnitude,
 Or see the swarm, and carry them, if thou will
 By night upon thy back, then safe enclose
 And, towards night, their gates thou soft uncloset.
 But buy them not too far out of their own air,
 For change of air may put them in despaire.

*To buy the
 bee*

Of hives, if honey filled, is this way known
 All subtilly and small ; If that they " summe "
 All hugely, hark if their voices " humme "
 For houses hollow, their voices (*echoing ?*)
 A sign is that their combes be full done.
 O. . . .

Beyond the parchment ends, the pages are lost : so of the Bee-master, none but his Bees may know his other lore.

HENNES

*A light craft
 for wommen*

WHAT womman cannot set a hen on broode ?
 And bring her birdes forth ? the craft is light,
 (And ashes-smoke and dust for henes are good)
 Eke best are henes black, the worst are white,
 And good are yellow, but if their Appetite
 With lees of wine be fed, anon barren
 They beeth, from this therefore henes refrain.

*Two measures
 in one day*

Wouldst thou they often hatch ? and egges great
 They lay ? Half boiled barley thou them bring ;
 Twai cruses, in one day, are henes meat
 That goeth at large, and odd egges in the spring
 Of the Moon, under a hen sitting
 Do put, and when the moon is days ten
 Of age, is good, until she be fifteen.

Of the peaben

The peahen she excuseth if men set
 Another hen her egges upon, outforth to bring.
 She will lay in one year three times, and will mete
 Five at the first, and four the next laying,
 And after three or two, but for breeding
 To set a hen on egges nine is good,
 Four of her kinde and five of other brood.

The first day of the moon is this to do
 The tenth day the four egges away take
 The other four insconce their place into,

To turn them often also good heed take,
 For she may not the turning undertake
 Yet take for that a strong hen and a great
 A little hen on fewer must be set.



The thirteenth day goeth all out of the shell
 And one nourice may twenty five chicks lead—
 So sayeth not I, but so sayeth Columelle—
 Fifteen I say sufficeth one hen to feed.
 She now behind, and she goeth before
 And clucketh them ; but when she findeth a corn
 She clicketh them, and layeth them before
 And leadeth them home at night lest they be lorne
 (Eke heal them of the pip, as is before
 Of henes taught) But when their crestes spring
 As sick are chicks as children in tooothing.

*One nurse hen
 may lead 25
 chicks*

AUTUMN IN THE GARDEN

PALLADII PRIMUS LIBER EXPLICIT

reins ?

TAKE ready now each needfull instrument
 See thou the little plow the large also
 The reigns repair again and have them sent
 Where land is moist, the tools now
 The matlock, axe, the pickaxe, Forth they go
 The saws, the long and short, the knives crooked,
 For vines and boughs with scythes and sickles notched
 And crooked sythes, keen upon their blades
 Show forth. Also the curved knives light
 In plantes young, a branch away to take.
 The Hooks that fern away shall bite
 The Billes * all the briers up to smite
 Let rakes and crooks and adez and bycornes
 And double bited axes for the thorns.

*The needful
instruments**The proper
clothes*

There must be marking irons for our beasts
 And tooles for to geld, and clip and shear
 Eke leather coats, us to wear
 honest is
 So their hoods, covering our
 heades are
 And boots and leggings,
 mittens must we wear.
 For husbonds and hunters all
 these goods,
 For they must walk in briers
 and in woods.



* BILLES—bill-hooks. The action in using the Bill is upwards along the side of the hedge.

EVERY beast that hath eyelids
 closeth them when he sleepeth

PART SEVEN

FEARS AND GHOSTS

DARKNESS

DARKNESS is absence of light and hath the name of Tenendo holdynge, for it bindeth and holdeth the eyes that they may not see the sun, nor none other light and so darkness is not else but very prison.

Also dark air is called darkness and darkness bringeth in fear and dread and withdraweth fairness of colours and abayth them and nourisheth sleep.

DREAMS

BELIEVE no meaning in no dreams
For many be nought but glinting gleams.
Believe nought in the pies chattering
It is no truth but false believing.

maggies

THE SLEEPWALKING OF PETER OF BEARN

“THIS sir Peter of Bearn hath an usage, that in the night time while he sleepeth, he will rise and arm himself and draw out his sword and fight all about the house and cannot tell with whom, and then goeth to bed again : and when he is waking, his servants do shew him how he did, and he would say he knew nothing thereof and how they lied. Sometime his servants would leave none armour nor sword in his chamber, and when he would thus rise and find none armour, he would make such a noise and rumour as though all the devils of hell had been in his chamber.”

*He fights all
about the
house at night*

“ Ah, Saint Mary,” quoth I, “ how did sir Peter of Bearn take this fantasy first, that he dare not sleep alone in his chamber, and that, when he is asleep, riseth thus and maketh all that business ? They are things to be marvelled at.” “ By my faith,” quoth the squire, “ he hath been often demanded thereof, but he saith he cannot tell whereof it cometh. The first time that ever he did so was the night after that he had been on a day a hunting in the woods of Biscay, and chased a marvellous great bear, and the bear had slain four of his hounds and hurt divers, so that none durst come near him. Then this sir Peter took

*The first time
—after a hunt*

a sword of Bordeaux and came in great ire for because of his hounds, and assailed the bear and fought long with him, and was in great peril and took great pain or he could overcome him. Finally he slew the bear and then returned to his lodging, to the castle of Lenguidendon in Biscay, and made the bear to be brought with him. Every man had marvel of the greatness of the beast and of the hardness of the knight, how he durst assail the bear. And when the countess of Biscay his wife saw the bear, she fell in a swoon and had great dolour, and so she was borne into her chamber, and so all that day, the night after and the next day she was sore discomforted and would not show what she ailed. On the third day she said to her husband : " Sir, I shall not be whole till I have been a pilgrimage at Saint James. Sir, I pray you give me leave to go thither and to have with me my son and Adrienne my daughter." Her husband agreed thereto : she took all her gold, jewels and treasure with her, for she thought never to return again, whereof her husband took no heed. So the lady did her pilgrimage and made an errand to go and see the king of Castile, her cousin, and the queen. They made her good cheer, and there she is yet and will not return again nor send her children. And so thus the next night that this sir Peter had thus chased the bear and slain him, while he slept in his bed, this fantasy took him ; and it was said that the countess his wife knew well, as soon as she saw the bear, that it was the same that her father did once chase, and in his chasing he heard a voice, and saw nothing, that said to him : " Thou chasest me, and I would thee no hurt : therefore thou shalt die an evil death." Of this the lady had remembrance, when she saw the bear, by that she had heard her father say before, and she remembered well how king don Peter strake off her father's head without any cause, and in like wise she feared her husband : and yet she saith and maintaineth that he shall die of an evil death, and that he doth nothing as yet to that he shall do hereafter. Now, sir, I have shewed you of sir Peter of Bearn, as ye have demanded

*His wife sees
the bear*

*and leaves her
husband*

*for whom an
evil death may
wait*

of me ; and this is a true tale, for thus it is and thus it befel. How think you," quoth he, " thereby ? "

" Sir, I believe it well, that it is as ye have said. Sir, we find in old writing that anciently such as were called gods and goddesses at their pleasure would change and transform men into beasts and into fowls, and in like wise women. And it might be so, that this bear was before *Quite likely* some knight chasing in the forest of Biscay, and peradventure displeased in that time some god or goddess, whereby he was transformed unto a bear, to do there his penance, as anciently Acteon was changed unto an hart."

" In like wise it might be of the bear of Biscay, and how that the lady knew peradventure more than she would speak of at that time. Therefore she ought the better to be excused." The squire answered and said : " Sir, it may well be." Then we left our talking for that time.

WITCHES' GARMENTS

WITCHES' garments are a white linen, black cloth, cats' skins, wolves, bears or swine's skins and their sewing thread is cats' guts, silk, asses' hair, thongs of men's skins, bats or moles . . . and needles of hedgehogs prickles and writing pens of ravens and ink of man's blood and ointments of whales and parchments of membranes of infants and candles of marrow of men and children and vessels earthen and candlesticks of three feet of dead men's bones.





DE HOMINIBUS QUI FUERUNT LUPI...

DE HOMINIBUS QUI FUERUNT LUPI

VERUM scio apud nostrates quotidianum esse quod sic satis hominum, iis currentibus, quidam per lunationes mutantur in lupos ; infantes in forma lupina devorabat . . . sed et grandaevos ferinis morsibus lacerabat. Tunc ergo ei captura frustrantur et facile capiuntur.

* * * * *

Multi enim experti sunt et ab expertis audierunt quibus certissime est fides adhibenda se vidisse Sylvanos et Panes quos Incubos nominant Galli vero divinos dicunt.

Non audeo aliquid hic definire utrum aliqui spiritus elemento aereo corporati possunt agere vel pati libidinem aut quoquomodo feminis se immisceant aut ab hominibus talia patiantur.

AGAINST WITCHCRAFT

If thou ever through folly,
 Didst ought do of necromancy,
 Or to any man gave meed,
 For to raise the devil indeed,
 Or if on sword, or in basin,
 Made any child to look therein
 Or if in palm, or in christal,
 Witchcraft thou didst at all
 If thou hast done ought of this
 Thou hast sinned ; and done amiss.

*Gave payment
 for to raise
 the devil*

THE WITCH AND HER COW SUCKING BAG

And why it would not go for the Bishop

kine—cows

THERE was a witch, she made a bagge
A belly of leather, a great swagge
She bewitched so, this bag's belly
That it went and sucked men's ky
At evening, and at morning tide
In the pasture, or eke outside
Far it went about and fast
Till it was perceived at last.
It was shown to the Bishop
That it did go and the milk sop
Through witchcraft and misadventure,
To suck the kine in their pasture.

*The Bishop
learns the
charm*

" Dame," said the Bishop, " show thy practise,
And let us see how the bag shall rise ? "
The witch, she said her evil say
The bagge rose up, and went its way.
The Bishop said " This have we seen !
Now, do it all over again ! "
The witch she did all at his will,
She made the bag ' go ' and ' lie still '
" Now ! " said the Bishop " now shall I
As thou hast done have this mastery ! "
The Bishop began her charm to read,
All as she did, he did indeed,
He spoke and did, in every say,
Right as she did, in every way.
But the bagge lay still as it dead wore,
For him it rose up never more.
" Why ? " said he " will it not rise ?
When I have done all the same-wise ?
And said your words no less no mo ?
Why for my saying will it not GO ? "

*But the bag
will not go*



FIRE AND WATER, WIND AND LAND,
I DESIRE TO HAVE UNDER MY HAND AND BOND

*For he has
no believing*

“Nay,” she said, “why should it so,
For thou believest not, as I do.
When ye believe my words as I,
The bagge will go and suck the ky.”
He asked, “Then faileth nought but believing?”
She said, “That maketh all this thing!”

And so it is ever, in witchens law
Belief; it is more than the saw.

FOR WITCHCRAFT

Penance of the Lady Gloucester—who confessed to using witchcraft—through the counsel of the witch of Eye—the which was burnt—on the evening of St. Symon and St. Jude—in Smithfield 1441.

To come to London from Westminster—on Monday and land at Temple Bar, (out of her barge)—and there openly with only a kerchief on her head;—and bearing a taper of wax (of 11 lbs. weight) in her hands—and to go so—through Fleet Street—on foot and hoodless unto Poules and there, to offer up her taper at the high altar. And on the following Wednesday to come from Westminster (again by barge)—into the Swan in Temple Street—and go forth on her feet through Bridge Street and Gracechurch Street to Leadenhall—and so to Christ Church and so forth to Chepe—and to St. Michael in Cornhill.

And afterwards she was sent to Chester to imprisonment—till death.

TRIAL BY ORDEAL

ARCHBISHOP ROBERT speaking for the King :
 “ Brethren, ye have had communication with the
 King touching this woman (*his mother*). Granted
 she has authority above her sex because she is a Queen,
 you must consent that I shall determine what the ordeal
 shall be. Let that infamous woman take for herself four
 and for the Bishop (*with whom she was accused of sinning*)
 five, that is nine steps, without stopping, upon nine
 burning hot ploughshares with naked feet : if she stumble,
 if she does not press with the entire sole of her foot on each
 of the ploughshares, if she be hurt, let sentence be passed
 against her as an adulteress.”

*From the
Annals of
Winchester
Church*

The sentence

The sentence was reported to the Queen who was not more discomposed at it than if she had been invited to a bridal. The news spread and such a throng of people flocked to Winchester as was never before seen there. The King himself came nor did a single noble absent himself except Archbishop Robert who feigned illness and stayed at Dover in order he might be able to escape easily.

*Bishop Robert
feigns illness*

The Queen was brought to Winchester and the whole night long before the ordeal she kept watch at the tomb of St. Swithin. She prayed with her whole heart during the night. She had but little sleep. Yet though she tried to keep awake, she slept a little and saw St. Swithin (who reassured her). As soon as it was day, the clergy and populants assembled at the Church, the King himself took his seat in front. The Queen was led forth and asked whether she was willing to go through what she had undertaken. She assented in these words : “ My lord and my son, I am that Emma who gave thee birth. . . . I called upon God to bear witness against my body by destroying it, if I have committed even in thought, any of those crimes that have been laid to my charge.” The pavement of the Church having been swept, there were

*The Queen
declares her
innocence*

*She is
conducted to
the torture*

placed upon it nine red-hot ploughshares, over which a short prayer was said, and then the Queen's shoes and stockings were drawn off and laying aside her mantle and pulling off her veil, with her garments girded closely about her, between two bishops, one on either hand, she was conducted to the torture.

*Behold a
Miracle !*

The bishops that led her wept, and though they were more terrified than she was, they encouraged her not to be afraid. All persons who were within the Church wept, and there was a general exclamation, " Oh, St. Swithin, St. Swithin, help her ! " If at this moment there had been a peal of thunder the people would not have heard it with such shouts did they rend the heavens crying to St. Swithin. Then all was hushed, and the Queen prayed and then—Behold a Miracle !—Her feet guided by the bishops, she making nine steps upon the nine ploughshares and pressing each one with the whole weight of her body and thus treading upon the nine ploughshares, she felt neither the naked iron nor the fire. Then said she to the Bishop (with closed eyes), " Shall I not obtain that which I have so desired ? Why do you lead me out of the Church who in the Church must undergo the ordeal ? " for she was still advancing and knew not the ordeal was past. " Where to ? " the bishops replied, as well as they could for sobbing. " Look lady, it is all over. What you think you have still to do is already done." She opened her eyes and saw the iron for the first time—" Lead me," she said, " to my son that he may see my feet."

*She feels
neither the
iron nor the
fire*

REAL

*by certain
milks or
certain images*

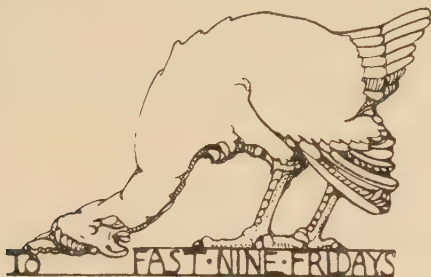
TRANSFERRING of diseases is really magical, for by certain laits given to domestic beasts or by burying certain images in the ground they bring forth evil fortune to the owners thereof. The profound can destroy diseases and take off warts, and can kill, cure, purge or poison by the hair fat or blood—AT A DISTANCE.

SIMPLE EFFECTS

To produce any fowl out of an egg without the natural help of the hen. (Aristotle himself teacheth to make a chicken have four legs.) It is brought to pass if the egg be laid in hen's dung dried and mingled with feathers and stirred around every 4th hour.

To produce the most venomous noisome and dangerous cockatrice melt arsenic and strong venom of serpents, drowning the egg therein.

It is useful to have a black hen that has been made to fast 9 Fridays.



A GARDENING HINT

To avoid hail, carry a marsh tortoise around the fields. It is good against all Sky trouble, but you must carry the unfortunate lightning conductor about up on-end (which end?) and leave him lying on his back.

“AND undersette his crooked bakke, that makes
His lack again to turne himself downeright.
This is a craft of wisdom and a thing of might
For all the land that thou hast gone aboute
From cloudes wick is save, this is no doubt.”

*A craft of
wisdom and a
thing of might*

Well; everybody says to this day that a tortoise “is so good in a garden!” But it does seem a bad job for the tortoise.

AN INVENTORY OF WITCHES

From the Discoverie of Witchcraft many centuries later

From several hundred available spirits I pick out a few of the most generally useful. (Note that a legion is 6666.)

Aell

AELL the first and principal appeareth with three heads, one toad, one man, one cat ; speaketh with a hoarse voice, maketh the man go invisible and hath his rule 60 and 6 legions of devils.

Buer

BUER, a great president and absolutely teacheth philosophy moral and natural, also logic and the virtue of herbs. He giveth the best familiars and reigneth over 50 legions.

Leraie

LERAIIE alias Oray, a great marquis, showeth himself as a gallant archer. He is of battles and doth putrefy arrow wounds—30 legions.

Bileth

BILETH, a king great and terrible, riding on a pale horse, before whom go trumpets and all kinds of melodious music. When called up he appeareth rough and furious. Let the exorcist take heed of himself and hold a hazel bat in his hand, reach out east and west and make a triangle without the circle. If he hold out his hand and bid him come in and Bileth refuse the chain of spirits, let the exorcist proceed reading ; and by and bye he will submit himself and the exorcist will be safe. Bileth will be his helper and friend. Let the exorcist receive him courteously and glorify him in his pride, for he is the order of Powers hoping to return to the seventh throne (which is not altogether credible).

Sitri

SITRI, a great prince ; appearance face of leopard and wings as griffin, but when he taketh human shape he is very beautiful. He inflameth love and laugheth at women to make them "luxurious lie" naked—60 legions.

Ronove

RONOVE, an earl ; resembling a monster, bringeth singular understanding in rhetoric—19 legions.

ASTAROTH, a strong duke coming forth as a foul angel sitting upon an infernal dragon and carrying a viper. He answereth truly to matters present past and future, talketh willingly of the Creator of Spirits and their fall, and saith he fell not of his own accord. Let the exorcist take heed he admit him not too near because of his stinking breath. *Astaroth*

SIDMONAY, alias Asmoday; strong and mighty, three heads and the feet of a goose (let the exorcist receive him warily and standing on his feet). He absolutely teacheth geometry, arithmetic, astronomy, and handicraft—72 legions. *Sidmonay*

PHOENIX appeareth like the bird having a child's voice. Phoenix standeth stille before the exorcist singing many sweet notes, but let all beware to give no ear to the melody but bid him at once take human shape. Then he will speak marvelously of all wonderful sciences, for he is an excellent poet and obedient. *Phoenix*

CAIM; taketh the form of a thrush, but when he taketh man's form he answereth in burning ashes. He giveth men understanding of birds, the lowing of bullocks, the crying of dogs and the sound of the noise of waters. He was of the order of angels, rule of 30 legions. *Caim*

AMY; a great president, procureth excellent familiars. Is partly of the order of angels and hopeth after 1,200 years to return to the seventh throne (not credible). *Amy*

BOTTOM'S RECIPE

CUT off the head of a horse or ass (before they be dead) and make an earthen vessel be filled with the oil and fat thereof, cover it close and dawbe it over with loam; let it boil over a soft fire 3 days continually so that it be all run to oil. Beat the hair to a powder, mingle it with this oil and anoint the heads of standers by and THEY SHALL SEEM TO HAVE ASSES' HEADS. *An ancient jest*

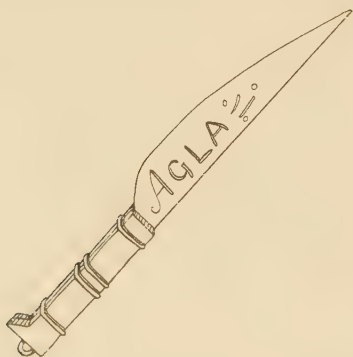
TO RAISE THE DEAD

GET thee the promise from one that shall be hanged and let him swear an oath to thee that his spirit shall come and do thee service, in all days hours and minutes, and let no persons see thy doings but thy Fellow.*

And about 11 at night go to the place with bold face and hearty desire, and thy Fellow having a candle in his left hand, and in right hand a crystal stone, and the Master having the hazel wand, and write thereon :

Tetragranaton Adonary Agla craton

and strike three strokes on the ground, “ arise—(N) arise (N) arise (N) ” and these words—



“ [Secretum Secretorum Tu operans sis secretus horum] ”

*anon go and
make the circle*

“ I will swear to thee an oath by the peril of my soul that if thou appear to me this night

* The garment in which the exorcist is clothed withal ought, according to opinions of the chiefest magicians, to be a priestly robe, which if it can nowhere be procured, may be a cleanly linen dress with the holy pentacle fastened thereto upon a parchment over which the Invocation . . . must be said.

and show me visions in this crystal stone I will give thee thy almesse deed, and pray for thee, whereby thou mayest be restored to thy salvation at the resurrection day.”

*I will procure
what thou
asketh*

And the Master standing at the head and the Fellow at the feet must begin the conjuration, and the spirit will appear in the stone in the fair form of a child of 12 years old; and when he is in he shall feel the stone AND IT SHALL BE HOT.

THE WAX IMAGE



IF a malicious minded witch intendeth to consume away life she makes an image in wax in such ominous aspect as may conduce to her design, and maketh magical characters on the sides of the head, describing the Character of the Hour on the breast of the image, and the name (of the victim) on his forehead, and that which is to be wrought upon its back.

*For the
malicious
minded*

And then stick thorns and pins in the divers places of the arms and breast and legs, and spend one hour in every day to warm and turn the image before a doleful and lingering fire.*

A NOTORIOUS EVIL

TYING the point of knot, is become so notorious both practice and effect that the laws of several nations have prohibited the performance thereof. Neither is it fit to be openly described in this place.

*A matrimonial
difficulty*

* There is a similar spell to say over the melting bitumen figure in Babylon.

THE SPIRIT ORTHON AND THE LORD OF CORASSE

*Invisible
messengers*

ABOUT a three months after, as the knight lay on a night abed in his castle of Corasse with the lady his wife, there came to him messengers invisible and made a marvellous tempest and noise in the castle, that it seemed as though the castle should have fallen down, and strake great strokes at his chamber door, that the good lady his wife was sore afraid. The knight heard all but he spake no word thereof, because he would shew no abashed courage, for he was hardy to abide all adventures. This noise and tempest was in sundry places of the castle and dured a long space, and at last ceased for that night. Then the next morning all the servants of the house came to the lord when he was risen, and said : " Sir, have you not heard this night that we have done ? " The lord dissimuled and said : " No, I heard nothing : what have you heard ? " Then they shewed him what noise they had heard and how all the vessel in the kitchen was overturned. Then the lord began to laugh and said : " Yea, sirs, ye dreamed : it was nothing but the wind." " In the name of God," quoth the lady, " I heard it well."

*The servants
complain*

*The knight
challenges the
the noise*

The next night there was as great noise and greater, and such strokes given at his chamber door and windows as all should have been broken in pieces. The knight started up out of his bed and would not let to demand who was at his chamber door that time of the night, and anon he was answered by a voice that said : " I am here." Quoth the knight, " What is thy name, that art so good a messenger ? " Quoth he, " I am called Orthon." So this spirit Orthon loved so the knight, that oftentimes he would come and visit him while he lay in his bed asleep, and either pull him by the ear or else strike at his chamber door or window to awake him ; and when the knight awoke, then he would say : " Orthon, let me sleep." " Nay," quoth Orthon, " that will I not do, till I have shewn thee such tidings as are fallen a-late." The lady

the knight's wife would be sore affrayed, that her hair would stand up, and hide herself under the clothes. Then

*The knight's
wife puts her
head under the
bedclothes*



the knight would say : " Why, what tidings hast thou brought me ? " Quoth Orthon : " I am come out of England, or out of Hungary or some other place, and yesterday I came thence, and such things are fallen, or such other." So thus the lord of Corasse knew by Orthon everything that was done in any part of the world, and in this case he continued a five year, and could not keep his own counsel, but at last discovered it to the earl of Foix : I shall shew you how.

On a time the lord of Corasse was with the earl of Foix, and the earl demanded of him and said : " Sir of Corasse, did ye ever as yet see your messenger ? " " Nay surely, sir," quoth the knight, " nor I never desired it." " That is marvel," quoth the earl : " If I were as well acquainted with him as ye be, I would have desired to have seen him. Whereof I pray you desire it of him, and then to tell me what form and fashion he is of. I have heard you say how he speaketh as good Gascon as other you or I." " Truly, sir," quoth the knight, " so it is. He speaketh as well and as fair as any of us both do : and surely, sir, sith ye counsel me, I shall do my pain to see him an I can." And so on a night as he lay in his bed with the lady his wife, who was so inured to hear Orthon that she was no more afraid of him, then came Orthon and pulled the lord by the ear, who was fast asleep ; and therewith he awoke and asked who was there. " I am here," quoth Orthon. Then he demanded : " From whence comest thou now ? " " I come," quoth Orthon, " from Prague in Boeme."

*The earl is
told of Orthon*

*The knight is
urged to see
him*

"How far is that hence?" quoth the knight. "A threescore days' journey," quoth Orthon. "And art thou come thence so soon?" quoth the knight. "Yea truly," quoth Orthon, "I came as fast as the wind or faster." "Hast thou then wings?" quoth the knight. "Nay truly," quoth he. "How canst thou then fly so fast?" quoth the knight. "Ye have nothing to do to know that," quoth Orthon. "No?" quoth the knight, "I would gladly see thee, to know what form thou art of."

*'It's nothing to
do with you
what I look
like'*

"Well," quoth Orthon, "ye have nothing to do to know: it sufficeth you to hear me and I to shew you tidings." "In faith," quoth the knight, "I would love thee much better an I might see thee once." "Well," quoth Orthon, "sir, sith ye have so great desire to see me, the first thing that ye see to-morrow when ye rise out of your bed, the same shall be I." "That is sufficient," quoth the lord; "go thy way, I give thee leave to depart for this night."

And the next morning the lord rose; and the lady his wife was so affrayed that she durst not rise, but feigned herself sick and said she would not rise. Her husband would have had her to have risen. "Sir," quoth she, "then I shall see Orthon, and I would not see him by my good will." "Well," quoth the knight, "I would gladly see him"; and so he arose fair and easily out of his bed and sat down on his bed side, weening to have seen Orthon in his own proper form; but he saw nothing whereby he might say: "Lo, yonder is Orthon." So that day passed and the next night came, and when the knight was in his bed, Orthon came and began to speak, as he was accustomed. "Go thy way," quoth the knight, "thou art but a liar: thou promisedst that I should have seen thee and it was not so." "No?" quoth he, "and I shewed myself to thee." "That is not so," quoth the lord. "Why," quoth Orthon, "when ye rose out of your bed, saw you nothing?" Then the Lord studied a little and advised himself well. "Yes, truly," quoth the knight, "now I remember me, as I sat on my bed's side thinking
but two straws on thee, I saw two straws on the pavement tumbling one

*He sees
nothing*

upon another." "That same was I," quoth Orthon : "into that form I did put myself as then." "That is not enough to me," quoth the lord : "I pray thee put thyself into some other form that I may better see and know thee."

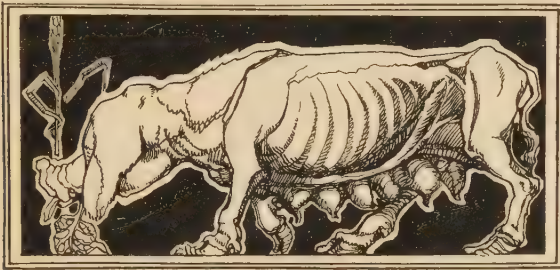
"Well," quoth Orthon, "ye will do so much that ye will lose me and I go from you, for ye desire too much of me." *A warning*

"Nay," quoth the knight, "thou shalt not go from me. Let me see thee once and I will desire no more." "Well,"

quoth Orthon, "ye shall see me to-morrow. Take heed ; the first thing that ye see after ye be out of your chamber, it shall be I." "Well," quoth the knight, "I am then content : go thy way, let me sleep." And so Orthon departed,

and the next morning the lord arose and issued out of his chamber and went to a window and looked down into the court of the castle and cast about his eye, and the first thing he saw was a sow, the greatest that ever

A great lean sow



he saw, and she seemed to be so lean and evil favoured that there was nothing on her but the skin and the bones, with long ears and a long lean snout. The lord of Corasse had marvel of that lean sow and was weary of the sight of her, and commanded his men to fetch his hounds, and said : "Let the dogs hunt her to death and devour her." His servants opened the kennels and let out his hounds and did set them on this sow ; and at the last the sow made a great cry and looked up to the lord of Corasse, as he looked out at a window, and so suddenly vanished away, no man wist how. Then the lord of Corasse entered into his chamber right pensive, and then he remembered him of Orthon his messenger, and said : "I repent me that I set

that vanishes suddenly away

*and Orthon
never returns*

my hounds on him : it is an adventure an ever I hear any more of him, for he said to me oftentimes that if I displeased him I should lose him." The lord said truth, for never after he came into the castle of Corasse, and also the knight died the same year next following.

ASH

ASH hath so great virtue that serpents come not in shadow thereof in the morning nor at even. And if a serpent be set within a fire and ash leaves, he will flee into the fire sooner than into the leaves.

BIRTH OF MERLIN

HIS mother stood and thought and thought.
Ere she the King would answer ought
When she had stood, and thought aright,
She said, " By Mary bright
I cannot say, nor never knew
Him that the child did on me so !
I wist never, nor never heard,
What manner of wight, so with me fared,
One came, there-to my bed, I wist,
And with a force, me clipt and kist,
As a man, I him felt
And as a man, he me welt
And as a man, he spake to me
But—what he was, might I not see.
So often, to my bed he came,
And oft, he kist, in armes nam
And knew me, as a man should do,
Before not then, did never man so.
And thus, conceived I this knave
Now all I wist, told you I have."



*The King's
magician
explains*

Said Magait, magician to the King
" It may betiden such a thing—

For we find written, of our scribes,
 Of such manner, of dread sprites,
 Betwixt the Moon and Earth they home,
 So telleth us the books we con.
 Somewhat they take, of manes kind,
 And somewhat, of angels, as we find,
 For their homing is in the air.
 Untill to earth they make repair.
 When is the time that they have power
 To have likeness, of bodies here.
 What time they take it, wots no man,
 But, that they may, all wist and can,
 These spirites ; they do women shame
 Incumbi demons, is their name,
 They, many women have forlorn
 On this manner was Merlin born."

*Incumbi
demons*

THE WIFE OF BATH COMMENTS UPON IT

FOR now the great charity and prayers
 Of Limitors and other holy friars
 That searchen every land and every stream
 As thick as motes in the sunbeam
 Blessing halls, kitchens, chambers and bowers,
 Cities, boroughs, castles and high towers,
 Thorpes, barns, sheep-pens and dairies,
 This maketh that there be now no fairies,
 For there—as wont to walken was an elfe,
 There walketh now the limitor himself,
 In under meals and in mornings,
 And saith his matins and his holy things
 As he goeth in his limitatiowne ;
 Women may now go safely up and down,
 In every bush and under every tree
 There is none other Incubus but he.

a begging order

" Maidens having yellow haire are most molested with this spirit."

R. Scott

ANOTHER COMMENT UPON THE SAME

*Of minor
friars*

OF that frier mynors me thinks moch wonder
That waxen thus hauteyn, that som tyme weren under
Among men of Holy Chirch They maken mochel
blonder

Now he that sytes us abouvem make him sone to sonder
With an O and an I they pray not St. Paul
Thai layen on St. Francais, by my Faders soul !

*See no friar
bears their
private
confessions*

Iche man that here shall led his life
That has a faire doughter or a wife
Be war that no frer tham shryfe
Nauther loud nor stille

into my home

Where I a man that hous helde
If any womman with me delde
There is no frier, but he were gelde
Should com within my wones !

COMMENT A CENTURY LATER

BUT you understand that Incubus is a spirit that hath no flesh nor bones. Indeed your grandmother's maids were wont to set a bowl of milk before his cousin Robin Goodfellow for grinding malt or mustard and sweeping the house at midnight, and you have also heard that he would chafe exceedingly if the maid (having compassion on his nakedness) laid any clothes for him beside his mess of white bread and milk which was his standing fee. He would say "What have we here? Hemton Hamten here will I never more tread nor stampen."

SLEEP

Sliding into slumber—Sleeping under leaves

JONAH built him a bower, as best he might
Of Hay & of fernes and herbes a few
He bowed under his bower his back from the sun
And therein he swooned & slept sadly all night.

*Jonah builds
a poor bower*

Meanwhile : God of his grace, grew from the ground,
The fairest woodbine above him to be.
When the weary day dawned dryly,
Then awaked that waif under a woodbine,
And looked aloft on leaves of lilies green.

*But God
grows the
fairest
woodbine above
him*

(Such a leaf-cell aloft never lad had
Swaying so softly, shading so surely
The sun glinted on the green gracious leaves
That ever waved in the wind so wide & so cool
So slid he into slumber sleeping under leaves.)

Meanwhile : God worked up a worm that wrought at
the root,
And wilted that woodbine, before that wight waked.
The warm wind of the West waked Jonah : naked
Poor Jonah—melting on the mould that would not hide
him.

*A worm wilts
the woodbine*

His woodbine wilted away—he wept for woe
With hatred & with anger hot—wrothed he at God
“ Ah ! thou maker of man ! what mastery be this !
Thus thy wretch to wreck upon, woe worse than other,
With all the mischief that thou may—never me to spare
Long dauntest thou me ! O death—I will not endure.”

*He wakes
to declare his
wrath*

GOD SPEAKS ;

Is this rightful lad, so reckless thy rank noise ?
So wroth for a woodbine that wilted so soon ?
Why are thou so wayward ? weeping for so little ?

JONAH SPEAKS ;

“Hit is NOT lyttel,” quoth the lad—“but like for its death

*He wishes to
be dead and
buried*

I would I were of this world wrapped in earth.”

GOD SPEAKS ;

*The rebuke
and the moral*

Then bethink thee man !—(if thou bethinkest thus :)

That I weep for my world—hast thou no wonder ?

Thou art waxed so wroth for want of thy woodbine

Who travailed not to tend it, not time of one hour ?

Then wit of the work that I have wrought,

And dwell on the deeds that I have done,

And my travail betimes of termes so long,

Then—if my work wilted were (think well, O man !)

The sorrow of such sweetness lost wòuld sink into my heart. . . .

SOUND ADVICE

RISE early,
Serve God devoutely,
And the World duley.
Do thy work wisely,
Give thy alms secretly,
Pass thy way judiciously,
Answer people demurely,
Go to dinner hungerily,
Sit there at descretely,
Go to supper quietly,
And to thy bed early,
Please thy love duly,
And sleep securely.

PART EIGHT

CURSES AND PRAYERS

LIFE

... THERE with I waked, all but witless
And forth began wander in mendicant wise,
And—In my dreams I pondered.
Fortune had failed me, at my most need,
Age had threatened me that all my power should vanish,
Friars had shown me, they followed the rich,
(And no corpse in their churchyard would they bury
If they had not them to quit their debts)
And—Nature had told me his love for beasts
And—Imagination had spoken—and vanished.
And—I lay down and slept again.

THE LONELY MONK

Llewelyn and Gwrneth were two penitent saints whose custom it was to meet for prayer during the last three hours of the night, and the first three hours of the day. One cold night Llewelyn, seeing the door of Gwrneth's cell shut and not knowing why, composed these lines.

MOUNTAIN snow—wind in the trees
It is the Creator of Heaven who strengthens me
Is it asleep that Gwrneth is ?

Mountain snow—God above all things
It is to Him I will pray
No—I cannot sleep.

Mountain snow—wind about the house
Is it so thou speakest ?
Is it thou Gwrneth ?

Mountain snow—wind from the North
I will say the prayers
Most probably he is dead.

Mountain snow—white topped the valley lies
Everyone is kind to him by whom he is beloved
So may the Creator of the Heavens deliver thee Gwrneth.

Mountain snow—wind above the hills
Is it thou my Brother ? is it thou who speakest ?
Or is it asleep Llewelyn is ?

MAKING A NUN

HERE begins the manere for to make a nun.

At the beginging of the mass the maiden that shall be made a nun shall sit in the quire upon a stool before the Piores stall with her prouese in her hand.

*Her written
promise in her
band*

*The maiden is
left with her
next of kin*

And at the offering time the Piores sal lede the maiden til they be in midst the quire, and there shal scho betech hir until her next friends, and they sal lede hir up unto the high altar and the Piores and the convent sal folow up unto the altar, and then byken hir to the priores agayn.

And then they sal sit down and hear the preching. And scho with her professe boke in hir hand, and when the preching es done, the Piores sal hafe hir before the auter and uncloth hir of her secular clothing.

*The priest
blesses her
habit*

And in the same tyme the prelet sall hallow hir habete—"Dominus vobiscum. . ."

Then her veil is blessed :

And after their orisons cast holy water upon the clethyng and than the prelet sal gyf the madyn hir clethyng : first her cote seyand "Accipe uestem" etc. And then sal the prelet with a payr of schers begyn for to kut hir hair befue at the toppyng, saying "In nomine patris"—"et filii" behind "et spiritus sancti"—and "amen" on the other side.

And then sal the priores kut away the remnaunt of the hair.

*Her wimple is
given her*

And then sal the prelete gif hir hir wimpil sayand "Accipe peplum" etc.

And then the prelete sal lay the vayle upon hir hede sayand "Accipe velum" etc.

And then sal he gif hir the girdyl sayand "Accipe zonom".

*The noviciate
reads her vow*

And after this sal that nun nouece stand stil before the auter and rede hir prouesse.

Vow of Professed Nun.

"I sister—giffyn to God—I hete my stabilnes and turnyng of my maners and buxsumnes efter the rewle of St. Benett * before God and all his halows in this mynster that es set in the wirchep of St. —; in the presence of daym N — Priores."

When scho has red hir professe, she sal wend up to the auter, and lay hir profession vow upon the auter and the ryng withal. And than the priores sal wind or lap the maydyn handes in the halowed twoel of the auter and than sal that nun nouece goe down benethen the grece of the auter and turnand hir up unto the auter and standand and saying this vers :

"Suscipe me domine, secundum eloquium tuum et vivam".

And in these words saying she sal fall down to the earth, and then rise up and turn her to the pepil sayand : "Et non confundas me ab exspectacione mea."

And lowte and this vers sal she say three times in this manner.

And the people sal answer "Suscipe me domine"; "Gloria Patri" and then "Kyrieleison, Christeleison, Kyrieleison" and "Pater noster".

And than sal the nun be laid down grofelyng on lengthe before the right end of the auter, and the Prelete sal say over hir "sancte spiritus qui te deum ac dominum reuelare mortalibus" etc. : (and many orisons).

And then cast hali water upon hir and encens hir—and the Priores and the Convent sal then go down into the quire into their stalls, and than sal the subpriors lede the young nun to the priores and she shall hold up both her hands and the priores sal take hir handes between hir hands and kis hir, and she sal mak hir obedience and sware it forth til all the convent and than sall she be set in the uttermost stall in the quire unto the "Agnus dei" of the mass be done, and then sal the subpriors lede hir

* 'I firmly declare I will turn my conduct and 'good-willingness' according to the rule of St. Benett.'

*she receives
communion
meal time*

up to the auter and when the prelete hase used and rineside than sal she be howseld of him and than sal the subprioies lede her before the lady auter and there sal she sit in her prayres till mete-tym.

leave

And these 3 days sal she not speke unto the 4th day that she have leue of the prioies, and at enyn, when she is in hir bed the prioies and the convent sal cum up unto the dormitory and the priest and the clerk with torchlight for to halow hir bed ; and he sal say

“Ecce, non dormitabit neque dormitet. Dominus vobiscum.”

ANOTHER VIEW

“FRERE : what charite is this ? to beguile children or ever they be come to discrection, & bind them to your orders—that been not grounded in goddes law against their friends will—Sithen by this folly been many apostates, both in will & deed all their lives that would gladly be discharged if they knew how—& so many be apostates who would in other states have been true men.”

BENEDICTION OVER THE NUN'S BED

BENEDIC, domine, hoc famularum tuarum dormitorium, qui non dormis neque dormitas, qui custodis Israel, famulam tuam in hac domo quiescentem post laborem custodi, ab illusionibus, fantasmatis sathane, et vigilans in preceptis tuis meditetur, dormiens te per saporem senciat et hic et ubique defensionis tue auxilio muniatur. Per dominum nostrum.

*They shall
cast holy
water upon
her*

Then they sal kert holy water and encense hir and the bed and the 2 nights after the convent sal do the same.

AMEN

TALE OF A NUN WHO SPOKE NAUGHTY
WORDS AND WENT TO HELL

SAINT Gregory of a nunne tells
That went to Hell for nothing else
But that she spake evil villainy
Among her fellows living so highly.
This nunne was of deeds most chaste,
But she spake words of waste.
Soon after that this nunne died
She was buried the altar beside.
And thereafter : chance gan fall !
Of the Church the warders all
Were waked out of their sleep
So loud they heard one cry and weep !
Up they start, all for to see
What wonderful thing that this might be :
They saw about that dead nunne stand
Fiends ! . . . with burning swords in hand
Half her body was burnt away
To show her tongue did her slay.

*A tale from
Saint Gregory*

with a moral

OF THE CLOTHING OF MONKS
AND NUNS

THEY shall be clothed full well me wot
After the place be cold or hot
For in cold steads whoso speeds
They the warmer clothing need
And who is in a hot countree
In such cloth therein they may be
But all it shall be purvaiad plain
At the ordering of their sovereign
In common places of all kinds note
Suffices a kirtle and a coat

And mantles shall they have certain
 In winter double in summer plain.
 And change of kirtles shall they have
 For nights, the other ones to save
 Shoes shall they have whereere they dwell
 Such as they may find for sale
 Of the fairest they shall not buy
 But the poorest full willingly
 And their ruler shall forthwith see
 That their gear ordained be
 Meet for them it doth belong
 Not too short nor yet too long
 When they take new the old shall then
 Be given unto poor wommen
 When they go forth to the country
 Their clothing shall more honest be
 And home again when they come eft
 They shall wear what they have left.*

*better clothes
 for visits*

A PENANCE FOR A NUN

At ilke were when the bell ringis shall she lie before the
 kirke dore till all the convent be cumen in. And then
 rise and obied withoute the kirke dore till the vre be
 sungen. And when the convent comes forth out of the
 kirk she sal lie down agayne before the dore til all be
 passid.

*abide outside
 the church
 door until the
 hour be sung*

* *Jack Upland's Comment :*

"Frere what charite is this to lie to the people—& say ye follow Christ in poverty more than other men do ? & yet in curious & costly howsinge & fine & precious clothing & delicious & liking feeding, & in treasure & jewels & rich ornaments, freres passen lords & other rich worldly men."



CHARITY

QUI BENE ADMINISTRAVIT GRADUM
BONUM SIBI ADQUIRIT

WHO serves well with heart free
Wins him a guide degree.
A Celerer should be mild and meek
For to serve them that seek,
The bairns, and all the gwestes poor
And others, spering at the door.
Fair of answeare shall be he
To iker one in their degree,
For meke answeare is mikle prise
As holy writ witness and says

*A Celerer's
duties*

SERMO BONUS SUPER DATUM OPTIMUM :

Kinde fair words in ilka place
Much are they as giftes o' grace.
A Celerer shall gladly do
All that falls his office to,
And gladly give when others crave
And meekly ask " what so will haue ? " *

*that he shall
gladly do*

CURTEYSYE

AND it is grete curteysye
To give your alms hastylye,
Nat for to make long delay
To lete a wrecche stonde all day
Crying at thy gate in cold :
He loseth thy almes manifold ;
And therefore it is well doone
To give thy almes gladly and soone.

* This extract is an interesting example of dialect. The country people keep and use many words by which we can hear the locality of old Ms. Many a bairn hearing some old Ms. read aloud would truly claim it as good English.

A FORM OF CONFESSION

*For the
unlettered to
say to the
Parish Priest*

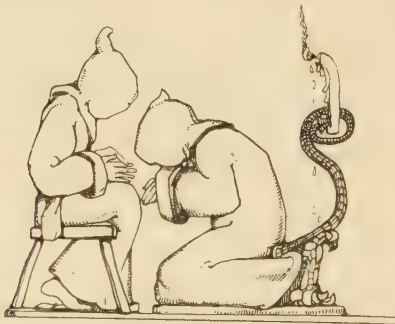
GOD—Cry Thee Mercy,
And thy Mother Saint Mary,
And all the Saints of Heaven bright,
I cry mercy with all my might.
For all the sins that I have wrought
In work and word and sorry thought,
With every line of my body,
With sore heart I ask God mercy,
And the Father in Godes place
A-soil me thou of my trespass,
Give me penance also too
For Godes love that thou so do.

DEVILS SHRIFT

HOW THE DEVIL CAME TO CONFESSION

*A holy man
hears confession*

AN holy man that Gode was dear,
Once sat shrift to hear.
To him came a fiend of hell,
In form of man, his sins to tell,



On his knees he set him down,
With the priest for to rounne *

* telling over : also a 'whisper,' or 'going over,' or 'counting' : even 'song'—
'heuten ys come with love to toun, with blosmen and with briddes rounne.'
It usually implies a lengthy take or tale.

The holy man he sure began
 To have wonder that a MAN
 How he might so much sin do,
 That he accused himself unto ?
 And the priest, for all this chaunce
 Saw in him no repentaunce
 No, nor sorrow, nor contrition,
 For no sin that he had done.
 He said " Hast thou any shame of thy sin ?
 That thou hast been so much in ? "
 The fiend answered him again
 " Wyte thou well for certain !
 Where I did but one or two
 I would have done twenty or mo ! "
 Priest said " Thou art a wicked Devil !
 That thou repentest thee of no evil ! "
 " O, certainly ! " he said, " I am !
 A fiend of hell, To thee I cam !—
 I see men come to shrift so thick,
 Of some their souls as blake as pykke
 And as grisley to see
 As any fiend of hell may be !

*Know for
certain*

*Their souls as
black as pitch*

Those same men, when they're shriven
 So much lighter is their sin
 That no sun it is so bright
 As their souls in God his sight.
 I wist myself hijus and black,
 And of sin to have no lack,
 So through the shift I hoped to speed,
 To have turned as bright indeed ! "
 " Thou art deceived foul tratoure,
 Your shift may have no such honnour !
 Others through shrift that they take
 They are assoiled, and sin forsake,
 But thou hast no repentance,
 But love and liking your cumberance
 To Felrehede shalt thou never wende,

*As I know
myself so
much worse
I hoped to
become so
much better*

*Thou shalt
never be
admitted to
fellowship*

But black and foul and spotted end.
 A Devil you come, to Satan you go,
 Back to that sorrow that thou come fro."
 He went away, all folore :
 A Devil as he was before.

*(Car cil qe neirs sunt pèche
 Bien confes sunt le grande beauté.)*

A SLIGHT ERROR

*A Tale of
 Restitution by
 a Norfolk man*

"DIDST ever repent? didst never RESTITUTION make?"
 "Yes, once I was in an inn, with a heap of travellers,
 I rose when they were sleeping, and rifled their packs."

"That was no restitution, that was a robber's theft;
 Thou hadst deserved hanging for that more than for all
 thy cheating else."

"I thought rifling WAS restitution," says he, "I never
 learned my book;
 I know no French i'faith, only from far Norfolk."

GOOD FRIDAY

I THAT am lord of life, love is my drink,
 And, for that drink to-day, I died.
 I will drink of no ditch, of no deep knowledge,
 But from the Common Cups—all Christian souls—
 But thy drink is death, and deep hell thy bowl.
 I fought so for man's sake and yet, I thirst.

A MIRACLE ON GOOD FRIDAY

BETWIXT two Knights beyond the sea
 Fell a great contest to be.
 Between them fell such wrath and woe
 That the one would the other slo.
 They met together I wot not how,
 And then did one the other slay.

*A deadly
 contest*

This slain Knight he had a child,
 A doughty bachelor and wild,
 This same child, his son, with wrath
 Sought to avenge his father's death.
 He got to him great power and might
 And beseiged the other Knight.
 The older Knight perceived him well
 And withdrew to his best Castel,
 There was he held so streightly
 That he darst come out nowise.

*The son seeks
 vengeance*

All twelve months without despite,
 Was he so beseiged streight.
 Masse nor Matins nor he heard,
 Nor neither to the Church he fared,
 And it was in the Lenten time
 When men should lose all wrath and pride.

*The besieged
 knight cannot
 go to Church*

When it fell on Good Friday,
 The Knight that in the Castel lay
 Looked out, and saw men go
 To the Cherche, to and fro
 Bare foot to the Cherche they speed,
 To ask grace for their misdeed.
 "Ey!" thought the Knight "How long is gone
 That Masse at Cherche have heard I none!
 Whatsoever God me werche
 I will ryse, and go the Cherche."

*'Whatsoever
 God does to
 me I will
 arise'*

He drew off his hosen and his shonne
 And bade the gates to be undone.

*To hear
God's Service*

Bare foot he went, as is the wise,
To Cherche ; for to here Goddys Seruyse
As he to Cherche his way is gone
The child, his enemy, saw him come ;
And said " Traytor now on this day
My father's death now shalt thou pay.
No word is good, nor shalt thou save,
But thou thy death of me shall have."

*The Knight
prays for
mercy*

The old Knight no way past him sought
But fell on knees before his foot,
And said : " Now on me show the mercy
Of Him that lived in the Virgin Mary,
And suffered death on the rode tree
This same day, for thou and me !
As HE forgave—who HIS blood spilt
Right so, forgivest thou my guilt.
I am imprisoned in this place
I put me now alle in thy grace !
That God His grace be on thee spent
At the day of judgement ! "

*' Now are we
friends that
ere were
wrothe*

*Now go we
to the Churche
bothe '*

The child that was his enemy
Heard him pray all ruefully,
And said : " Since thou hast me besought
Fo Jesu's sake that dere us bought
And for His mother's sake so dere,
For HIM I grant thee my peace here."
Then this child down swift alight,
And in good love he kist the Knight.
" Now are we friends that ere were wrothe,
Go we now to the Cherche bothe
In good love and parfyte charyte,
For HIS sake who ordeyned peace to be."

The Knight was glad and no ferly !
And so were all that companie
That he forgave him his misdeed
Now to the Cherche both they speed !

Before the Cross they kneel them down
In the worship of Jesus passion
For to Kis the Cross that day
The custom is to Christian lay.
The elder Knight for onnor,
Went first, and kyst his Creator.
After him went the child
That was become so meek and mild,
With the token he gan him bless
And kneeled down the Cross to kiss.

*The Sign of
the Cross*

The Crucifix that there was leyde,
His arms did from the Cross upbrayde,
And clasped the child them betwixt
And afterward him kyst.

The Miracle

All the parish, both old and young,
Perceived and saw that clasping done
And how the Crucifix him kyst.
They saw it all as well they wist !

And they thanked sweet Jesu
Of Miracle and vertu,
And of that child was made great thought
For that the Crucifix kyst his mouth.
But by that child forsooth, I wiss,
Within his heart he had much bliss !

And all the folk that saw this thing
Made unto God a great thanking,
That unto them He was deign
To give and show them such a sign.
A sign it was of grate Love
That God Almighty of Heaven above
Proffered him a kiss so lovely
For he had made his heart so holy.

*A great
thanksgiving*

A GHOST TALE

THERE WAS A PRIEST FELIX HIS NAME
OF WHOM I TELL A GHOSTE TALE

*He finds a
man*

BESIDE his home there was a path
Where hot springs led him to a bath
And this priest often did there wende
To wash himself as he had need,
And there all ready ever found
A man—who served him foot and hand.
He dragged his hose off and his shoon
And afterwards did help them don,
And every time that there he came
Was waiting for him this good man,
Who served him what ere betide
Both in the water and eke beside,
The priest he came thereto so oft
And the man served him so softe
Yet never asked he why therefore
He so waited ever more.

*thanks him
for service
with two
loaves*

Only, each time the priest was ready
The man was there and served him ably.
The priest said “ he serves me this way,
His travail I’ll requite some day.”
So on one day his bath he sought
He two bread loaves with him brought.

Into the bath the priest he got
To wash himself as well he ought,
And his man came there again
And helped him with might and main.

The priest when he would homeward go,
Gave to the man the loaves two,
And thanked him for his service,
(More could he not do otherwise).

The man answered the priest again,
 " This bread thou broughtest me in vain

but in vain

FOR NEVER MORE SHALL I EAT BREAD
 NOR OTHER MEAT FOR I AM DED,
 AND A MANE WHO IS DED
 NEVER MORE SHALL HE EAT BREAD."

The priest then asked on what mannere
 Is it that thou doest here ?

And the man answered him and said,

" I was a Lord ere I was ded,
 And this service I am in
 Is the payment of my sin.
 And now I pray for charite
 Offer on the altar thy love for me,
 And I beseech thee of this thing
 That you six masses for me sing,
 For were they sung I might me wend
 Unto the Bliss withouten end."

*' Six masses
 for my soul's
 rest'*

The prieste alle that weeke long
 For the man he prayed and sung,
 And when that it was alle done
 He came back, and found him gone.

So knew the priest that he was brought
 TO BLISS, for that he found him not.

*to Bliss
 withouten end*

By this tale then know and see
 That it is grete charite
 Masses for the dead to sing,
 Their soules out of pain to bring.

Later—Jack Upland

" FRERE ; why make ye men believe that your golden trentall for which you take ten shillings ; or at the least five shillings ; will bring souls out of hell ? or out of purgatorie ? If this were true—then ye might bring all poor souls out of pain—& if ye would NOT ; then ye be uncharitable."

*Mass sung
 for 30 days*

CHRISTMAS DAY

*Every man is
become God's
own brother*

FOR now is erlich man become
Godes owene brother
Loke, man on none wyse,
Thou chaunge hym for non other

THE GATEWAY

THE Gates of Paradise
Through Eve were y'locken
And through Our Sweet Lady
Again were broken open.

ST. JOHN AND OUR LADY

*St. John had taken care of Our Lady since her son died ; and
when she was old she told him that " By the third day no
longer abide I may."*

HE wept and said " Lady merci
How shall I live ? how shall I fare ?
How shall I bliss or joy have
First my Lord was brought to dede
Through the fellon Jewes rede
And now my lady will me fro
Sweet Lord ! now me is woe."

" John," she said " Why sayest so ?
The angels shall thee come to !
To keep thee whereso thou be
Early and late to gladden thee."
While she spake so to St. John
Together came the appostles everyone
Together, but they wist not
How they were together brought.
But of their coming blithe was John
He kissed them all so fain he was.

*The apostles
come to visit
her before she
dies*

He said " Deo Gracious ! Blessed Jesus
 By thy might ! for it is fair and it is right
 That when thy mother come to Thee
 That for her a fair welcome be !
 Of thine apostles that most thee loven !
 Though I wot not how they are here comen ? "

Saith Saint Peter : " A strange thing !
 I was far hence at my preaching
 I was far hence in another land
 And held my book in my hand
 And taught men of my sermoun
 I ne wot how I cam to this town ! "
 (And none of them ne wist how or when
 That they there together came)

*They know
 not how they
 have come*

Then said St. John " Forsothe I wis
 I can tell you how it is.
 Come with me into this house
 Where our Lady abides with us
 Her son has sent him his messenger
 That He would no longer leave her here."

Before her kneel they all by-down
 And said " Lady, Heaven's Queen,
 Of all wommen blest thee be
 Thy son has sent us unto thee."

*All kneel
 before her*

Up rose our sweet Lady
 And kissed the appostles by and by.
 Of their comming she was glad
 All they did that she bade.

She asked them how they came there,
 That spread abroad so sundry were.
 They said " To keep thee and be thee by
 Therefore we comen to thee, Lady."

Full blithe she was that they were come
 " Blessed " she said " be my son."

*Full blithe
 was she that
 they were
 come*

SONG TO OUR LADY

*A Song of
Praise*

BLESSED Mary, Our Lady of Chastity,
To thee turn all the Angels Celestial,
For Heaven's King entered thy close virginal
Man to redeme from deadly sin,

Hail ; bright star of Jerusalem,
Hail ; Red rose of Jericho,
Hail ; clearness of Bethelem,
To thee all sinners go.

O, Clear Haven in Paradise,
O, Pearl of most precious price,
O, White Fleece of virtues fold,
O, Tower of Ivory, House of Gold,
O, our Lady of Beauty so Lovely
Save man's soul, and make him holy.

THE CRUCIFIXION

WHO could by nature tell what colour is
If all the world were swan white ?
And if no night were, who could tell clearly
What means the day ?
Had God never suffered at other hands than His—
Never had He clearly known ; if death were sour or
sweet—
So ; God that made all, became man of a maiden—
And suffered himself to know death's sorrow :
Death that unkitteth every care
And is the beginning of rest.

EXCOMMUNICATION

THE great sentence I write here
That twice or thrice in the year
Thou shal pronounce withouten lett
When the Parish is together met

*to be spoken
without
hindrance*



Thou shalt pronounce this odious thing
With Cross and Candle and Bell tolling.
Speak out roundly and firm thou should
That all may be known and understood.

*Here the sin
is told aloud*

BY THE AUTHORITY OF THE FATHER, OF THE SON,
AND OF THE HOLY GHOST, and of our Lady Saint
Mary Godes mother in heaven, and all other Vir-
gins, and Saint Michele and all other Spirits, and all
apostles and Saint Steven and all other Martyrs, and
Saint Nicholas and all other Confessors and all the Holy
HALLOWING of HEAVEN. We accurseen and warren
and depart from all God's deds and prayres of holy church,
and from all that is holy, and damn unto the Pain of Hell
all those who till they come to amendment.
WE ACCURSEN THEM BY THE AUTHORITY OF THE
COURT OF ROME WITHIN AND WITHOUT, SLEEPING
OR WAKING, GOING OR STANDING OR RIDING, LYING
ABOVE THE EARTH OR UNDER EARTH, SPEAKING, OR
CRYING, OR DRINKING; IN WOOD, IN WATER, IN
FIELD, IN TOWN, ACCURSEN HIM FATHER SON AND
HOLY GHOST, ANGELS AND ARCHANGELS AND ALL
THE NINE ORDERS OF HEAVEN.

*Their reward
—the pains of
hell*

Accursen him all Patriarchs and Profets and Apostles,
and all Gods Disiples, and Holy Inocents, Martyrs, Con-
fessors, and Virgins; Monks, Cannons, Priests and
Clerks. That they have no part of Mass nor Mattins, nor
of other good prayres that be done in holy church, or in
other places.

But that the pains of hell be their meed, with Judas that
betrayed our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Life of them be
put out of the book of Life till they come to amendment
and satisfaction made; FIAT, FIAT.

AMEN

Then thou the candle shall cast to the ground
And shall Spit thereon on the same stone.
And let also the bells knell
To make the heartes grief more fell.

CANDLES QUENCHED AND BELLS CLINK

THE Plowman plucked up his plow
 When Midsummer moon was comen in
 And said his beasts should eat enow
 And lie in the grass up to the chin ;
 They be feeble, both ox & cow
 Of them is there left but bone & skin
 He shook off the share & coulter off draw
 He hung up the harness up on a pin.

*plow-share &
 coulter-iron
 that would
 rust*

He took his tabard & his staff eke
 And on his head he set his hat
 And said he would St. Thomas seek
 On pilgrimage he goeth forth plat
 In script he bear both bread & leeks
 He was forsworn & all forswat
 Man might have seen through both his cheeks
 And every one tooth where it sat.

*on his own
 flat feet
 bread & onions
 in pocket
 tired & sweaty*

Our host beheld well all about,
 And saw this man he was sun-burnt,
 He knew well, why his singed snout
 And by his clothes that were so rent
 He was a man used to walk about
 He was not always in the cloister pent
 He could not religiously lout
 And therefore was he fully shent.

scorched nose

And host him axed, " What man art thou ? "
 " Sir " quoth he " I am a hyne
 For I am wont to go to the plow
 And earn my meat er that I dine
 To swit & swinke I make avow
 My wife & children therewith to find
 And serve God, if I wist how
 But—we lewd men be fully blind.

*make an
 obeisance
 lost*

peasant

*sweat & toil
 provide for*

*poor men be
 blindly
 puzzled*

*The peasants
complaint
against the
clerkes*

“ For clerkes say, we should be fain
For our livelyhood to sweat & swink
And they right nought give us again
Neither to eat nor yet to drink
They must by law (as they say)
Us curse & damn to hell’s brink
Thus they put us all to pain
With candles quenched & bells clink.

“ They make us thralls at their lust,
And say we may not eke be saved
Till they have the corn & we the dust
And who speaks against them—they say he raves.”

OUTCAST

*A Warning
against the
Accursed*

I WARN thee against this case
Of commune with any that cursen has,
Of those that thou wisteth openly
Were cursen with the churches cry
Holy Church will be wroth with thee,
For it is a great folý,
With cursed man to have companie.

THE PRIEST AND THE LEPER

He is told

WHEN one is known to be a leper the priest shall go to him and shall tell him. And let that priest say to him that he is still in peace with his neighbours and that every day each faithful Christian will say for him a Paternoster, Ave Maria, Credo in Deum and Credo in Spiritum.

Before he is outcast the leper may make his last confession in the church, and afterwards he is led up to the altar where two trestles uphold a black cloth, and below this cloth the man must kneel to hear the Mass. This is the last time he will be with his fellow men.

After this Mass he rises, and folded in the black cloth, he is led out into the churchyard as one dead. After being comforted by the priest, the earth from the churchyard is cast over his feet with the words :

‘ BE THOU DEAD TO THE WORLD BUT ALIVE TO GOD ’

and all may pray for him then, even as he asks. Then THE LEPER is led out into the open fields and left alone.

*He is left
alone*

THE GOODS OF A LEPER

THE prayers of the devout are his ; the fellowship of the saints and the pity and love of God.

*All that is
needful on
earth*

On earth, while he lives he shall have what is needful ; his hut shall be small but shall have within a couch with coverlets, a pillow for his head, two pairs of sheets, a chest, a table, one seat, a candlestick ; and for his fire a shovel and a pot.

He must have with him always his own cup ; a girdle, a knife and platter.

Let him keep his own plain shoes and coat to wear within his hut ; without always he must wear his hooded cloak, his overshoes (that his feet tread not the clean earth of other men) his gloves that he touch nothing in passing their ways, and he must always carry and sound his beating clapper.*

* These clappers of wood were in common use, far more common than bells. Such clappers were used to drive the wild birds from the people's corn.

THE LAWS FOR THE LEPER

Within the Church these laws are read aloud to the people and to the Leper :

*Forbidden
places*

I FORBID you ever again to enter a church . . . neither shall you go into any market, . . . nor mill, . . . nor bakehouse . . . nor into any place where people assemble. I forbid you henceforth to touch any goods belonging to other men, save only with your staff if you must show what you would buy.



I forbid you henceforth to enter any tavern or house for wine or food, when you buy wine it must be poured away into your out-held cup.

I forbid you henceforth to come or go without your leper's dress, nor may you step across your threshold unshod.

*Forbidden
things*

And I command you when you journey you answer no one who calls to you ; but go till you have the road to windward of him, so far away that he may take no harm from you ; and that you go through no narrow lane nor down any little way lest you should pass others too closely. And if you pass over a toll-way, or through rough ground, or over a little footway bridge, you must touch no post or rail ungloved.

I forbid you henceforth to have intercourse with any woman.

I forbid you to touch any child, nor may you give to any young thing anything that is yours ; nor may you ever give to any folk any of your possessions.

When you thirst you must drink only from your cup (nor dip your hands in the clean water).

I forbid you to wash in any spring or stream where others go . . . nor use you running water.

Henceforth eat and drink with none save lepers.

Die in thy own hut.

Worship God ; give thanks to God ; have patience ; the Lord be with thee. Amen.

LORD GOD OF ISRAEL

LORDE God of Israel, blessed mote thou be
 By peple thou hast vysyted and brought them to thee
 Whych setyn in derkenes of deth and disease
 Thou lightest them and ledest—in the wey of pese
 To that pese peerless we pray thou us bryng
 That levyst and reynest withoute endyng.

THE PRAYER

In the form of a ballade that Villon made for his mother

LADY of Heaven, and Regent of this earth,
 And Empress of the marshes down in Hell,
 Receive me, though I be of humble birth,
 A Christian poor, with thine elect to dwell ;
 Without which boon henceforth can nought be well.

Thy grace, my Lady and my sovereign Queen,
Is greater far than all my sins have been ;
Without which grace (herein I speak no lie),
None can have bliss, nor merit such, I ween,
And in this faith still will I live and die.

*St. Marie of
Egypt*

Say to your Son that I am his alone :
That by him may my sins expunged be.
Pardon me, even as that Egyptian one,
Or like that clerk, Theophilus, we see,
Who was by Him absolved and set free
Though he was holden in the devil's gin.
Keep me, sweet Maid, that I do not such sin ;
But, O, my Lady, send me from on high
The sacrament that cleanses from all sin ;
For in this faith still will I live and die.

I am a woman poor, and old, and grey.
In nothing learned, nor ever letter knew.
On the church wall, when as I knee to pray,
Paradise drawn, with harps and lutes, I view,
And Hell, where damned souls do boil and stew,
One gives me fears, and one joy and liesse ;
Make me to taste the joy, O high Goddess ;
To whom we sinners should all haste and fly,
Fulfilled of faith, with nought of doubtfulness ;
And in this faith still will I live and die.

ENVOY

'Twas Thou didst bear, O Virgin, high Princess,
Jesus who reigns for ever, endeless ;
Almighty God, wearing our feebleness,
Came from his heaven to succour such as I.
Gave up to Death His shining youthfulness.
Our Lord so is He, so I Him confess,
And in this faith still will I live and die.

On the walls of the churches were painted the stories that the unlettered could not read from books. This mother, 'poor and old and grey,' would know them by heart.



NOR EVER LETTER KNEW

SAINT MARIE OF EGYPT

ST. MARIE EGYPTIANE, in Egypt was y bore
 All her young life she lived in sin and in hore
 Since that she was 12 year old ; she had done folie
 All her body and her will she gave unto lecherie,
 The fullness of her wretched sines, shame it was to hear
 Never any woman was so sinful a creature !
 It was a wonder that the earth (at weight of sins so felle !)
 Opend not to swallow her into the pit of helle.

Her youth

On a day in harvest as this woman went about
 By the way she saw much folk. O a many great route !
 She thought ; (for she was so well known in Egypt in
 every end
 The last she'd have of her folie and then would wend)
 She thought "among this strange men ; so falleth as
 I see
 My will I might much of them have, with them I would
 to be "

Therefore she asked the ships captain ; whither the folk
 were brought ? *She wishes
to travel*

He said they went to Jerusalem—for the sweet Rode they
 sought,
 That should upon the holy day to each man showed be
 And that every good man thither would ; for to honour
 that sweet tree.

" Might I " said Marie " go with you
 to that land ?
 For of that craft which I have learnt—
 I'd be ready and at hand ?



" If " said the captain " thou hast money for thy passage
 hire ?
 Amendeth worth much our companie ; for such a
 creature "

“No other money” she said “Have I, but myself
here

I would be courteous of what I have, unto the mariners
To them, and to thee also—so ready I will be
That it shall forgone be not—that I go with thee.”

*She gives the
Mariners her
body*

So Marie wend forth with these men, (in such sin
alas!

That to all who with her would ; even ready to them
she was.)

So when she came unto the sea—at the first thing
She gave the Marineres her body—her over the sea to
bring

(Jesu much is thy mercy ! and much thou forgivest
here

That the water under the Ship ; would her bear !)

*She comes to
Jerusalem*

Before the holy cross day—Jerusalem she came to
All the foly she would have ; gladly did she do.

On the holy Rode day—when was showed that sweet
tree

Many to the temple went, that Rode for to see—

Then Marie was with the others, to the temple door y
come

And thought that she would there-in go—her might was
all benumb

She thought ; when she would therein go, that some man
against her fought

So she from all others stood without—and to shame she
was brought.

When that she would inward go, she felt men against her ;
strong.

She wept for shame, and her bethought, that it was for
her great wrong

*frescoes—like
those Villion's
mother was
looking at*

Into a corner she crept away—from her fellows all
She saw the form of our lady, painted on the wall,

She wept and fell adown a knee—and said “ Lady thy ore !

Sinful woman that I have been ; I will do so no more.
The sins that I have done ; O they rueth me sore,
Give me grace them for to heal, through holy churches lore—
O give me leave in to go—the sweet Rode for to see
Though grace of dear pity—the better woman I shall be.
Here I forsake my sinful life and all my old misdeed
In cleanliness and pennance ; I will my whole life lead.”

When she had to that image, long cried and prayed
She crept back to the temple door—though she was sore
a-dread

Without letting ; in she passed—Well was she blithe and glad. *She now enters without hindrance*

Of she kissed the pavement whereon the Rode did stand
Then back to our ladys image weeping and wrung her hand—

There might each man see sorrow, Whoso of pity could
Of dole and sorrow that she made ; with heart and with mouthe

There she asked our lady ? if it were her will
To show her where she might repent solitary and still ?
She saw no one ; but a voice she heard, which said
“ The flood of Jordan thou shalt pass and in that country thy Life lead ”

She thought the words were to her said all for her good
She rose and thanked our lady then, and the sweet Holy Rode



She went into the wildenes, over the flood Jordan
There she lived for many a year, seeing nor beast nor man
The two loaves and the half loaf that she with her took
Became as hard as any stone, she drank water from a brook

She lives in the wilderness for 30 years

Barely she lived in the wildernes till 30 years were gone
 Her clothes had all rotted away—and fallen her therefrom
 But in her 6 and thirtieth year, a Monk came to her
 For our Lord would that her life among men learned
 were.

*Friar Zosine
 sees her*

A holy man was frere Zosine ; over Jordan came he down
 And turned him eastward to say his orison—
 He saw St. Marie's shadow and blessed him anon
 And then calling on Gode's name towards hergan to gone.
 He thought that it a woman was—naked and burnt
 brown

(For she was with the sun so burnt, where bare she laid
 her down)—

Towards he began to run, but the woman fled away

And the weary monk called after her—and bid her stay—
 “Abide ” he said, “ why flyest thou me ? who am
 withouten might ?

Old and feeble—dread me not—that I with thee will
 fight ”—

(Yet would the woman speak him not, but began to weep
 sore)

“ Have trust in me ; and speak somewhat with me for
 Goddes love

If thou art a Goddess half, or woman of flesh and fell
 I conjure you, that you abide, and of thy state me tell.”

*She asks his
 mercy and help*

The woman then began to speak.

“ Frere Zosine, thy ore ” she said

“ For that I naked am, let me from thee wend.”

If thou wilt—to wit—what creature that I be

Cast me something to cover me with, and a prayer say
 for me.”

With good heart this Monk her cast, a little weed to
 Wherewithall cover her limbs ; then to him she gan go.

She said “ Frere Zosine ; if thou wilt a wretch to see
 Graunt me that I may, in thy prayers be : ”

* * * * *

So this Monk fell down a knee and she against him also
 And eyther bad othures blessingue ; and nothing wolde
 it do *They kneel
together and
ask a blessing*

Ane hev beien tongue together bitwene heorn otheir word
 ne sede

But “ blesse thee me ” “ ake blesse thou me ” the monk
 swatte for drede.

* * * * *

*While praying a miracle happens and she floats in the air.
 The monk takes her to be divine—she reproves him.*

“ Dear Father ” she said “ what changest thou thy
 thought ?

I am a woman of sinful flesh—a ghost I am nought—

“ Our Lady thy ore ” the Monk cried and fell adown
 aknee

“ To show our sweet Lords might—thy life tell thou to
 me ? ”

So she began to tell her sins to the Monk Zosine

All that she did of wrong, before that same time

“ Now dear Father ” she said “ for God’s love I beseech
 thee

Do not tell my whereabouts to any till I am dead

But go thou home and lead clean life, as thou dost in thy
 home

And after a twelve months time ; again hither come

And our Lords flesh and blood hither bring with thee,

That I may ere I die—new houseled be.”

*After confessing and receiving absolution, she wishes a year to
 do her penance before the Monk returns and gives her Last
 Communion.*

So the Monk her blessed and went—Eastward he gan
 gone

Eke the year that he must wait, to him it seemeth long

*She confesses
to the Monk*

Long time he thought it—ere that year, were comen to
an end,

But anon that Lent was come over Jordan he gan mende.

Nowhere might he that woman see—nor on water nor on
land

So he went into the place where he her first had found

*The Monk
finds her dead*

There he found her lying dead—the Monk gan to weep
sore

At her feet he fell adown (for he could not stand more)

So sore he wept, he washed her feet with tears of his eye

And ever hovered a clear light—over her fair and high

Beside her he found a scrip and he took it up from the
ground

And wept, and read the words, whereon i-write he found

“Frere Zosine bury the body of this wretched woman
Marie

And pray to God that he forgive, her sins and her folie.”

Eke then he had great care—how her grave could be made
For the earth was hard, and he was old, and he had no
spade.

And he was feble from fasting, and from great sorrow also,
When—Lo ! he saw a lion lick that body and aboute it go.

Sore was the monk adread—and had great doubt

*The lion bows
to him*

But the lion, with head and body, to him began loute

Then was St. Zosine brave and to the lion said

“If thou art from God, hither to me sent, come help me
to this deed

*and digs the
grave*

That this put were well i maket”—and when the lion
heard this

Mildly that put he scraped—well enough and nought
amiss

For it was according to the body in length and in breadth

He formed even that put without any misdede

So was her put y maked ; and the Monk and the lion

Mildly took her holy body and laid it there adown.

THE CLERK WHO WAS HELD IN THE
DEVILS GINN

THEOFLE was a very great man—a good clerk he was also
but he gave the devil his soul in bond and made a
charter thereto.

To church he went to our ladys altar and cried her grace
and ore *He cries for
grace and
mercy*

His knee he bent against the earth weeping very sore

In that chaple 40 days on her he cried fast

Her grace, that ever was so good, she showed to him at
last

For as he cried on her that sweet Maid in the end

Could her pity not withhold, and from heaven gan
wende

“How might I” she said “any grace thee take?

How can I plead my son for thee when thou didst him
forsake?

“Ah Lady Lady!” Theofle said “Mother Lady thy ore
I have sinned of all men most; and it rueth me sore—

Have mercy on me—sinful wretch, and I will do so no
more.

“Poor sinful man” our lady said “as much as on me is

I to thee would milde be—and to all Christian men I wis

For I much love Christian men, and help them also

And ever am ready to listen to them—their bone for to do *‘ever ready to
do their boon’*

So shrive thee of thy sins to him that was born of me

And that suffered death for sinful men and I will pray for
thee.”

“Lady Mercy” Theofle said “unworthy I am thereto

With this mouth that him forsook, shrift to him to do,”

“Go bravely” our Lady said “for he is mild and soft

Well thou wot that sinful man, love he could oft

For he was for man y born, and went death for him to

He must have for them much love, who would such
kindness do”—

*He does
penance*

So Theofle began to weep "Lord Mercy," he said, "and
hede

And grant me shrift—of my doleful heart and my heavy
misdeed.

Have mercy on me Lord—as thou for me were bore
And for us beholdest death—that we be not forlore."

"Theofle! Theofle!" our Lady said "for thy Christen-
dom

And for pity that I have of men—since y son of my flesh
become

I will plead on my bare knee my son to hear thy prayer
Be steadfast as thou hast begun, and my son will thee
hear."

Three days without meat or drink in prayer he did abide
In woe and in sorrow, on our Lady's son he cried.

Then our Lady came to him again and with glad sem-
blance also

"Theofle" she said "thou hast won—penance no more
do

Be glad and blithe for I have brought—my son's dear
grace and ore

And he hath thy sins forgiven—now go and sin no
more."

"Praised be thou!" Theofle cried "and thy holy grace
And blessed be the time that I came to this place.

*He begs for
the charter*

But Lady—I am sore adread and peace may I know not
Lady! my charter the devil holds—O let it to me be
brought?

Lady! thou art full of grace that thou showest me this
place.

When thy pity is so great—Lady do me this more
grace?"

"Rest Son Theofle" our Lady said

"That boon I will for thee."

And with that word she wendé forth

That he might her no more see.

But her grace she showed to him ; for, as he asleepé lay *It is given to*
 She brought the charter and gave to him and all stille she *him while*
 went away *asleep*
 And Theofle awoke with it in his hand and knew she
 had it brought
 Glad and blithe he prayed her love
 (And methinketh he well ought)

AFTER EDEN

YET the All Mighty,
 Would not have all
 Away from them.
 FATHER, from the beginning,
 Though he had withdrawn from them,
 Yet, to them, for a solace he left,
 To continue over them,
 The roof adorned
 With holy stars. . . .

THE COMFORT OF THE STARS

ALLAS ! how the thought of man, dreint in over- *The thought*
 throwinge deepnesse, dulleth, and forleteth his *of man*
 propre cleernesse, mintinge to goon in-to foreine *drowning in*
 derknesses, as ofte as his anoyous bisnesse wexeth withoute *depression,*
 mesure, that is driven to and fro with worldly windes ! *loseth sane*
 This man, that whylom was free, to whom the hevene was *clearnesse and*
 open and knowen, and was wont to goon in heveneliche *goeth into*
 pathes, and saugh the lightnesse of the rede sonne, and *outer darkness*
 saugh the sterres of the colde mone, and whiche sterre in
 hevene useth wandering recourses, y-flit by dyverse speres
 —this man, overcomer, hadde comprehended al this by
 noumbre of acountinge in astronomye. And over this,
 he was wont to seken the causes whennes the souning

windes moeven and bisien the smothe water of the see ;
 and what spirit torneth the stable hevene ; and why the
 sterre aryseth out of the rede eest, to fallen in the westrene
 wawes ; and what atempreth the lusty houres of the firste
 somer sesoun that highteth and apparailleth the erthe with
 rosene flowres ; and who maketh that plentevouse
 Autompne, in fulle yeres, fleteth with hevy grapes. And
 eek this man was wont to telle the dyverse causes of nature
 that weren y-hidde. Allas ! now lyeth he emptied of
 light of his thought ; and his nekke is pressed with hevy
 cheynes ; and bereth his chere enclyned adoun for the
 grete weighte, and is constreined to looken on the fool
 erthe !

*His look
 inclined adown,
 seeth only the
 fool earth
 between his
 feet*

THE ULTIMATE DIVINITY

IHOLD that there is an infinite universe, made by
 divine Power, because I esteem it unworthy of the
 divine goodness of that Power that, being able to
 create another World, and an infinite number of Worlds,
 besides this our own World, it should create but this
 one known World. . . .

“From this Spiritual Power, which is one, flows all life ;
 so that there is one truth and one goodness within all
 things, ruling all things. Thus in all Nature are the
 thoughts of God. He shows his thoughts to us through
 outward things that through the eyes of our senses they
 may enter our thoughts, where alone we can know of
 true being.

“Being one within his love we are within eternity. . . .
 There is but one wide heaven, where sing the ordered
 Stars . . . as a circle hath its beginning and end within
 itself ; as a living circle endureth. . . .

“From this Spirit which is called Life of the Universe
 comes the life and soul of all that hath life and soul, and

that life I believe to be immortal, as all is immortal, as bodies do but change, dividing and returning as the body, so the soul ; there is no other death."

Giordano Bruno

* * *

As an impenitent heretic . . .
as one irreclaimable without remorse

Burnt

February 17 1600

O ELOQUENT, just and mightie Death ! whom none
could advise thou hast persuaded ; what none hath
dared thou hast done ; and whom all the world hath
flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and
despised. Thou hast drawne together all the farre
stretched greatnesse, all the pride, crueltie, and ambition
of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow
words :

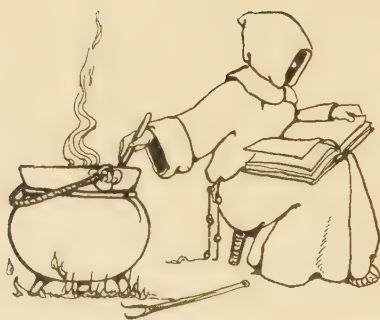
*Sir Walter
Raleigh*

HIC JACET !

. . . And you, dere herte, as kindely as you loue
Do take y this my gifte, onely a lyttle one.
Richte yt ys not grete boste of yt to make
Yet make yt youres, an yn yt take
An herte that be youres, yn loue for euermore :
Of thys hath loue and trouth y lerned me y lore.

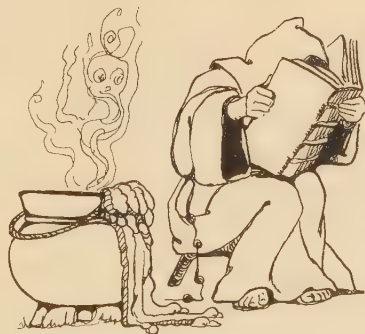
INDEX

So will I not be said
But that to my sawe blame may be leyd
For foule Englyssh and feble ryme
Seyde oute of resun many a tyme
Now God yeild them at there endyng
That will amende myn uncunnyng
But who so blameth and wyl not amende
He doeth not as the curteys kinde.



INDEX

- A**bove Rubies, 88
 Absent-Minded, For the, 178
 Adulterous Falmouth Squire, The, 87
 Adulterous Wife, The, 84
 Advice, Sound, 266
 After Eden, 305
 Against Horns on the Head, 76
 Against Lords robbing their Tenants, 38
 Against Witchcraft, 247
 Ale, 15th Century, 112
 Ambassadors, The, 28
 Another Comment on the Incubus, 264
 Another View of the Making of a Nun, 274
 Apple Muse, 111
 Arderne, John, 152
 Ark, Noah's, 183
 Arme a Man, To, 33
 Artist, Colours for the, 173
 Ash, 262
 At Cressy Field, 31
 Autumn in the Garden, 238
 Avarice and his Wife, 93
 Bear Shepherd, The Marvellous, 202
 Beasts, 181
 Beasts' Cries, 183
 Bees, 234
 Bell the Cat, 37
 Belle Dame sans Merci, La, 70
 Belyn and Benni, Mattis, 12
 Benediction over the Nun's Bed, 274
 Birds, 190
 Birth of Merlin, The, 262
 Blind, 172
 Blood, 165
 Boars Head, 103
 Bond, Of True Love's, 64
 Bottom's Recipe, 255
 Boy and the Mantle, The, 100
 Boylede Creme, 111
 Brain, The, 168
 Breeches, 78
 Brock, The, 225
 Brown Pears and Thick Cream, 111
 Building of Our Bridge, The, 23
 Burgesses of Calais, 29
 Bursegaunt and the Three Ladies, Of, 79
 Buttered Worts, 110
 Babe in Wombe, 57
 Baglan Bren, 95
 Balme, A, 162
 Bane, Rats', 114
 Bath, A Healing, 162
 Bath in Leprosy, A, 158
 Beans, 106
 Bear, 201



Calendar, A Healing, 158
 Candles Quenched and Bells Clink,
 291
 Captive King, To a, 26
 Carol, A, 61
 Carol, Cherry Tree, 60
 Cat, The, 226
 Cat, More about the, 227
 Cat, Bell the, 37
 Cat, The Monks', 228
 Catwg the Wise, From, 159
 Celt, The Wisdom of the, 8
 'Chancellors Combustions,' 26
 Charity, 277
 Chauntecleer, 193
 Chastizing, 58
 Cherry Tree Carol, 60
 Child, A, 58
 Chivalry, A Vow of, 32
 Churchgoing, Gluttony's, 89
 Clerk who was held in the Devil's
 Ginn, The, 303
 Clothing of Monks and Nuns, Of
 the, 275
 Cockatrice, A, 108, 226
 Colours for the Artist, 173
 Colts, 210
 Comfort of the Stars, The, 305
 Commandment, The Tenth, 84
 Comment a Century Later on the
 Incubus, 264

Comment by Foreign Visitors, A,
 24
 Commyne into the Feld, The, 34
 Concussion, 161
 Confession, A Form of, 278
 Convent, Wrath in the, 91
 Cook Shops, 100
 Coral, 176
 Cottage Woman, The, 65
 Countess of Salisbury, The, 66
 Crabs, The Guile of, 218
 Cressy Field, At, 31
 Crocodile, The, 224
 Crows, 195
 Crucifixion, The, 288
 Crusades, To the, 134
 Cry of the Scottish Women, 11
 Crystal, 175
 Cure for Toothache, A, 163
 Curious Custom, A, 126
 Curlews, Of, 194
 Curteysye, 277
 Cynopodes, 207

Darkness, 241
 Dead, To raise the, 256
 Death, 307
 De Donis Authury, 14
 Deo Gratias, 1
 De Hominibus qui Fuerunt Lupi,
 247

Divinity, The Ultimate, 306
 Devil's Shrift, 278
 Diet, Invalids', 109
 Doctor, The, 151
 Doctors, Panel, 156
 Doctors, To, 179
 Dogs, Lap, 233
 Donkys, 215
 Doucettes, 110
 Dragon, The, 221



Dragon, 'Ware, 59
 Dragons, A Fight between Two, 223
 Dragons' Eggs, 224
 Dreams, 243

Earth, Of, 17
 Edinburgh, The Taking of, 32
 Eggs and Bacon, 90
 Eggs, Dragons', 224
 Egypt, St. Marie of, 297
 Elements in Man, The Four, 166
 Ele Pie, 192
 Elves, 200
 End of the Song, The, 68
 England, 3
 England in Famine or in Plenty, 6
 England, The Three Rivers of, 3
 Electuarie, An, 156
 Elephants, 209
 Elephants, More about, 210
 Enchirius, 219
 Essex Forest, In an, 230
 Eve Repentant, 64
 Evil, A Notorious, 257
 Excommunication, 289

Falsehood seeks his Fortune, 91
 Feasts, 99
 Feudal, 17
 Fiat, 106
 Field of the Cloth of Gold, 36
 Fifteenth Century Ale, 112
 Fight between two Dragons, A, 223
 Finland, 126
 First Two, The, 45
 Fish, Of, 220
 Fishes were converted, How
 the, 216
 Fishing Rod, Making a, 233

Flax, 175
 Flea, The, 225
 Folly, 75
 For the Absent-Minded, 178
 For Witchcraft, 250
 Foreign Visitors, A Comment by,
 24
 Forest, In an Essex, 230
 Form of Confession, A, 278
 Four Elements in Man, The, 166
 From Catwg the Wise, 159

Garden, Autumn in the, 238
 Gardening Hint, A, 253
 Garments, Witches', 245
 Gateway, The, 286
 Gathering of the Hunt, The, 230
 Gentlenesse, 50
 Germany, 125
 Ghost Tale, A, 284
 Gingerbread, Putting the Gilt on the,
 112
 Gluttony's Churchgoing, 89
 Good Friday, 280
 Good Friday, A Miracle on, 281
 Good Manners, 16
 Good Mouser, A, 228
 Good Uncle, The, 52
 Goodnesse of People, The, 51
 Goods of a Leper, The, 293



Goose, The, 194
 Grace, Latin, 97
 Grotheley, 169
 Guile of Crabs, 218

Haggis, 107
 Hall, Rank—in, 15
 Harp, The, 105
 Harys in Cyueye, 109
 Hawks, 196
 Healing Bath, A, 162
 Healing Calendar, A, 158
 Hedgehog, The, 221
 Helpful Hints, 160
 Hennes, 236
 Henpecked, 74
 Hominibus qui Fuerunt Lupi, De,
 247
 Horns on the Head, Against, 76
 Horse Pacing, 212
 Horses, 212
 Hounds, 226
 How the Fishes were con-
 verted, 216
 Huna, A, 219
 Hunt, The Gathering of the,
 230
 Hunting, Of, 231



Husband, 46
 Hyaena, 216

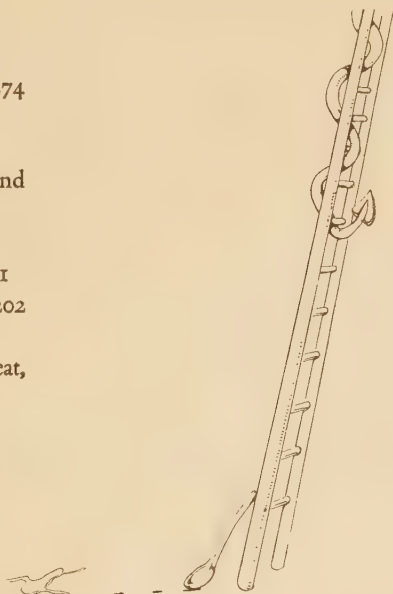
Ice, Talking, 179
 Iceland, 124
 In an Essex Forest, 230
 In Case a Man be a Lunatic, 162
 Incubus, Another Comment on the,
 264
 Comment a Century Later, 264
 Invalids' Diet, 109
 Inventory of Witches, An, 254
 Ireland, 7
 Irishmen, 7
 Iron, 176
 Ivy, Sorry, 53

Jerusalem, The Way to, 134
 John Arderne, 152
 Jonah and the Whale, 128
 Journey's End, 123
 Joyful Song of the Mynstrall, 48
 Judas goes for the Week-End,
 Where, 145

Kentish Men, Why God put Tails
 on, 78
 King Richard's Navie, 131
 King, To a Captive, 26

Lady Fair, My, 62
 Lamb, St. Francis', 207
 Lap Dogs, 233
 Later Comment, A, 168
 Latin Grace, 97
 Laws for the Leper, The, 294

- Leopards, 226
 Leper, The Goods of a, 293
 Leper, The Laws for the, 294
 Leper, The Priest and the, 292
 Leprosy, 158
 Letter of the Scottish Nation, 11
 Life, 269
 Little Boy—Blow up your Horn,
 61
 Liver, 113
 Lonely Monk, The, 271
 Lord God of Israel, 295
 Lords robbing their Tenants,
 Against, 38
 Lovers, 62
 Lovers' Rest, 69
 Lunatic, In Case a Man be a, 162
- M**adness, 75
 Magnet, 176
 Magpie, 191
 Maidens, 51
 Making a Fishing Rod, 233
 Making a Nun, 272
 Making a Nun, Another View, 274
 Man and His Wife, A, 46
 Mandrake, 164
 Marching Song of the Vagabond
 Brothers, 120
 Mariner, The, 117
 Market Place, A Voice in the, 161
 Marvellous Bear Shepherd, The, 202
 Matris Belyn and Benni, 12
 Meal Pudding with Boiled Meat,
 110
 Mediaeval Odd Jobs, 19
 Merlin, The Birth of, 262
 Mermaid, 200
 Miner's Good Wife, A, 50
 Miracle on Good Friday, A,
 281
- Mole, The, 220
 Monk, The Lonely, 271
 Monks and Nuns, Of the Clothing
 of, 275
 Monk's Cat, The, 228
 More about Elephants, 210
 More about the Cat, 227
 More Free than the Tongue, 4
 Mouser, A Good, 228
 My Lady Fair, 62
 Mynstrall, Joyful Song of the, 48
- N**avie, King Richard's, 131
 Ne Derer ys None, 87
 Noah's Ark, 183
 Nomblys of the Venyson, 107
 Notorious Evil, A, 257
 Nun, Making a, 272
 Nun, A Penance for a, 276
 Nurse, The, 55





Odd Accounts, 25
 Odd Jobs, Mediaeval, 19
 On Earth, 17
 Orthon, The Spirit, 258
 Our Lady, St. John and, 286
 Our Lady, Song to, 288
 Outcast, 292
 Out of Olde Felde, 149
 Overlord of All, 43
 Oxen, 213

 Panel Doctors, 156
 Peacocks, Of, 194
 Penance for a Nun, A, 276
 People, The Goodness of, 51
 Pepper, 126
 Perfect Spinster, The, 54
 Peter of Bearn, The Sleepwalking of,
 243
 Phoenix, 191
 Piers Plowman, 18

Pigeon, The, 196
 Pilgrims, The Seasick, 129
 Planets, The, 177
 Pneumonia, 155
 Povre Widwe, A, 94
 Prayer, The, 295
 Priest and the Leper, The, 292
 Prisoners, A State Letter Concerning,
 27
 Putting the Gilt on the Gingerbread,
 112

Raise the Dead, To, 256
 Rank—in Hall, 15
 Rats' Bane, 114
 Real, 252
 Recipe, Bottom's, 255
 Rest, Lovers', 69
 Rivers of England, The Three, 3
 Roadway, The, 119
 Roast Mutton, A Sauce for, 109
 Rosemary, 164
 Rude Words about William the
 Conqueror, 14

St. Francis' Lamb, 207
 St. John and Our Lady, 286
 St. Marie of Egypt, 297
 St. Nannan, 225
 St. Werburg and the Gautes, 197
 Salisbury, The Countess of, 66
 Sauce for Roast Mutton, A, 109
 Sauge, A, 108
 Scotland, 8
 Scottish Nation, Letter of the, 11
 Scottish Women, Cry of the, 11
 Scots Hardy, 9
 Seal, 225
 Seasick Pilgrims, The, 129

Serpents, Of, 220
 Sheep, Of, 207
 Sheep, The Virtuous, 208
 Shepherd, The Marvellous Bear, 202
 Ship Shape, 132
 Ship Wreck, A, 133
 Shops, Cook, 100
 Shrift, Devil's, 278
 Sight, 170
 Silky Wits, 227
 Simple Effects, 253
 Sin and Safety, 133
 Sleep, 265
 Sleepwalking of Peter of Bearn, The,
 243
 Slight Error, A, 280
 Son, 49
 Song, A, 65
 Song, The End of The, 68
 Song to Our Lady, 288
 Sorry Ivy, 53
 Sorrel, 165
 Sound, 171
 Sound Advice, 266
 Southernwood, 165
 Space, 122
 Speech, The, xxix
 Spinster, The Perfect, 54
 Spirit of Enterprise, The, 53
 Spirit Orthon, The, 258
 Stars, The Comfort of the, 305
 State Letter concerning Prisoners, A,
 27
 Stonehenge, 124
 Storm Wind, To the, 128
 Sunday, 233

Tenth Commandment, The, 84
 1388, 40
 Three Rivers of England, The, 3
 Thunder, 169
 Thunder and Lightning, 170
 To a Captive King, 26
 To Arme a Man, 33
 To The Crusades, 134
 To the Storm Wind, 128
 Toothache, 163
 Toothache, A Cure for, 163
 Tournament, 33
 Tournez, 34
 Traveller, A, 123
 Trayne Roste, 112
 Trial by Ordeal, 251
 Tripe de Motoun, 109
 True Love's Bond, Of, 64
 Truth, 146
 Tryst, 159

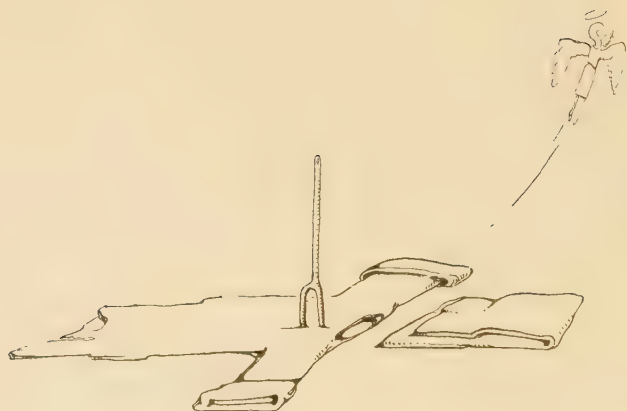
Ultimate Divinity, The, 306
 Uncle, The Good, 52
 Unicorns, 214

Vagabond Brothers, Marching Song
 of the, 120
 Venison Y-Bake, 107
 Venyson, Nomblys of the, 107
 Virtuous Sheep, The, 208
 Voice in the Market Place, A, 161
 Vow of Chivalry, A, 32

Tailors, 77
 Taking of Edinburgh, The, 32
 Tale, A Ghost, 284
 Tale of a Nun, 275
 Talking Ice, 179

'Ware Dragon, 59
 Wax Image, The, 257
 Way to Jerusalem, The, 134
 Weather Forecast, 225
 Wells, 178

- Whale, Jonah and the, 128
 Whaling, Of, 127
 Where Judas goes for the Week-
 End, 145
 Why God put Tails on Kentish Men,
 78
 Widwe, A Povre, 94
 Wife, The Adulterous, 84
 Wife, A Man and his, 46
 Wife, A Miner's Good, 50
 Wife of Bath Comments, The, 263
 William Longspaths' Honourable
 End, 134
 William the Conqueror, Rude
 Words about, 14
 Wisdom of the Celt, The, 8
 Wisdom's Clothing, 77
 Wisdom, Worldly, 79
 Witchcraft, Against, 247
 Witchcraft, For, 250
 Witches' Garments, 245
 Witches, An Inventory of, 254
 Witch and her Cow Sucking Bag,
 The, 248
 Wode Hound, 208
 Wolf, The, 206
 Woodroof, 164
 Worldly Wisdom, 79
 Worts, Buttered, 110
 Wrath in the Convent, 91





RECUELL OF HISTORIES OF GULIELMUS DE OCCAN
TROY BOOKE OF COURTESY DE VEGUILEVILLE BED
FURNIVAL REYNARD THE GREGORYS PASTORALS
FOX POLYCRONICON CARE CURSOR MUND
WYNKYN DE WORDE TALE OF BERYN
LAURENTIUS GULIELMUS LE LIVRE DU CHEVALIER
SPECULUM NATURALE DE LA TOURLANDRY
CORDYALE EARL RIVERS LIFE OUR LADY LYDGA
VINCENT DE BEAUVAIS ST BONAVENTURA LIFE
THE MIRROR OF THE CHRIST HANDLYN SYNN
WORLD BABEES BOOK ADAM DAIRE LONGELIC
FRIER ORORICUS KING ALFRED HOCCLER
BOOK OF NURTURE OUR LADYES MYROURE
ANNALS OF WINCHESTER PROCEEDINGS AGAINST
GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS ALICE KYLETON
FRITZGERALD TAILLES IN LINCOLN DIVORCE
MARCO POLO MONDEVILLE DOCUMENTS
AMBROISE PARÉ HORN ROMANCE OF THOMA
W. MAP ALAIN CHARTIER EXETER BOOK BEDA
MONK ZOSINE PILGRIMAGE OF THE SOUL CAEDM
PROPERTIUS CURIA SAPIENTIAL PALLADIUM
THE DECLAMATION OF NOBLESSE ST WERLING
EVANGELIUM INFANTIAE LE ARTE
LANGLAND JACK UPLAND PHYSICAL ARDERNE
REGINAL SCOTT IREVISION AORGUIBERTUS ALFRE
PALLADIUS ON HUSBANDRIE HALL MAIDENHED
ENGLISH BLANCHE FLEUR ALEYN
ROGER BACON FISH SUPPLICATION
RICARDUS DE ST VICTOR ARS MORIENDI OROSIU
GROSTETE ROBERTUS THE DOCTRINAL OF
LINCOLN MEDITACIUNS SAPIENCE TAILLES IN
ON THE SOPER OF OUR MONDEVILLE
LORD PROPERTIUS
JOINVILLE MARCO POLO
WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY NOS VAGABUNDULI
GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS ANNALS OF WINCHESTER
INFANCIA SALVATORIS INSTRUCTION FOR PARISH
ONE COMPENDIUS TRACT PRIESTS ANCIENT LAW
COVERINING THE OFFICE ROBERT OF BRUNN
OF KYNGIS TORRENT OF SCHOLA SALERNITANA
PORTYNGALE MAGNUS ALBERTU
THE PROBLEM OF THE BOOKE OF QUINTE ESSEN
EXISTENCE OF GOD IN BARTOLOMAEUS DE
MALMONIDES ALCUIN PROPRIETATIBUS
SCHOLA SALERNITANA RERUM ANSELM

ILBERTUS ANGLICUS CHARITABLE PHYSICIAN
 EDES DIE JUDICII J. ARDENNE
 LATEARIUS SALERNITANUS ADAM USKE
 REY FRIARS CRONICLE PALLADIUS ON HUSBANDRIE
 YF OF MANHODE ROBERT OF BRUNNE
 DOCCLENE LONELICH VILLON TESTAMENTS
 MACROBIUS MAGNUS ALBERTUS
 HAUCER INSTRUCTION FOR PARISH
 BOOK OF PLUSCARDEN PRIESTS. ANCIENT LAWS
 ROISSART. AELFRIC'S BOOKE OF QUINTE
 LUGAE ANTIQUAE ESSENCE HERGEST
 PHYSICIANS OF MYDDVAL PIERS PLOWMAN. ALEYN
 COMPLAINT OF SCOTLAND. JOHN OF GADES DEN
 ESTA ROMANORUM ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER
 AULIAC GUIDO. BEDA GUY OF WARWICK
 NARROWING OF HELL. HENRICT KNIGHTON
 WILLIAM OF PALERNE ROGER OF WENDOVER
 PROSUS ALCUIN WALTER OF DENLY. MONK
 LEGENDA AUREA MAP. OF EVESTHAM
 CYENBITE OF INWYT CROYLAND CRONICLE
 ROMANCE OF EMARE DE DOMES DAECE
 BEST HISTORICAL DIETARY OF HEITH
 PEARL. FAITS OF ARMS. THE DECAY OF ENGLAND
 DE DOCTRINAL OF BY THE GREAT MULTITUDE
 APIENCE OF SHEEP. JEAN D'ARRAS.
 RANDLYN SYNNE CURSOR. MUNDI MYRC.
 RULE OF ST BENNET JOHN OF TREVISA
 RS MORIENHI YPERMAN LA CHIRURGIE
 ALBERTUS MAGNUS HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY
 EDE. ANSELM OF MERCHANTS OF BRISTOL
 LORIS AND BLANCHFLEUR MEMORIALS OF THE
 OHANNES SACROBOSCO GOLDSMITHS CO. WYCLIF.
 BOKE OF ST ALBANS GUILD OF THE MERCHANT
 MIRACLE DE NOTRE DAME TAILORS OF BATH
 BOKE FOR TO LERNE A THE GILDS AND COMPANIES
 AN TO BE WISE IN THE OF LONDON. LYDGATE
 BUILDING OF HIS HOUSE BARTOLOMAEUS ANGLICUS
 ETER RAMUS BORDE ANDREW BOKE OF
 ANGUET THE INTRODUCTION
 AELVILLE OF KNOWLENCE
 ANATOMIE OF ABUSES BARTOLOMAEUS
 GIROLAMUS FRACUS PROPRIETALIBRIS RERUM
 BARRINGTON. BYRD AND NATURIS RERUM
 APPLICACYN FOR THE PHYSIOLOGUS. PALLADIUM
 EGGARS. KING HORN. FISH SUPPLICATION

